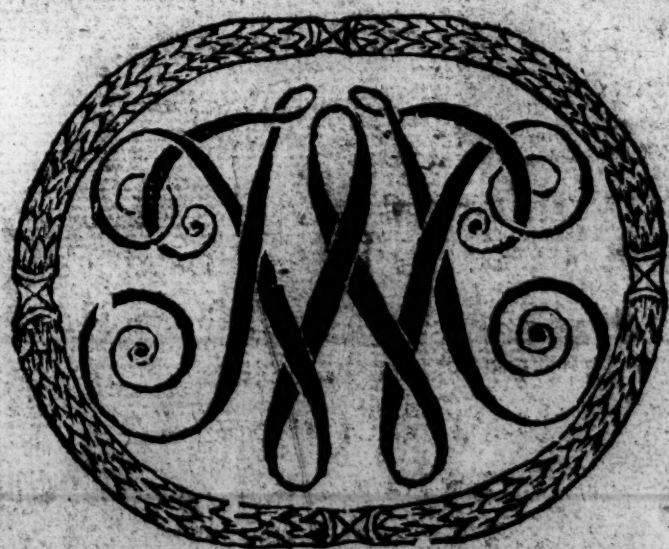


1505/106

THE
WORKS
OF
William Drummond,
OF
HAWTHORNDEN.

Consisting of
Those which were formerly Printed,
AND
Those which were design'd for the Press.
Now Published from the
Author's Original Copies.



EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Watson, in Craig's-Clofs, 1711.

WORKS

OF



WILLIAM LUTHER

HAWTHORNDEN

Consisting of

Those which were formerly printed

AND

Those which were designed for the press

BY THE AUTHOR

Author's Original Copy



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William Drummond, of Hawthornden.
born 1585. dyed 1649.

~~E 1270/15~~



T H E P R E F A C E.

THE Author of this Work is so well known over all this Island, and so highly admir'd and esteem'd by all good and learned Men, for his excellent Writings, both in Prose and Verse, for his Loyalty and Learning, for his Integrity and Honesty, that we shall say no more of him in this Preface, but only, in as few Words as possible, give an Account of this new Edition of his Works. It consists of those formerly Printed, and of those never before Printed. The History of the Five James's Kings of Scotland was first printed at London in Folio, Anno 1655. some Five or Six Years after the Author's Death; but it is very uncorrect and faulty, both as to the Names of Persons and Places: It was reprinted at London, Anno 1680, in 8vo. but with less Care; for the Errors of the former Edition are copied, and several new ones superadded. The much Honoured Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, the Author's Son, favoured us with an excellent Manuscript, by the Help of which we have corrected a great many Errors, and supplied a great many Defects, as may be easily seen by any one, who will give himself the Pains to compare this with the former Editions. There is nothing alter'd in the Stile, which is very good and elegant, according to the Time he wrote in; and peculiar to himself. We procured also some few Notes of the learned Antiquary Mr. Thomas Crawford, which have been of Use and Advantage to us in this Work.

We have rejected the former Preface written by Mr. Hall of Grays-Inn, for too many good Reasons, to be seen in the New Introduction, wrote by one whose just and ingenious Reasonings gave Occasion to search the publick Records, and every thing is found most agreeable to what he asserted, which is a Confirmation of the whole beyond all imaginable Controversy, to the Satisfaction of all honest and curious Persons. This exact way of Reasoning is mightily wanting in our Historians, and much to be imitated by those, who would do any thing to purpose in our Affairs.

The Cypress Grove formerly printed with the History is extremely uncorrect and faulty, but from another Edition printed Anno 1630, bound in with the Flowers of Sion, we have had occasion to add a great many Words, Sentences, Lines and whole Paragraphs, without which the Sense was absolutely broken and incomplete. So the very helping the Errors of the former Editions, tho' there were no new thing added, cannot but be acceptable, and of great use to the Reader.

The Memorials of State contain a very genteel Reasoning, tho' one of them is founded on a Mistake of Robert III's Bastardy. But this was a common Error maintain'd by most part of Historians, both before and in our Author's Time, tho' now sufficiently cleared, and the contrary demonstratively proved by learned Men in Scotland, England and France, but more particularly and fully in this new Introduction.

His Familiar Epistles were formerly printed with his History: Upon good Information we have supplied the Names which were wanting of some of the Persons, to whom he address'd his Letters. There are also several Errors of the Press corrected, which may be seen by the Reader. There are added a great many Letters never before Printed, wrote to him by Persons of Quality, and by the learned Men, and famous Poets his Contemporaries. It is not to be doubted, but that through the length and injury of Time, there are a great many of the original Letters lost, which may be easily known, since his Letters are generally Answers to others, and theirs Returns to his, of which we can give no exact and authentick Detail.

We have published several Discourses of our Author's, never before printed, as his Irene, Prophecy, Load-Star, Considerations to the Parliament 1639, Magical Mirror, Queries of State, Objections against the Scots by the Parliament of England answer'd, and the *ΣΚΙΑΜΑΧΙΑ*; to which is added a new Preface, giving an Account of the Occasion of writing it, and rendring the whole more plain and intelligible. These Papers, (tho' they have lain a long While in Oblivion,) we hope, will still be useful and seasonable: They were written in the Time of the late Troubles, and are very keen against Rebellion, and plainly and evidently demonstrate the bad Consequences of it. Our Author was a true *TORY*, and seriously concern'd about the *HEREDITARY RIGHT* and *MONARCHY*: He knew very well by his own Experience & the History of past Times, that there never was Peace or Prosperity in the Nation, when that was not inviolably observ'd. There is also printed The chief Heads of a Conversation betwixt our Author, and the famous Poet Ben. Johnson; His Bibliotheca Edinburgena; The Idea; The Challenge of the Knights Errant; His Speech for the Town of Edinburgh to the King; His Speech which he design'd to have spoken at the Circular Tables, before which he was summoned, and A short Discourse of Imprefa's, and another

another of Anagrams, which were mightily in Vogue even among learned Men in his Time, tho' now seldom us'd and little regarded. Among other Papers of our Author's, we found written with his own hand, a first Draught of an Answer to a Libel printed, Anno 1648, against James Duke of Hamilton, &c. which we thought also proper to Print, since the Testimony of so truly wise, and incontestably loyal a Man, who liv'd in those Times, cannot but be of very great Weight and Authority in this Affair. There are several other Papers, but imperfect, or Juvenile Essays, which may be supposed our Author never design'd, and we thought not fit for the Press. While we were printing of these Sheets, a Worthy and Honourable Person sent us the Original Copy of An Indenture of Agreement made betwixt the Drummonds and Menteiths, about 350 years ago, which we thought fit to publish to gratify the curious Reader.

His Poems were written on different Occasions, and several of them compos'd 100 Years ago; yet they can still bear reading very well, and may be justly compared for Sense, Wit and Language with the best English Poems of that Time. The Second Impression of his Poems which we have made use of, was printed at Edinburgh, Anno 1616, and The Flowers of Sion, Anno 1630. In the Year 1656 there was a new Edition made at London of his Poems, and Flowers of Sion, in one Volume, and in it there are several Poems wanting, and some few added, which were not in the former Editions. We have put all together, that nothing may be wanting of our learned and ingenious Author, which was formerly printed. There are subjoyned some Poems never before Printed, not unworthy, we suppose, of the Author. The Translations of the ancient Hymns of the Church are both exact and smooth, and his other Miscellanies are very pleasant and diverting.

We have prefixt The Author's Life, taken from some few Notes left by himself, and from the best Information we could get. There are published some Commendatory Poems never before Printed; as one by the ingenious Colonel George Lawder of Hatton, the Author's intimate Acquaintance; it is a Pastoral call'd Damon, the Name by which our Author pass'd frequently in his Writings, and among his Comrads, as his Friend the Earl of Stirling by that of Alexis. There are also made publick some Verses made in Commendation of our Author, by the incomparably learned and loyal Sir George Mackenzie, and by that excellent Poet and Historian Mr. David Crawford of Drumsoy.

We have endeavour'd to do all things with the utmost Care and Accuracy, for which we are mightily obliged to a learned and ingenious Friend, much conversant in these Affairs, who with great Diligence and Exactness has Revised and Corrected the whole Work; Which we hope shall please all Lovers of Honesty and Ingenuity; for it contains a great many Things very useful, and also very delightful, and will be a Standard Book: So by this agreeable Variety the Reader is both instructed and diverted, which is the chief design of Writing.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

T H E

T H E
L I F E
O F
William Drummond
OF HAWTHORNDEN.



WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden was Born the 13th of December 1585. His Father was Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, a Man of great Worth: Who was Gentleman-Usher to King James VI. but did not enjoy that Place long, being in Three Months afterwards taken away by Death. He was immediately descended of the Drummonds of Carnock, and they, 300 Years before that, (about the same Time Annabella Drummond was Queen of Scotland) came off the House of

Stobball, the Chief of the Name of Drummond; which, for Antiquity, Honour, Honesty and Loyalty, is inferior to no Family in the Nation. His Mother was Susanna Fowler, Daughter to Sir William Fowler Secretary to Queen Anne; she was a Woman of excellent Breeding, and of a good and vertuous Life.

The First Years of his Youth were spent at the High-School in Edinburgh, where the early Signs of that Worth which afterwards appeared to the World were very conspicuous. He was in due Time sent to the University of Edinburgh, where, after the ordinary Stay, he was made Master of Arts. Tho' he very well understood the common Metaphysical Learning, which then obtained in the Schools; yet he did not take up all his Time that way, but applied some of it to the reading of the Classick Authors and Mathematicks.

Having past his Course at the University, he did not, according to the common Custom, give over Reading, or think that he had a full Stock of Learning, as a great many vainly imagine: He had more Sense, and knew better Things; That the short Time spent at Schools and Colleges, is only designed to begin Youth in their Studies, and set just

Rules and true Methods for the prosecuting them. So he continued close some Years reading the solid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he not only retained in his Memory, but digested in his Judgment: Which was of great Use to him afterwards, as may be seen frequently in his excellent Works both in Prose and Verse.

His Father sent him to *France* in the Year 1606, being then 21 Years of Age, and of more Sense, and better instructed in Letters than many of his Years. He studied at *Bourges* the Civil Law with great Diligence and Applause, and brought Home not only the Dictates of the Professors, but also his own Observations on them; which the Worthy, Learned and Judicious President *Lockhart* seeing, said, That if our Author had followed the Practice; he might have made the best Figure of any Lawyer in his Time. After he had stay'd 4 Years abroad, he returned to his Native Country in the Year 1610, in which Sir *John* his Father died. Every Body then thought, that our Author, who had so good a Genius, and so proper an Education, would have applied himself seriously to the Practice of the Law, both for setting his own private Affairs at Rights, and raising his Fortune: But he neither lov'd the Fatigue nor Harshness of Law, tho' it indeed brings great Gain and Advantages along with it; for the Delicacy of his Wit always run on the Pleasantness and Usefulness of History, and on the Fame and Softness of Poetry, imitating his Master *Ovid*, and remembering these Verses in the 15 *El. Lib. 1. Amor.*

*Non me verbosas leges ediscere; non me
Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro.
Mortale est, quod quæris, opus: mihi fama perennis
Quæritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.*

And indeed he made so great Advances both in History and Poetry, that he is reckoned amongst the exactest Historians and best Poets of the *Scottish* Nation, as the *Elogiums* of the Learn'dest Men, and best Judges of his Time, do sufficiently declare.

Having given over all Thoughts of appearing in Publick, he retired to his own House at *Hawthornden*, a sweet and solitary Seat, and very fit and proper for the Muses; and fell again to the studying the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors: And he then composed several excellent Treatises. After he had escaped a very dangerous Sickness, he wrote his *Cypress Grove*, a Piece of excellent Prose, both for the Sublimity and Piety of the Thoughts, and for the Fineness of the Stile. In it he represents the Vanity and Instability of Human Affairs, teaches the Contempt of the World, proposes Consolations against the Fears of Death, and gives us a View of Eternal Happiness. Much about this same time he wrote his *Flowers of Sion*; tho' the Numbers are not now very Fashionable; yet they are still Harmonious, and contain a great many excellent and Divine Thoughts, very proper for the Conduct of Human Life. *The*
Cypress



Cypress Grove, Flowers of Sion, and several other Poems, were neatly and correctly Printed in his Lifetime by *Andrew and John Harts*, Famous Printers in *Edinburgh*.

'Tis true, he lov'd Obscurity and Retirement, for which he was mightily to blame : For it's a great Disparagement to Vertue and Learning, that those Things which make Men useful to the World, should incline them to go out of it. But this Liberty ought to have been granted to him as soon as to any Man ; for he did not spend his Time in Ease and Indolence, with a Design only to please himself, but withdrew out of the Crowd, with Desires of Inlightening and Instructing the Minds of those that remained in it.

Notwithstanding his close Retirement and serious Application to Studies, Love stole in upon him, and did intirely captivate his Heart : For he was on a sudden highly Enamour'd of a fine Beautiful young Lady, Daughter to *Cuninghame* of *Barns*, an Ancient and Honourable Family. He met with suitable Returns of chaste Love from her, and fully gain'd her Affection : But when the Day for the Marriage was appointed, and all Things ready for the Solemnization of it, she took a Fever, and was suddenly snatch'd away by it, to his great Grief and Sorrow. He express'd his Grief for her in several Letters and Poems ; and with more Passion and Sincerity Celebrated his dead Mistress, than others use to Praise their living Ones.

The great Grief for the Death of his Mistress so sensibly affected him, that he could not keep his former Retirement, or follow his wonted Studies ; so that he was in a manner compell'd to go again beyond Seas to ease himself of his Melancholy Thoughts. In which Peregrination he stay'd Eight Years abroad ; his chief Residence being at *Paris* or *Rome* ; tho' he travell'd through all *Germany, France* and *Italy* : Where he visited all the Famous Universities, conversed with the Learned Men, and made an excellent Collection of the best ancient *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and of the best modern *Spanish, French* and *Italian* Books. Some of them are yet to be seen at *Hamthornden* in the Possession of his Son Sir *William Drummond* ; who, as he possesses his Father's Estate, so he does inherit many of his Virtues, especially that great Honour, Honesty and Loyalty which were so conspicuous in our Author. He gave a Noble Present of rare Books and Manuscripts to the College of *Edinburgh*, where he was Educated ; and it is one of the most curious Collections of any in that great Library. The Catalogue of the Books is Printed *Anno 1627*, with an excellent Preface in ornate *Latin*, about the Advantage and Honour of Libraries, written by himself. I find also among his other Papers a short Discourse in *English*, concerning Libraries, much to the same Purpose. He was not much taken up with the ordinary Amusements of Dancing, Singing, Playing, &c. tho' he had as much of them as a well bred Gentleman should have ; and when his Spirits were too much bended by severe Studies, he unbended them by playing on his Lute, which he did to Admiration. But the most

Part of his Time was spent in reading the best Books, and conversing with the Learn'dest Men, which he improv'd to great Advantage.

After this long Stay of Eight Years abroad, he returned again to his Native Country, where he found great Heart-burnings, Fewds, and Animosities, which not long after burst forth into an Unnatural War, and put all things in Disorder and Confusion. This made the Retirement which he so passionately loved very necessary and convenient for him : Wherefore he went and stay'd some while with his Brother-in-law Sir *John Scot* of *Scotstarvat*, a Man of excellent Learning and good Conversation. We suppose he then wrote his History of the Five King *James's*, which is an excellent Work, for the Prudent and exact Conduct of the Story, for the Judicious Reflections, and for the fine Language, which was received in *England*, as if it had been written by a Country-Man of their own : And tho' it be a great While since it was first written, none in *Scotland* can yet better the Stile and few equal it. It was first published some Six or Seven Years after the Author's Death, and a Preface or Introduction wrote to it by Mr. *Hall* of *Grays-Inn*; who tho' he has not been exact in the History, and spares no Reflections on our Country, yet he has done a deal of Justice to our Author : *For his manner of writing (says he) tho' he treats of Things, that are rather Many than Great, and Troublesome rather than Glorious ; yet he has brought so much of the main together, as it may be modestly said, none of that Nation has done before him. And for his way of handling it, he has sufficiently made it appear, how Conversant he was with the Writings of venerable Antiquity, and how generously he has emulated them by a happy Imitation ; for the Purity of that Language is much above the Dialect he wrote in. His Descriptions lively and full, his Narrations clear and pertinent, his Orations eloquent, and fit for the Persons who speak, (for that, since Livy's Time, was never accounted a Crime in a Historian) and his Reflections solid and mature : So that it cannot be expected, that these Leaves can be turned over without as much Pleasure as Profit, especially meeting with so many Glories and Trophies of our Ancestors. In this History he chiefly followed Bishop Elphinston, and has given a different Turn to Things from our Printed Historians, especially from Buchanan. Our Author had a particular Respect and Fondness for his Name, and this seems to have been one of the Reasons he had for writing his History, which also is pretty evident from his own Dedication of it to *John* Earl of *Pertb*. He begins his History with the Life and Reign of King *James I.* who was Son of Queen *Annabella Drummond*, a Lady of great Beauty and singular Piety and Prudence, as all our Historians bear Witness. Her Father was Sir *John Drummond* of *Stobhall*, Chief of that Ancient Name, which came into *Scotland* from *Hungary* with Queen *Margaret* in King *Malcolm Canmore's* Time, when Surnames came first to be in Use amongst us. What great and excellent Men, what vertuous and good Women this Family hath produced, and their Alliances not only with all the great Families of *Scotland*, but with the most of the Royal Families in *Europe*, may be seen at large in a MS. called*

called, *A Genealogy of the Noble and Ancient House of Drummond*, first begun by our Author, and continued and enlarged by Lieutenant-General Drummond Lord Viscount of Strathallan. But since Mr. Bayle in his *Historical Dictionary* has given an Account of this, we do not think fit to publish it.

At the End of his History there is Printed *A short Memorial of State*, and some of his *Familiar Epistles*: In the One, he speaks as a Wise Politician and a Great Statesman; in the Other, he speaks like a genteel Scholar: And this Way of Writing is as proper as any, to discover a good Genius, it being plain and familiar, without the Disguise and Varnish of Art.

Many of his Poems in his Life-time had been Printed on loose Sheets: So some of them were lost, and all of them out of Print. Sir John Scot, after his Death, Anno 1656, caused Collect them, and Print them all in one Volume.

There are *Religious Poems*, *Love-Verses*, *Madrigals*, *Epigrams*, *Epitaphs*, &c. In the short Notes he leaves behind him of his own Life, he says, *That he was the First in the Isle that did Celebrate a Mistress dead, and Englished the Madrigal*. His Poems were highly esteemed by his Co-temporaries both for the Wit and Learning that shone in them. The long Alternate Metre makes them not so agreeable to the Taste of the present Age; yet his Numbers were according to the Fashion of the Times, tho' now not so very modish. They contain a Deal of good Sense, much Mythology and excellent Imagery, borrowed from the Ancients, whom he diligently read and nicely copied. Edward Philips, an English Man, who writes the Preface to them gives this Character of our Author, *That his Poems are the Effect of a Genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scots Nation produced: If I should also affirm, that neither Tasso, nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refin'd Spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English Poets, can challenge any Advantage above him; it could not be judged any Attribute superior to what he deserves.--- And for his History, (he says) had there been nothing else extant of his Writings, consider but the Language, how florid and ornate it is, consider the Order, and the prudent Conduct of the Story, and you will rank him in the Number of the best Writers; and compare him even with Thuanus himself. Neither is he less happy in his Verse than Prose; for here are all those Graces met together, that conduce any Thing towards the making up a compleat and perfect Poet, a decent and becoming Majesty, a brave and admirable Height, and a Wit so flowing, that Jove himself never drank Nectar that sparkled with a more sprightly Lustre. For diverting himself and his Friends, he wrote a Sheet which he called *Polemio-Middinia*: 'Tis a sort of Macaronick Poetry, in which the Scots Words are put in Latin Terminations: Some Years ago it was Reprinted at Oxford, with an excellent Latin Preface concerning Macaronick Poetry: It is Reprinted here almost every Year, and is very Witty and Diverting, and suits mightily with the Humour and Genius of the Nation.*

He lived the most part of his Life in an Unmarried State ; but by Accident he saw one *Elisabeth Logan* Grand-Child to Sir *Robert Logan* of *Restalrig*, a great and ancient Family in this Place, and fancying she had a great Resemblance of his First Mistress (whose Idea had been deeply impressed and stuck long in his Mind) he fell in Love with her, and Married her, after he was Fourty Five Years of Age. She bore to him several Children ; *William*, who is still alive in good Health, and near 74 Years of Age. He was Knighted in King *Charles II's* Time, and is now the only Representative of the Knights Baronets formerly of *Carnock*. *Robert* was Married, and died 24 Years ago. *Eliza*, who was Married to Dr. *Henderson*, a Famous Phyfician in *Edinburgh*, died long ago.

Our Author liv'd retiredly at *Hawthornden* after his Marriage, and repaired the House with this Inscription ; *Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden Joannis Equitis aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi & successoribus instauravit, 1638.*

The Troubles, which then began to break out, afflicted him very much ; for he loved his Country Passionately, and was a most Loyal and Faithful Subject to the King, and a Dutiful Son to the Church: And when he saw all these threatned with Ruin and Desolation, he applied himself with all his Might to prevent it, and wrote a great many excellent Discourses, which were never before Printed, but are now offered to the Consideration of the Ingenious Reader. *The Irene* is an excellent Discourse, in which with great Eloquence he harangues the King, Nobility, Gentry, Clergy and Commons, about their mutual Mistakes, Jealousies and Fears : He lays before them the sad and fatal Consequences of a Civil War, from indisputable Arguments, and the Histories of past Times; and very seriously exhorts them to return to a better Mind, and to live in Peace and Concord together. The Great Marquis of *Montrose* wrote a Letter to him, desiring him to Print this *Irene*, as the best Means to quiet the Minds of the distracted Populace; likewise this same great Man sent him a Protection, dated *August 1645*, just immediately after the Battle of *Kilsyth*, with another Letter, in which he highly commends our Author's Learning and Loyalty. In *the Magical Mirror*, all the false and deceiving Arguments for the Rebellion are enumerated. About the same Time he wrote *The Loud-Star*, where, in a Satyrical Way, peculiar to himself, he discovered all their Cheats, and exposed all their Villanies. The *Skiamachia* is a Defence of the *Cross-Petition* against the Declaration of the Commission of the General Assembly, and is both solidly and keenly written. These, and a great many other Papers, under his own Hand, may be seen in the Custody of his Son Sir *William Drummond*, and there is not the least Addition or Alteration made. I must also beg leave to mention an *Address to the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, &c. who have Leagued themselves for the Defence of Religion and the Liberties of Scotland*. This Paper is written the 2d of May 1639, by his own Hand, and is still extant, and may be seen by the Curious. It is

a Prophecy, or at least a good Political Guess, by one, who understood so well the History of his own and other Countries. I shall only set down these remarkable Passages, and leave the Reader to view the whole, at his own Leisure and Conveniency. *During these Miseries (says he) of which the Troublers of the State shall make their Profit, there will arise (perhaps) one who will Name himself PROTECTOR of the Liberties of the Kingdom; he shall surcharge the People with greater Misery, than ever before they did suffer; he shall be Protector of the Church, himself being without Soul or Conscience, without Letters or great Knowledge, and under the Shadow of Piety and Zeal shall commit a Thousand Impieties; in End, shall essay to make himself King, under Pretext of Reformation, bringing in all Confusion---* Then shall the poor People suffer for all their Follies; then shall they see, to their own Charges, what it is to pull the Sceptre from their Sovereign, the Sword from the Lawful Magistrate, whom God hath set over them, and that it is a fearful Matter for Subjects to degradate their King. I shall not trouble the Reader with giving further Accounts, but only refer him to the Tracts themselves, and leave him to his own Judgment. I am informed that there were a great many particular Papers, wrote against the chief Ring-leaders of the Rebellion, which after his Death in those very severe Times, were thought fit to be destroyed, for Fear of doing Harm to his Friends or Family. His Discourses are generally short Essays, or Answers to some of the Covenanters Declarations and Pamphlets. He says in the above-mentioned Account of his Life, *That he never applied his Mind to follow forth any great and long Subject, but short delightful Pieces; so that he left behind him rather Essays, of what he could have done, if he had been engaged and stirred thereunto, than any great Work.* These Papers, which we now present to the World, have lien a long while in Oblivion; they are generally against Rebellion, and the bad Consequences of a Civil War, and they deserve very well to be published, to be a Beacon to warn Posterity not to split on so dangerous Rocks; and also to shew, that there has been so considerable a Man for Religion, Wisdom, Learning and Loyalty, in so bad Times.

To deliver down to Posterity just Accounts of so Vertuous and Learned a Man, is of more Use to Mankind, than to write the Lives of the greatest Heroes and Commanders; whose Actions, as they are seldom delivered with Fidelity, so they serve only for the Imitation of a few, and are rather for Ostentation, than Information of Human Life: Whereas, 'tis from the Practice of Men of lower Rank, and equal to our selves, that we are more naturally taught, how to command our Passions, to direct our Knowledge, and to govern our Actions.

He was of Kin to several Persons of Quality, and kept sometime Correspondence with them, as we may see by some of his *Familiar Letters*, Printed with his History; yet his greatest Familiarity and Conversation, was with the University-Men and Men of Learning: For he used to say, *That it was good to admire great Hills, but to live in the Plains.* Those of his Country-Men, with whom he had the strictest Friendship,

and kept the greatest Conversation, were Sir *William Alexander*, afterwards Earl of *Stirling*, Sir *Robert Carr*, afterwards Earl of *Ancrum*, Dr. *Arthur Johnston* Physician to King *Charles I.* and Mr. *John Adamson* Principal of the College of *Edinburgh*; very Learned Men, and excellent Poets, who on several Occasions, in their Writings and Verses, gave our Author his just and due Praises. He had great Intimacy and Correspondence with the Two Famous *English* Poets *Michael Drayton* and *Ben Jonson*: The First, in an Elogy on the *English* Poets, makes very honourable Mention of him; the other came down to *Scotland* on Foot in the Year 1619. on Purpose to visit him, and stay'd some Three or Four Weeks with him at *Hawthornden*. In their Conversation there was a deal of Learning, Wit and Innocent Mirth. The Heads of the Conversation is still remaining under our Author's own Hand. 'Tis true, they were very frank and free together: *Ben Jonson* is very liberal of his Censures upon Ancient Authors: He does not misse himself, and gives large Accounts of his own Wildness and Extravagancies; and for his Cotemporaries, the *English* Poets, he's very severe on them, and never spares them, when he can in the least attack them. And this is no extraordinary Thing; for *Scaliger*, *Perron*, *Menage*, &c. have done the like: For the Critics are generally a Set of Men very vain and fond of their own Productions, but in others they are rather ready to pick out some small Faults, than to commend those Things which really deserve Praise. I have published among our Author's other Tracts, some of the most remarkable Passages of their Conversation, for the Use and Benefit of the curious Reader.

He not only made great Advances in History, Poetry and the *Belles Lettres*, as hath been already shown, but he also carefully Study'd Mathematical Learning, especially the Mechanical Part, in which he made great Improvements: For he not only restored and perfected a great many of the Ancient Machines, and Warlike Ingines, but also invented a great many new Instruments very useful at Sea and Land, both in Peace and War. The Names of the Machines in *English*, *Greek* and *Latin*, their Descriptions, Uses and Advantages, may be seen at large in a Patent under the Great Seal yet extant, granted by King *Charles I.* in the Year of God 1626, to our Author, for the sole making, vending and exporting the said Instruments; which is also published. These Things evidently demonstrate the Unconfinedness and great Extent of our Author's Genius, who could Study so many and different Things, and make so great Advancement in them; which is a Thing very uncommon, and a Happiness granted to few of the Race of Mankind.

As he was a very Wise and Learned Man, so he was very Pious and Religious, feared God, honoured the King, and did not meddle with them who are given to Change. He never thought Religion consisted in Peevishness or Sowness of Mind: On the contrary, his Humour was very jovial and chearful, especially among his Friends and Comrads, with whom sometimes he took a Bottle only *ad hilaritatem*, according to the Ex-
ample

ample of the best Ancient and Modern Poets, for the raising his Spirits, which were much flagg'd with constant Reading and Meditating; but he never went to Excess, or committed any thing against the Rules of Religion and good Manners. He was very Smart and Witty in his Sayings and Repartees, and had a most excellent Talent in Extemporary Versifying, above the most part of his Cotemporaries: For, being at London, 'tis very credibly reported of him (tho' by some ascribed to others) that he peep'd into the Room where Sir *William Alexander*, Sir *Robert Carr*, *Michael Drayton*, and *Ben Johnson*, these Famous Poets, were sitting. They desired *Bo peep*, as they called him, to come in, which he did. They fell a Rhyming about paying the Reckoning; and all owned their Verses were not comparable to his, which are still remembred by the Curious.

*I Bo peep
See you Four Sheep,
And each of you his Fleece.
The Reckoning is Five Shilling;
If each of you be willing,
It's Fifteen Pence apiece.*

In the Year 1645, when the Plague was raging in *Scotland*, our Author came accidentally to *Forfar*, but was not allowed to enter any House, or to get Lodging in the Town, tho' it was very late: He went some Two Miles farther to *Kirrimuir*, where he was well received and kindly entertained. Being informed, that the Towns of *Forfar* and *Kirrimuir* had a Contest, about a Piece of Ground, call'd *The Muirmoss*, he wrote a Letter to the Provost of *Forfar*, to be communicated to the Town-Council in Haste. It was imagined this Letter came from the Estates, who were then sitting at St. *Andrew's*: So the common Council was called with all Expedition, and the Minister sent for, to Pray for Direction and Assistance in Answering the Letter, which was opened in a solemn Manner. It contained the following Lines.

*The Kirrimorians and Forfarians met at Muirmoss,
The Kirrimorians beat the Forfarians back to the Cross.
Sutors ye are, and Sutors ye'll be;
F---s upon Forfar, Kirrimuir bears the Gree.*

He was a great Cavalier, and much addicted to the King's Party; yet was forced to send Men to the Army which Fought against the King: And, his Estate lying in Three different Shires, he had not Occasion to send one intire Man, but Halfs and Quarters, and such like Fractions: Upon which he wrote *ex tempore* the following Verses to his Majesty.

Of all these Forces rais'd against the King,
 'Tis my strange Hap not one whole Man to bring
 From diverse Parishes, yet diverse Men,
 But all in Halfs and Quarters; Great King then
 In Halfs and Quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
 In Halfs and Quarters send them back to me.

Or,
 In Legs and Arms send thou them back to me.

It would swell this Life beyond its true Bounds, and my Design, to tell all his fine Sayings and excellent Extemporary Verses, which are still remembred and repeated with great Applause and Satisfaction: For, like the Sayings of the Ancient *Druids*, they retain an universal Veneration, tho' they are preserved only by Memory.

Being reputed a Malignant, he was extremely harassed by the Prevailing Party; and for his Verses and Discourses, frequently summoned before their Circular Tables: As we may see by a Discourse which he designed to have spoken to them. He forgave Particular Injuries with a true Christian Spirit: He bore the Misfortunes and cross Accidents of Life, which regarded himself, with Courage and Magnanimity; but these of the Public lay more heavily on him. He never sought after Riches and Honours, but rather declined them. In the short Account of his Life, written by himself, he says, *That he never endeavoured to advance his Fortune, or increase such Things as were left him by his Parents. Whether he foresaw the Shortness of Life, and that he was not to enjoy it long; or contemned any Thing that was toilsome to acquire, or was to be kept by base and servile Means: He used always that of Mirandula, in his free Discourse, Meis libris, meo oculo contentus a pueris usque intra fortunam vivere didici, & (quantum possum) apud me habitans, nihil extra me suspiro aut ambio. And that of the Greek Epigrammatist.*

Ἐλπίς καὶ σὺ τύχῃ μέγα χαίρετε: τὸν λιμὲν εὖρον.
 Οὐδὲν ἐμοὶ χ' ὕμιν, παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμὲ.

And of Petrarch; *A che tanti pensieri un hora sgombra quel che'n molti anni a pena si raguna.*

In the Year 1649, when Rebellion was Prosperous and Triumphant to the outmost Degree, the best of Kings and best of Men, under a sham Pretence of Justice, was barbarously Murdered at his own Palace-Gate, by the worst of Subjects, and the worst of Men. Our Author (who was much weakned with close Studying and Diseases) was so overwhelmed with extreme Grief and Anguish, that he Died the 4th of *December*, wanting only 9 Days of 64 Years of Age; to the great Grief and Loss of all Learned and Good Men: And was Honourably Buried in his own Isle, in the Church of *Lesswade*, near to his House of *Hawthornden*.

He

He was a Man of excellent Natural Parts and Endowments, which he mightily improved by Reading and Travelling. He was very well acquainted with the best *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and spoke *Italian*, *Spanish* and *French*, as well as his Mother Tongue. He was a judicious and exact Historian, a quaint and delicate Poet, and a Master and Judge of all polite Learning. He was a true and faithful Son of the Church, and loved his King and Country with the outmost Passion. He was a constant and sincere Friend, and a good and easy Comrad. He wrote very handsomely against the Vanity and Instability of Human Comforts, and practised it exactly in his Life and Conversation; never seeking after Riches nor Honours, but always shunning them. In a Word, we may justly say, he deserves a very Considerable Place among the Best and Learn'dest Men of his Age.

P O E M S

In Commendation of the

A U T H O R.

De Gulielmo Drummondo.

*Q*uæsit Latio Buchananus carmine laudem,
Et patrios dura respuit aure modos.
Cum possit Latiis Buchananum vincere Musis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui.
Major uter? Primas huic desert Scotia, vates
Vix inter Latios ille secundus erat.

ARTH. JOHNSTON.

To William Drummond.

*S*ome will not leave that Trust to Friend nor Heir,
But their own Winding-Sheet themselves prepare;
Fearing, perhaps, some courser Cloath might shrow'd
The Worms descended from their Noble Blood:

And shalt not thou (that justly may'st suspect
Far courser Stuff, in such a dull Neglect
Of all the Arts, and Dearth of Poetry)
Compose before-hand thine own Elegy?
Who but thy self is capable to write
A Verse, or, if they can, to fashion it
Unto thy Praises? None can draw a Line
Of thy Perfections, but a Hand Divine.

If thou wilt needs impose this Task on us,
(A greater Work than best Wits can discuss)
We will but only so far Emblem thee,
As in a Circle, Men, the Deity.
A Wreath of Bayes we'll lay upon thy Herse;
For that shall speak thee better than our Verse:
That art in Number of those Things, whose End,
Nor whose Beginning we can comprehend.
A Star, which did the other Day appear,
T'enlighten up our dark'ned Hemisphere:
Nor can we tell nor how, nor whence it came,
Yet feel the Heat of thy admired Flame.
'Twas thou that thaw'd our North, 'twas thou didst clear

The eternal Mists which had beset us here,
Till by thy golden Beams and powerful Ray
Thou chas'd hence Darkness, and brought out the Day.
But as the Sun, tho' he bestow all Light
On us, yet hinders by the same our Sight
To gaze on him; so thou, tho' thou dispence
Far more on us by thy bright Influence;
Yet such is thy transcendent Brightness, we
Thereby are dazzl'd, and cannot reach thee;
Then art thou less'n'd, should we bound thy Praise
T' our narrow dull Conceit, which cannot raise
Themselves beyond a vulgar Theme, nor fly
A Pitch like unto thine in Poesy;
Yet (as the greatest Kings have sometimes dain'd
The smallest Presents from a poor Man's Hand;
When pure Devotion gave them) it may be
Your *Genius* will accept a Muse from me:
It speaks my Love, altho' it reach not you;
And you are prais'd, when I would to do.

JOHN SPOTSWOOD.

D A M O N:

O R

A PASTORAL ELEGY, on the Death of his Honoured
Friend WILLIAM DRUMMOND of HAWTHORNDEN.

By G. LAUDER.

*Tu decus omne, mihi, postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales agros, arque ipse reliquit Apollo.*

Virgil.

THE lonely *Lysis*, whom a froward Fate
Full Twenty summers in a tober State,

Had

Had seen a Stranger to his Native Soil,
 In Foreign Fields, worn with the weary Toil
 Of wandring, waiting on a wayward Flock
 Which neither hois'd his Hopes, nor swell'd his Stock;
 One Day went pensive o're a pleasant Plain,
 Near where old *Maes* doth fall into the Main:
 His Heart was heavy, and he knew not why,
 His Lambs did bleeting go, the surly Sky
 Seem'd to presage a Storm, which to prevent
 Unto his old Retreat he swiftly went.
 An Aged Elme there was, whose spreading Arms
 Had shelter'd him from many Showers and Storms,
 And on whose wrinkl'd Rind in such Distress
 His Knife his younger Fancies did express,
 In Love-Knots, Letters, Ciphers; which could shew
 The Story of his Life to them who knew
 His former Loves. There scarce he was well set,
 When o're the Plain came posting, panting, wet,
 The young *Alcydon*, who not long before
 Was from his Native *Albany* come o're.
Lyfis, who lov'd him (since he had not seen
 His Face in many Years) thought it had been
 Some Ghost or Shadow that did fool his Sense,
 Until his Smile did check that Fear's Offence:
 Then falling on his Neck in kind Embrace,
 Dear Son, said he, my Soul this Hap doth bless
 That brought thee hither, welcome with my Heart,
 Come sit by me, and freely now impart
 The State and Story of the Herds and Swains
 That Graze on *Caledonia's* Hills and Plains.
Alcydon sigh'd, and with a downcast Look,
 Eyes swoln with Tears, thus staring, softly spoke:
 Heaven's Anger long hath blaz'd into a Flame,
 And scorch'd that Land, whose Sin hath brought on Shame;
 Since *Sion's Shepherd's* sweet and saving Song
 Was flighted there, the Sheep have all gone wrong:
 Strange Schism the Sacrifices hath defac'd,
 New Ways of Worship purblind *Zeal* hath plac'd,
 And planted in the People's giddy Pates,
 Where each will have his own, all other hates:
 These Frenzies from the Neighbour Country came,
 Where Sects have shuffl'd all things out of Frame,
 And (which with Horror all the World doth hear)
 Rebellion choak'd Religion, Treason Fear;
 So far that Clowns conspir'd against the Crown,
 And hew'd Heaven's sacred Image Headless down.
 Which heinous Crime hath call'd a Curse from high,
 That yet upon the Land doth heavy ly.
 And *We*, whose tender Hearts were ta'en with Tears
 At first, to be made Fools, (tho' promis'd Shares,
 In that pretended Happiness they Preach'd,
 When with joint Powers their Point they should have reach'd)
 Now reap for Thanks, Disdain, Contempt and Scorn,
 Hostility and Hate of Knaves forsworn;
 And were it not the Hope they have at Home,
 To see their Prince, to save his People, come,
 The Swains would all for Sorrow faint and fly,
 As many do for Grief and Anguish die,

Of which, alace! old *Damon* was the First,
 Whose Royal, Loyal, Noble Heart did burst,
 To see these Stirrs, the Stars with sad Aspects
 Had shown him long with all their dire Effects;
 For he was well acquainted with the Spheres,
 And knew how they inclin'd, whose Power sways their's.

When *Lyfis*, list'ning, heard of *Damon's* Death,
 A deep fetcht Sigh well nigh drew out his Breath,
 Tears drown'd his Eyes, his hoary Head he hung,
 And in that Posture had not Pulse nor Tongue,
 But, like a Lifeless Statue, senseless sat;
 So deep these Words did wound as Thunder-shot:
 Till with *Alcydon's* loud and frighted Cry
 (Who call'd for Help, tho' none there was near by)
 Awak'd, he list'd up his heavy Head,
 And softly said, Ay me, is *Damon* dead?
 Then as reviving, fetching Breath again,
 In scalding Sighs, Tears trickling down again,
 Am I awake, said he? or do I dream?
 To hear that *Damon* now is but a Name,
 And his fair Soul to Heaven hath ta'en her Flight,
 For lasting Sun-shine leaving this weak Light!
 The Glory then of *Grampian* Swains is gone:
 Let Fields and Flocks his Loss for ever moan.

Burst forth my Soul in Sorrows saddest Strain,
 Sigh Heart, and break, and wish no more again
 Those Home-bred Haunts and Flow'ry Fields to see,
 Whose Love and Longing late possessed thee.
 Farewel those Fancies, since the Herdmen's Head,
 (Apollo's Priest, whose Learned Lays did lead
 The lovely Nymphs, enchanted with his Song,
 O're *Ochil's* Snowy Tops in pompous Throng,
 And brought these Beauteous Girles, in gawdy Train,
 Home dancing to his *Hawthornden* again.)
 Is now no more the Wonder of our Woods,
 The Valley's Wish, the Fav'rite of our Floods,
 Since He, O Grief! hath left these Lawnes and Hills,
 These silver Streams, and soft Meandering Rills,
 Which often stray'd and swell'd for Joy to hear
 His Roundelays, and did their Burden bear
 To *Thetis* Court, where all the *Tritons* rounded
 About to learn, and straight the Tunes resounded.

Ah! when I call to Mind that happy Time,
 When my fresh Youth was in her Flow'ry Prime,
 Ere Beauty's Force I found, or felt Love's Flame,
 And first a Stripling 'mongst the *Shepherds* came,
 Kind *Damon* was the Peer of all the Plains,
 The Valley's Honour, Glory of the Swains;
 And when his Reed or sweet Rebeck was heard,
 Our Flocks forgot to Feed, they stood and star'd,
 The *Nightingales* came near new Notes to learn,
 The Stags were roused from the brushy Fairn,
 The wanton Wood-Nymphs were no longer wild,
 But danc'd about, and on him sweetly smil'd:
 Or did he Sing, the *Shepherds* all were still,
 The Birds were hush'd, Brooks slept, from Dale nor Hill
 No Noise was heard, lost Silence shut up all,
 To Mute on his Melodious Madrigal.

His

His Matchless Muse had such a swelling Vein,
In rich Expressions, and so sweet a Strain,
That Sun, Stars, Season's Glory, Nature's Treasure,
All that is rich and rare for Pomp and Pleasure,
Could scarcely serve his Subject to set forth
Or fit his Fancy's Force, his Brain's huge Birth,
Gold, Saphyres, Roses, Rubies, Azure, Skies,
Al'baster, Amber, Diamonds wanted Dyes,
To limn his *Auristella* to the Life,
Whose Beauty brav'd the *Lemnian's* lovely Wife;
Nor *Ochil's* Snows, nor Lilly of the Brook,
Nor *Tyrian* Purple, nor that Flower that took
His Blush from that fair Boy *Apollo* flew,
Had Colours fine enough for her fair Hue,
While by fair *Ora's* Flow'ry Banks *She* sported,
Where Swans did sweetly sing, and Swains resorted.

In what sweet Sighs did *He* his Sorrows sing,
And all *Bodotria's* weeping Beauties bring
Like *Niobe's*, to wash the sacred Urn,
With *Tears* the brave *Meliades* to mourn?
That from the swelling Banks of *Tweed* and *Thame*,
He made deaf *Nilus* Dwellers hear his Name,
And gawdy *Ganges* Nymphs in sad Despair,
To rend their Vails and tear their golden Hair,
Blew *Doris* and her Daughters were so taken
With *Grief*, that they all Songs have since forsaken;
The *Dryade* in his *Cave* that closely dwells,
Did fright the Neighbouring *Woods* with woful Yells,
And make the fainting *Esk* for Fear look black
To keep that Colour for her *Henry's* sake.

And how did he from black *Benlowmond* bring
Old Father *Forth*, to *Feast* his Lord and King?
With all these famous *Floods* so well attended,
(A Train that *Tiber* envy'd, but commended)
And to his Prince a *Panegyrick* sung,
That *Mantua's* Muse, and *Asra's* both had hung
Their Heads for shame, his Heavenly Strains to hear;
For *Po* ne're had a Nymph that could come near
His high and hardy Note, nor *Helicon*
A more Majestick Muse ne'r sat upon.

O how could he with more than Mortal Measure
Transport the Soul into that Height of Pleasure?
In sacred *Ext'fy* when he sung the Wonders
Of him that fram'd the World, and forg'd the Thunders?
And soaring high on *Contemplation's* Wings,
Show how the *Earth* below Self-ballanc'd hings,
By Heaven alike embrac'd on every side,
And sees here Snow, there Summer's painted Pride?
Or when in Raptures ravish'd he would rise
To reach a Strain beyond the Stars and Skies,
In what transcendent Terms could he set forth
Heav'n's Glory (tho' no Words can weigh their Worth)
And of the choicest *Flowers* of *Sion* frame
For Angels Brows a fragrant Anadem?

How could his Soul in sacred Silence steal
Into these blessed Bounds, and thence reveal
The State and Splendour of the Court above,
So sweetly shadow'd in his *Cypress Grove*?

Had he not had his *Urany* for Guide,
 Her holy Ways to walk, her Paths to tread?
 What Heathen hath a Heart so hard, to hear
 His sacred Song, and would not faint for Fear?
 While he the *Shadow of the Judgment* sings,
 That Court of Conscience, where the King of Kings
 The wicked World shall from the Four Winds call,
 Before His Throne, both rich, poor, great and small,
 To hear a *Happy* or a *Horrid Doom*,
 Where ah! too many never think to come,
 But dally out their Days in vain Delight,
 Delaying still, till *Death* blows out their *Light*,
 And *Darkness* drown them in a Dungeon deep,
 Where damned Ghosts still dying wail and weep.

But when my Soul with *Wonder* and *Delight*
 Those holy *Numbers* weighs: where ravish'd quite
 Beyond himself, above the *Heavens* as far,
 As from *Earth's* Surface to old *Saturn's* Star,
 He sings that smooth *Hymn of the Fairest Fair*,
 In sweet *Seraphick* Stile, high swelling rare,
 My Thoughts transported in a Trance outfly
 The Reach of *Reason* and *Mortality*;
 And humbly falling *Heaven's* high Throne before,
 With *Sighs* and *Fear* that *Majesty* adore,
 Whose glorious Grandeur there he seeks to limn
 As bright as *Art* can draw with Eyes so dim;
 (Tho' all *Her* Skill come far far short alace!)
 As one would with a Coal the Sun-shine trace:
 Yet never *Mortal* more *Divinely* sung

Those *Marvels* that best suit an Angel's Tongue.
 His youthful Fancies, tho' he term'd them *Toys*,
 Were rich *Conceits*, beyond the common Poise
 Of vulgar *Wits*, which could not value them
 At half the Worth, for few did find *His Aim*;
 And nothing had more handsomely been said,
 Than in those *Flashes* when *He* freely Play'd.
 When old Gray Hairs began grave Thoughts to suit,
 Chaste *Clio* charm'd his Fancies with her Flute,
 To leave the Mountains, *Fields* and *Flocks* forsake,
 And to a Nobler Task himself betake,
 Soft shelter'd in *His Grove*, wrapt in *His Gown*,
 Which with more Glory might *His Name* renown:
 The *Stuart's* Story was a Subject fit,
 And both requir'd his Pen, and crav'd his Wit,
 Those Five Great *JAMES'S*, to the World well known,
 At Home were *Strangers* still unto their own:
 And he must set them on the Stage again,
 To speak their *Country's* Language smooth and plain,
 So sweetly flowing in a flourish'd Phrase,
 That *Tully's* Soul his *Stile* doth lead and raise;
 And such *Remarks*, wise *Sentences*, *Advices*,
 Good *Counsels*, *Precepts*, his whole Labour graces,
 That on *Parnassus* he may claim his Seat
 Next that great *Roman* rich in Rules of State.

Dear *Damon*! Is it true that thou art dead?
 And *Lysis* lives a loathed Life to lead?
 My Thoughts alace! were always set on *Thee*,
 With Hope at last thy long wish'd Look to see,

That

That my poor *Muse* might do *Thee* Homage due,
 And, after *Absence* long, old *Love* renew ;
 Which since *Thou* hast born hence to Heav'n with *Thee*
 Thy *Lysis* still shall love Thy *Memory*,
 And make both *Maes* and *Rhine* thy *Name* resound,
 As far as *Shepherds* by their Banks are found.
 Ay me ! why have not I old *Ayton's* Vein ?
 Or great *Alexis* stately Tragick Strain ?
 To sound thy *Vertues*, sing thine *Obsequies*
 In *Panegyrics* and sad *Elegies* ?
 Earth's farthest *Climates* with thy *Worth* should ring,
 And worship *Thee*, where *Fame* can stretch a Wing.
 Yet with that Vigour, my poor Verse can fly,
 It shall record to after-times that I
 So dearly lov'd thy *Worth*, thy *Name* ador'd,
 Thy Friendship honour'd, and thy Death deplor'd;
 That wheresoe're the *World* my Rhimes shall read,
 There *Damon's* Love shall live, when we're both dead:
 Nor shall I fear *Antiquity* to wrong,
 With our own home bred Haunts to stuff my Song,
 And say our *Forth*, which doth so winding wander,
 As Famous is by *Thee*, as old *Maander* :
 Thy murmuring *Esk* and *Ora's* rushy Hair,
 With *Mincius* and old *Tiber* to compare ?
 And why shall I not freely venture then
 To match with *Helicon* thy *Hawthornden* ?
 Thy *Grotte*, in which grim *Saturn* still remains,
 Bound to the Rock with mighty Metal'd Chains;
 The same *Prophetick Spirit* doth inspire
 That in *Trophonius* Cave set Souls on Fire ;
 And if the *Earth* from hence a Passage yields,
 It is the Entry to th' *Elysian* Fields :
 A fitter Place the Fates could never find
 To lay thy sacred Reliques up enshrin'd ;
 There all the *Nymphs* and Shepherd Swains can come
 And Yearly sing sad *Hymns* before thy Tomb,
 Which on the Marble cold these Lines shall keep,
 For Pilgrims all to read, and parting weep,
 That once thy Care commanded should be cut
 Upon thy Grave, if I have not forgot,
 HERE DAMON LIES, WHOSE SONGS DID SOMETIMES GRACE
 THE MURMURING ESK, MAY ROSES SHADE THE PLACE.
 But soft my Sorrow, now the setting Sun,
 To *Thetis* kind Embrace doth posting run ;
 Good-night *Alcydon*, all good Luck attend thee,
 And what thy Soul doth wish, thy Fortune send thee.
 This said, they parted, and poor *Lysis* Grief
 So seisd his Soul, which look'd for no Relief,
 That while he Careless and Cross-armed went,
 With staggering Steps his Loss for to lament,
 He often stood to Sigh, and at the *Name*
 Of *Damon* Fainted : So he lov'd his Fame.

Sunt artibus arma decori.

G. LAUDER.

On the Report of the Death of the Author.

IF that were true which whispered is by *Fame*,
 That *Damon's* Light no more on Earth doth burn,
 His Patron *Phæbus* Physick would disclaim,
 And cloath'd in Clouds as erst for *Phaeton* mourn.

Yea, *Fame* by this had got so deep a Wound,
 That scarce She could have Power to tell his Death,
 Her Wings cut short; who could her Trumpet sound,
 Whose Blaze of late was Nurs'd but by his Breath.

That Sp'rit of his, which most with mine was free,
 By mutual Traffick enterchanging Store,
 If chas'd from him, it would have come to me,
 Where it so oft familiar was before.

Some secret Grief distemp'ring first my Mind,
 Had (though not knowing) made me feel this Loss;
 A Sympathy had so our Souls combin'd,
 That such a Parting both at once would toss.

Though such Reports to others Terror give,
 Thy Heavenly Virtues who did never spy,
 I know thou, that canst make the Dead to live,
 Immortal art, and needs not fear to dye,

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Upon the Incomparable Poems of Mr. William Drummond.

TO praise these Poems well, there doth require
 The self-same Spirit, and that sacred Fire
 That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot chuse
 But pay an Admiration to a Muse
 That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,
 From Climes so near the *Bear*, so bright a Worth;
 And I believe the *Caledonian* Bow'rs
 Are full as pleasant and as rich in Flow'rs
 As *Tempe* e're was fam'd, since they have nourish'd
 A Wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd;
 There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,
 Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
 But such an Ardour as creates the Spring,
 And throws a Chearfulness on every thing;
 Such a sweet Calmness runs through every Verse,
 As shews how he delighted to converse
 With Silence, and his Muse, among those Shades
 Which Care, nor busy Tumult e're invades;
 There would he sit, the Adventures of his Loves
 Relate unto the Fountains, and the Groves,

In

In such a Strain as *Laura* had admir'd
 Her *Petrarch* more, had he been so inspir'd.
 Some *Phæbus* gives a smooth and streaming Vein,
 A great and happy Fancy some attain,
 Others unto a soaring Height he lifts;
 But here he hath so crowded all his Gifts,
 As if he had design'd in *One* to try,
 To what a Pitch he could bring Poetry;
 For every Grace should he receive a Crown,
 There were not Bays enough in *Helicon*:
 Fame courts his Verse, and with Immortal Wings
 Hovers about his Monument, and brings
 A Deathless Trophy to his Memory;
 Who, for such Honour, would not wish to dye?
 Never could any Times afford a Story
 Of one so match'd unto great *Sidney's* Glory;
 Or Fame so well divided, as between
Penhurst's renowned Shades, and *Hawthornden*.

EDW. PHILLIPS

Sir George Mackenzie, His Majesty's Advocate, being in Hawthornden's Closet, wrote down this Elog; of him.

HERE liv'd that Poet, whose Immortal Name
 Was Crown'd by Lawrels, and adorn'd by Fame;
 Whom every Man next to himself did love;
 Who durst be Loyal, and, what's more, reprove
 The Vices of that base rebellious Age;
 His was a Poet's, their's a Tyrant's Rage.
 Each Man him then his Neighbour wish'd to be,
 And we now grieve that we did not him see.
 They did his Wit, we do his Works admire,
 And each young Spark does kindle at his Fire:
 Or, which is more, he Poems can beget
 On my old Muse, tho' now much past the Date.

To the Memory of William Drummond of Hawthornden.

HE who endeavours *Damon's* Worth to raise,
 Does not the *Bards*, but his own Merit praise.
 Here *Our's*, and *England's* Wits, in vain have strove
 To write his Merit, and express their Love.
 For Poets now to Sound enslave their Sense,
 And Gild, where they shou'd Paint true Excellence;
 And who in duller Prose can hope to shew,
 What's to his Name or to his Labours due?
 I own no Art can *Drummond's* Worth proclaim;
 So vast his Merit, and so loud his Fame.

DAVID CRAWFORD of *Drumfoyle*.

By the same Hand.

HERE *Damon* liv'd, a Man by Heav'n inspir'd,
At Home ador'd, by Foreigners admir'd:
Vast was his Muse, his Thoughts by Art refin'd;
His Judgment, like his Fancy, unconfin'd;
His Country's Honour, and his Friends Delight;
Great *Britain's* Wonder, and the Age's Light.
In ev'ry thing we find the *Bard* excel,
And his Five *JAMESES*, and his *Poems* tell,
No Man e're thought, and spoke his Thoughts so well. }
Heav'n guard the Place, and may his Race maintain
That Stock of Fame which he did justly gain.

Upon Hawthornden's Muse. By the same.

HERE Mighty *Damon* often sat,
When he in Heav'nly Numbers writ.
The Place seems pointed out by Fate,
And for a Muse, like his, made fit.

His *Cypress Grove*, and easy *Poems* show,
What Shades like these on Souls like his can do.
This was his Muse. This rais'd the God-like Thought,
Which Art and Judgment to Perfection brought.

April 30th, 1702.

T H E

The AUTHOR's Dedication.

To the Right Honourable,

My very good LORD and CHIEF

J O H N

Earl of P E R T H.

SOME may think, that the Writing of this History proceeded from Ambition or the Desire of Fame; Others, that my Design was to Compliment the High and Mighty Prince Charles, as affecting some Place or Pension. I have always been careless and negligent about Fame and Reputation. According to my Duty, I have writ Papers of another Kind, Vindicating his Majesty's just Government, and Taxing his disloyal Subjects with Rebellion, and overthrowing the State. But my greatest Reason for Writing this is, That I found in the Histories of Scotland, James the First, a Man eminent in all Virtues, a Man Born of the same Country with my self, a Prince, and the Son of a Drummond, Lineally descended of your Lordship's Ancient Family, of which so many great Personages have sprung. The Founder of your Family, who first bore the Name, came from Hungary to Scotland as Admiral with S. Margaret, Queen to King Malcolm Canmore, above Six Hundred Years ago, when Surnames were first known in this Kingdom. In King Robert Bruce's Days, Walter de Drummond, Son to Malcolm Beg Drummond, your Lordship's Predecessor, was, according to Stow's Annals, Clerk-Register, or Secretary to the King, and one of the Commissioners for making a Peace or Cessation of Arms at Newcastle, in the Year of God 1323, betwixt King Robert Bruce and Edward II. King of England. In King David Bruce's Time the

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Drum-

Drummonds were very Famous, as being implacable Enemies to the Monteiths, (who had basely betray'd that great Heroe Sir William Wallace) whom they Fought several Times, and killed many of them; as we may see by an Agreement made between them, by the King's special Command, at the sight of his Two Justiciaries Sir Hugh Eglinton and Sir Robert Erskine of Alloway. An Original Copy of this Agreement is to be seen in your Lordship's Charter-Chest, written on fine Parchment, and in ornate Latin; it is Dated on the Banks of the River Forth over-against Stirling, Sunday the 17th of May 1360. Sir Malcolm Drummond, Brother to Queen Annabella Drummond, Married Douglass Heirefs of Mar, and was made Earl of Mar, but Died without Succession. He was an Excellent and Valiant Man, and in great Reputation with King David Bruce, Robert II. and Robert III. For his good Services at the Battel of Otterburn, in taking Prisoner Sir Ralph Percy, Brother to Henry Percy, called Hotspur, Earl of Northumberland, he got a Yearly Pension of Five Hundred Pounds out of the Customs of Inverness during Life. When King James I. was Captive in England, we find a Passport granted by the King of England to one Dungallus Drummond, who had been at London attending his Royal Master, to return Home. Among the Nobility and Gentry who were delegated from Scotland, and had Passports from England to meet at Durham and convoy King James I. home after his long Captivity, was Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, a very considerable Man in those Days. He was Married to Heleanor Sinclair Earl of Orkney's Daughter, whose Mother was Lawful Daughter to Robert II. Sir John, by his Sister Queen Annabella Drummond; was Uncle to King James, and his Lady was Cousin-german to him; so he was more than one way nearly related to the Royal Family. John Drummond, youngest Son to Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, and Nephew to Sir Malcolm above-mentioned, went Abroad in the Year 1419, and settled in the Islands of Madera; and was called John Escortio Drummond; from whom is descended a Numerous Offspring very Rich and Potent, as several Letters to your Lordship, and to your Lordship's Predecessors, do abundantly testify. Your Lordship's Great-grand-father, John, First Lord Drummond, was a Wise and Brave Man; he was Justice-General of Scotland for many Years: In the Reigns of King James III. and King James IV. he made a very considerable Figure, and was very remarkable both for Arms and Arts, tho' he fell into great Misfortunes by too closely adhering to his Friends and Relations the Douglasses, as all our Historians inform us. Your Lordship's Brother, James, First Earl of Perth, was well Educated in France, and when James VI. came to the Crown of Great-Britain, he was sent Ambassador with Charles Earl of Nottingham High Admiral of England, to Philip III.

King

The Author's Dedication. xxiii

King of Spain, for taking that King's Oath upon the Ratification of the Articles of Peace concluded betwixt the Two Crowns, and for mediating a Peace betwixt Spain and the Low-Countries: Which Embassy he performed with Success and Applause. From such early Appearances, we had just Reasons to expect great Things would follow: But soon after his Return he died, being not much above 20 Years of Age. And I may say about your Lordship, without Flattery, which I abominate, that even in these worst of Times, you are eminently conspicuous for Piety and Prudence, for Loyalty towards the King, for real Affection towards your Country, for Kindness towards your Friends, and for the Care you take in preserving your Family, and managing your Affairs so justly and frugally. I have only mentioned some few of your Lordship's Predecessors; for if I should tell all the great and illustrious Personages of your Name, and the Alliances your Family hath with other great Houses in this Nation, it would swell this beyond the true Bounds of a Dedication. But the greatest Honour of all is (and no Subject can have any greater) is, That the High and Mighty Prince Charles King of Great-Britain, and the most Part of the Crown'd Heads in Europe, are descended of your Honourable and Ancient Family.

It may seem strange to many, that I, who the most part of my Life, have been writing about small Things in Verse, should adventure to write about so many great and weighty Affairs in Prose: But what could not the Love I carry to your Lordships Family make me attempt to do, and the Virtues of so High and Great a Prince as King James I. descended of your Lordship's House. If we believe some School-Men, That the Souls of the Departed have some dark Knowledge of the Actions done upon Earth, which concern their Good or Evil; What Solace then will this bring to James I. that after Two Hundred Years, he hath had one of his Mother's Name, and Race, that hath renewed his Fame and Actions in the World? That your Lordship may live long to be the Ornament of your Name and Nation, to be a Protector of your Friends, and a Patron of Learning and Learned Men, is the sincere Desire of,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

most Obedient, and most

Faithful Servant and Kinsman,

Will. Drummond.

The first of these is the question of the origin of the word "theology". It is derived from the Greek words "theos" (god) and "logos" (word or study). Theology is the study of the nature and attributes of God, and of the relationship between God and man. It is a branch of philosophy, and is concerned with the ultimate questions of existence and meaning. Theology is a discipline that has been studied for centuries, and it continues to be an important part of many religious traditions. Theology is a field of study that is both ancient and modern, and it is one that is constantly evolving. Theology is a discipline that is both intellectual and spiritual, and it is one that is essential for a full understanding of the human condition. Theology is a field of study that is both challenging and rewarding, and it is one that is worth pursuing for anyone who is interested in the questions of life and death. Theology is a discipline that is both practical and theoretical, and it is one that is essential for a full understanding of the human condition. Theology is a field of study that is both ancient and modern, and it is one that is constantly evolving. Theology is a discipline that is both intellectual and spiritual, and it is one that is essential for a full understanding of the human condition. Theology is a field of study that is both challenging and rewarding, and it is one that is worth pursuing for anyone who is interested in the questions of life and death. Theology is a discipline that is both practical and theoretical, and it is one that is essential for a full understanding of the human condition.

The Introduction.

THE *History of the First Five JAMES's Kings of Scotland*, ingeniously written by our Famous Author, has already had Two Editions; One, Anno 1655; and a Second, Anno 1681: And both Editions have had prefixed to them a Prefatory Introduction, by Mr. Hall of Grays-Inn. But then such a Prefatory Introduction it is, as we humbly conceive, does not want a Third Publication: And we hope, no impartial and judicious Reader will condemn us for neglecting it, when he has considered how many and how gross Errors it is crowded with.

The Errors in Point of *Grammar and Stile* (whether imputable to the Author or the Printers, we leave to others to enquire,) are both great and numerous. To write and represent 'em all, we are afraid, might prove nauseous. We shall therefore content our selves with a small Specimen, referring to the Pages of the Edition 1681, from which the other doth not differ. And,

First, Page 2. and 3. we read thus. *The direct Royal Line of Scotland, failing in Alexander III. Son of the Second of that Name, who when he, a few Years before, had lost both his Wife, and all his hopeful and numerous Issue, nothing remaining of it, saving a Girl to his Daughter brought to Hungoman King of Norway; the Nobility hereupon meet at Scoon, and put the Kingdom into the Hands of Six Persons.* Now, we know very well, That Alexander III's Daughter was Married to the King of Norway; That he had by her a Daughter; That this Daughter out-lived her Grand-father the King of Scots, 4 Years; and That, all that while, she was, of Right, Queen of Scotland, tho' Death prevented her setting Foot within the Kingdom. All this, I say, we know, is True; But who can collect it from Mr. Hall's Account? Again,

Page 14. He Discourses thus: [*Bruce in the mean time (i. e. upon the Dethroning and Murder of King Edward II. of England) composing himself to the Cares of Peace, by Act of Parliament, settles the Inheritance of the Kingdom upon his Son (tho' a Child) and in case of his Decease, to Robert Stewart his Grand-child by his Daughter; and for preventing any Pretences of Baliol, (being then Old and Miserable in France) a full Release of all his Claim; but the active young Edward filling them with the Terror of a New Bruce, repaired the Defects of his Age and Travels, by substituting Thomas Randolph his Vice-roy, whom with James Dowglas he sent with a Flying Army of Horse into England, &c.*] Let those who can make Sense of this.

Page 17. He tells a fine Story about one Lawrence Twine; how, being a Fugitive Englishman, he planted himself in Scotland; That he was Excommunicated for his lewd Life; That he slew the Bishop of Final; and then flying into France, he induced Edward Baliol to claim the Scottish Throne, &c. From whom had he this Tale, as he has told it? Who was his Author for Final's being a Scottish Bishoprick?

Page 22. Giving an Account of the last Acts of King David Bruce's Government, he tells us, [*All was now quiet but the Highlanders, whom he appeas'd by their mutual Discords, when Fate, in the 47 Year of his Age, and 39 of his Reign, came to Eternal Rest in the Castle of Edinburgh, in the Year 1370.*] Buchanan, (whom, I doubt not, Hall had before him when he wrote this) has given us the Story about the Highlanders, very perspicuously, thus: [*Ceteris ubique pacatis, Montani in armis perstabant; nec solum inter se fœdâ atque inhumanâ crudelitate sœviebant, sed vicina etiam late populabantur: Hos Rex cum ad concordiam nulla ratione posset adducere, per homines callidos discordias augendas curavit, donec ferocioribus mutua cæde consumptis, ceteri tractabiles & mansueti redderentur.*] How lucky was Mr. Hall in turning all this so very shortly, thus, [*Whom he appeas'd by their mutual Discords?*] Yet this is not the finest Rarity in the super-fine Period: What do you think of Fate's coming to Eternal Rest in the Castle of Edinburgh, in the Year 1370?

Page 32. He concludes the Life of Robert III. with another quaint Version of a Sentence of Buchanan's. Buchanan gives it thus: [*Calamitate filii ad patrem cœnantem*
perlatâ,

perlatâ, tanta doloris vi fuit oppressus, ut pene inter manus astantium expirârit. Delatus in cubiculum, ab eo tempore cibo abstinuit, ac tertio die, inediâ & mœrore extinctus est.] This Mr. Hall turns nicely, thus; [*The News (of the Son's Captivity) so struck his Father, that he had almost presently died; but being carried into his Chamber, with voluntary Abstinence and Sorrow, he shortned his Life, three Days longer, viz. to the 1st of April, 1406.*] Yes! He shortned his Life three Days longer!

These Five, I have mention'd, do scarcely amount to the Fifth Part of such Errors as I nam'd before, and are to be found in Mr. Hall's Preface.

He has yet Errors of greater Consequence; Errors which all Thinking Men must own to be considerable Blemishes in Historical Deductions; gross Errors as to both Names and Situations of Places. Thus, e.g. he has *Rossin*, for *Roslin*; *Loch-laban*, for *Loch-maban*; *Æbnea*, for *Æbuda*; *Botan*, for *Bute*; &c. And Page 7. he has told me (what I never observ'd before) that the *Marble Chair* which *Edward I.* transported from *Scoon* to *London*, was called *Jacob's Stone*. And Page 8. he makes King *Robert Bruce* to have itabb'd the *Cumin* at *St. Johnston*; tho' all other Authors (*Buchanan* not excepted) say 'twas done at *Dumfries*, near half the Length of the Kingdom from *St. Johnstoun*. And Page 33. Because (as it seems) *Buchanan* had said, that *Alexander Earl of Mar*, accompanied with most of the Nobility, passed the *Tay*, and went to *Harlaw*, to give Battel to *Donald of the Isles*; Mr. Hall is pleas'd to make *Harlaw* (which he calls *Harley*) a Village beyond *Tay*; as indeed it is; but then 'tis so far from *Tay*, that it lies in the *Garioch*; and is by many Miles nearer to the *Spey* than to the *Tay*. Nay,

He has Errors bearing, in their Aspects, Innuendo's very Uncourteous to both our Kings and Nation. Page 15. He says of King *Robert Bruce*, That [*he mounted the Throne over the Carcasses of his nearest Kindred.*] What horrible Idea's, of that most Heroick Prince, may such a Calumny raise in Unskilful Heads! How readily may they think, to be sure, this Man has poison'd his Father, or, Butcher'd some Elder Brothers, that he might snatch the Crown? Page 17. He says, [*King David Bruce's Coronation was deferred till Permission cou'd be had from Rome, to make the Business more solemn.*] Who (that cou'd swallow so crude a Tale) wou'd not be apt to imagine, that this imported some direct Superiority in the Pope, over the Kings of *Scotland*; and that they, as some others, once on a Day, had own'd themselves Vassals to his Holiness? Yet the whole Matter was no more, than that a new Ceremony was to be used at that Coronation: The King was to be Anointed; and the Oil was to be Consecrated; and, by the Course of those Times, we having no Arch-Bishop, the Oil was to be Consecrated by the Pope himself, or some special Person appointed by him, which imports no more Dependance of the *Scottish* Crown on the See of *Rome*, than the *French* Custom does, of the Crown of *France*, on the See of *Rhemes*. Diverse other Girds he has at King *David*: One, which you have Page 21. is not unpleasant: There he tells us, *David made Three Hostile Expeditions into England*; and he owns, that the Second met with little Opposition; and then, he says, [*He made a Third to as little Purpose.*] Expeditions, you see, which meet with little Opposition, are made to little Purpose! And yet the same Mr. Hall, Page 24. calls the same Three Expeditions [*Three not Unfortunate Incurssions into England!*] And what an Unmannerly Fiction is that which he Concludes the Life of *Robert II.* with, Page 27? [*His Doubts were all resolv'd by Death (says Hall) in the Year 1390, when he had lived 74 Years, and Reign'd 19; being followed to the Grave with such Acts of Barbarism, as have been frequent in that Place.*] What? Did I call it no more than an Unmannerly Fiction? To be sure, if 'tis indeed a Fiction, 'tis more than Unmannerly: 'Tis highly Barbarous: And pure Fiction it is. For never did any King of any Nation die in greater Peace than *Robert II.* And for any thing Mr. Hall cou'd know, or any Man can know, he was Buried, I do not say with as much Pomp, but with as much Decency as ever King of *England* was. This was, from pure ill Nature, to Disgrace a whole Nation, with a Witness! And, indeed, what he has in the very Second Page of his Preface, is no great Compliment to either our Nation or our Kings; when he says, that *Drummond* treats of Things [*which are rather Many than Great, and Troublesome than Glorious.*] If they were so indeed, I think he was pretty idle, when he applied himself to write so long a Prefatory Introduction to an History, wherein there was so very little remarkable; espe-

The INTRODUCTION. xxvii

especially, when as himself so generously complains, in the End of it, that [*he had so little Encouragement for his Pains.*]

These Instances of Errors I have given, might, in all Conscience, be sufficient to Justify our Rejection of Mr. Hall's Preface. Yet, they are not the weightiest Arguments for our Rejection of it. The Truth is, we find our selves forced to reject it, because it is not at all written according to the plain and obvious Rules of Prefaces. The History, he was to introduce, commences from the Year 1424; and Mr. Hall cou'd not, forsooth, introduce it without going back to the Year 1285, the Year of the Death of *Alexander III.* Might he not as reasonably have gone back to *Fergus I.* and accounted for all the notable Events that had happened to the *Scottish* Monarchy, and Monarchs? This is certain, the Controversy between *Baliol* and *Bruce*, (which he miserably mistakes too, making *Baliol*, by one Degree, nearer to *David* Earl of *Huntington*, than *Bruce* was, the Contrary whereof is notoriously true,) was quite out of Doors, I cannot tell how many Years before the Birth of *James I.* *Baliol* himself had resign'd in Favour of *Bruce*; and his Son *Edward* was dead, long before, without Issue; and *William* Earl of *Dowglas*, who alone could pretend any Right by being of the Royal Blood, had fairly thrown up his Claim, at *Robert II.*'s coming to the Crown. After that, never Man pretended a better Title than that of the *Stewarts*. But this is not the only Impertinence he has larded his Preface with.

He must, forsooth, deduce the whole *Scottish* History from the Death of *Alexander III.* to the Reign of *James I.* and he must blend it with long Political Speculations and Digressions; and, to boot, he must write most confusedly, (as *Page 26.* all over) and sometimes not only false, but ridiculous Stories. I shall Name but One; you have it *Page 28.* 'Tis, forsooth, about a mighty Fewd between the Earls of *Murray* and *Crawford*: Take his own Words. [*The first Seven Years of Robert III.'s Reign passed in a Calm with England; but not without some fierce Fewds amongst his Subjects: One whereof was very memorable, between Thomas Dumbar Earl of Murray, and James Lindsay Earl of Crawford; and was most high: In so much, that the King resolved to make this Proposition to them, that 300 of each Side shou'd try it by Dint of Sword, &c.*] So, Mr. Hall, and very confidently too. Now, had he Consulted his Master *Buchanan*, he wou'd have told him, that the Fewd was between two Highland Clans, (*Boeis* and *Leshy* name them, the *Clan Kay* and *Clan Chattan*) That the Two Earls, *Murray* and *Crawford* (at very good Accord between themselves) were sent by the King to compose the Fewd, and bring the Two Clans to an amicable Understanding; That they found this impracticable; and that therefore they made this Proposal, That 30 of each Side shou'd put an End to the Quarrel by Dint of Sword: And that this was accepted of by the *Highlanders*, &c. 30, I say, of each Side; *Leshy* expressly calls 'em [*Ter deni*,] and *Buchanan* [*Triceni*,] but *Hall* makes them 300. How so? I cannot guess, how, nor why, nor for what, unless it was that (such was his Skill in *Latin*) he took *Buchanan's* [*Triceni*] which signifies only 30, for [*Treceni*] which signifies 300. But,

Of all his Blunders, that of the greatest Consequence is, his Account of *Robert II.*'s Marriages. These are his Words, (*Page 25.*) [*His first Two Years were spent in making Incursions upon the English: The King's Wife dying, the next Year, he Marries Elizabeth Moor, his own Concubine, the better to Legitimate the Children he had by her; and them he honoured with Titles, and declared his Successors.*] Mr. Hall, I confess, had Authors not a few, who had written so before him. Nay, even our admirable *Drummond*, had suffered himself to be abused in this Point of our History, as appears from his Account of *Walter* Earl of *Athol's* Plot for the Murder of *James I.* What Wonder then, if *Hall* was not so happy as to undeceive the World in a Matter of such Moment? Indeed, the Discovery was not made Publick, when he wrote his Preface. For that we are obliged to the Ingenious and Penetrating Industry of later Times. And now, how far that has been successful, every candid Reader, I hope, will allow me here to represent. For, what can be more proper in a Preface to be prefix'd to the History of Five *JAMES'S* of the Family of *Stewarts*, than to set the Marriages of *Robert*, the First of that Family, in their True Light: And, thereby, demonstrate the Unquestionableness of the Titles of all of that Illustrious Race, who have, hitherto, succeeded to the Crown? Besides, tho' the Evidences I am to produce, have

already been produced and publish'd to the World, yet they have been produced separately, and, for the most Part, in loose Sheets, or little Pamphlets, which are easily lost, or readily neglected: But this Preface, (however meanly perform'd) is to have its Situation in a Volume, which well deserves a conspicuous Place, and to be carefully preserved in every *British* Library.

I am not, I say, to produce New Evidences: All I am to do, is to lay together, and reduce to one fair View, those which others have produc'd. Neither am I to give them at large, but, as briefly as I can, to tell what they are, and what they contain. The Matter is, some of our Historians, and some *English* ones too, (following ours, belike, with an Implicite Faith) have given a very false Account of King Robert's Marriages.

Hector Boethius (a), and not *John Major*, (as we shall see by and by) is the First of our Printed Historians, who has abus'd the World in a Matter of such Consequence. He makes *Robert* the Second of that Name, and First of the *Stewarts*, to have been Crown'd while going 57, Anno 1371: He makes *Eupheme*, Daughter to the Earl of *Ross*, to have been his First Wife; to have born to him *Walter* Earl of *Athol*, *David* Earl of *Strathern*, and *Eupheme*, who was given in Marriage to the Renowned *James* Earl of *Douglas*, who was killed at *Otterburn*; and he makes her to have died in the Third Year of his Reign. After her Death, he makes the King to have Married his old Concubine, *Elizabeth Mure*, who, in the State of Unhallowed Concubinate, had born to him Three Sons, *John*, *Robert*, and *Alexander*, and Two Daughters; and to have Married her, thereby to Legitimate her Children, who otherwise had died (as they were Born) Bastards, and so incapable of succeeding to the Crown.

John Lesly Bishop of *Ross*, took the Tale as *Hector* had given it; and he repeats it with so little Variation, that he, as well as *Hector*, makes *Robert* to have ascended the Throne, in the 57th Year of his Age; both computing amiss, at least, by Two Years. And,

George Buchanan, finding the Tale so confidently vouch'd before him, was, perhaps, prompted, by his Antimonarchical Principles, to embrace it very heartily, as being highly subservient to his Disloyal Schemes: And so he Vamps it up afresh, adorning it with new Varnish. *Boeis* and *Lesly* had told it somewhat simply and crudely; and it wanted to be set off a little more takingly. 'Tis true, "*Elizabeth* was a very well-born Gentlewoman, and a Lady of admirable Beauty; and the King had had an Early and a Mighty Kindness for her; yet, it was not so much the Revival of his Old Love, or his Aversion to a Single Life, as the Affection he had for the Children which she had born to him, that prevail'd with him to Marry her after *Eupheme's* Death. And Providence had ordered an observable Concourse of Events, if not irresistibly to oblige to, yet, invitingly to pave the Way for those Second Espousals: For, much about the same Time, (it had been a little too Poetical to have made it the same Minute) " that *Eupheme* died, *Giffard*, who had Married the Concubine, died also; and so both *Robert* and *Elizabeth* were free to Marry; and by the *Scottish* Law, their Marriage was a Legitimation of their Children; and what was this less than a fair Providential Call that they should Marry? And so, Married they were; and their Children, thereby, were actually Legitimated; and, forthwith, thereupon, the Sons who had neither Estates nor Titles before, were plentifully Honoured with Both, by their always most Affectionate, and now Royal Father. This is the Purport of the Tale, as *Buchanan* has embellish'd it (b); and the Parts of it, you see, are these:

I. *Elizabeth*, in the Unblessed State of Concubinate, had born to *Robert*, Three Sons and Two Daughters.

II. *Eupheme* was *Robert's* First Wife, and Queen.

III. Queen *Eupheme* died in the Third Year of King *Robert's* Reign.

IV. After her Death, *Robert* Married his old Concubine, *Elizabeth*. And

V. 'Twas after this Marriage that *Elizabeth's* Children got Estates and Titles, and were declared next Heirs to the Crown, and, with regard to the Succession, preferred to *Eupheme's* Children.

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Before I come to Examine these Particulars, now I remember, I said, that it was probable that *Buchanan's* Byass to his own Schemes did, as much as any Thing, prompt him to swallow *Hector's* Tale. Let me give my Reasons for saying so. They are these.

First, *Hector's* Conduct in telling the Tale is such, as might have rais'd Suspensions, that all he had said was not sound, in any unbiass'd Head. Why? In that same very Page in which he gives us his Fictions about King *Robert's* Marriages, he gives a Story which I am not able to make consistent with them. There he tells, "That immediately upon *Robert's* coming to the Crown, and before *Eupheme's* Death, some Courtiers importun'd the King to cause arraign *John Dumbarr*, Brother to the Earl of *March*, as guilty of High Treason, for Marrying Privately, and without his Knowledge and Consent, one of the Daughters which his Concubine *Elizabeth* had born to him. And the same *Hector* goes on, and tells what Defence *George* Earl of *Dumbarr* made for his Brother *John*: Namely this, "That when *John* made that private Marriage, *Robert* was no Sovereign; he was but an Earl, that is, a private Subject; and so there cou'd be no Treason in the Case. This is all *Hector* makes the Earl to have Pleaded: And he makes it to have satisfied the King so far, that forthwith he was Reconciled to *John*, and made him Earl of *Murray*. But, if *Hector's* Story was all real Truth, how is it imaginable that the Earl of *March* (if he was seriously his Brother's Friend, and had no Plot to betray him) shou'd, nay, cou'd have omitted to have Pleaded, that the Daughter, who was so clandestinely Married, was not, in the Construction of Law, the King's Daughter; and that when she was so Married, she was neither more nor other than a notorious Bastard? And if she was so notoriously a Bastard, where was there Shew or Shadow of Ground for an Indictment of High Treason, against any Person whatsoever, that had Married her how clandestinely soever?

Secondly, Without Doubt *Buchanan* knew very well, (no Man better) that *John Major* had given the Account of King *Robert's* Marriages quite otherwise than *Hector* had given it: And if *Major's* Account was wrong, and *Hector's* right; What had been more proper for him than to have refuted *Major's*; that thereby, he might the more firmly have establish'd *Hector's*, which himself was so forward to espouse? Yet, so far was he from attacking *Major's*, that he does not so much as name it, or make the least Mention of it: And what Reason more plausible can we give for such an Omission, than this, That *George* was resolved to follow *Hector*; and it was not fit to let the World know, (so far, at least, as he cou'd conceal it) that another Account, which possibly might prove truer, had ever been given? And now,

Having mentioned *Major* and his Account of King *Robert's* Marriages, let me insist a little on doing him some Justice, by Vindicating him from some undeserv'd Aspersions.

The Right Honourable *George* Viscount of *Tarbat*, (now Earl of *Cromarty*) in his *Vindication of Robert III. King of Scotland, from the Imputation of Bastardy, &c.* has ranked *Major* in the Front of those Historians who made *Eupheme* *Robert II's* First Wife, Page 2. and 3. And Page 41. while he is Answering this Objection, [Why did our Historians unanimously assert *Elizabeth Mure's* being Married to *Robert II.* after *Eupheme Ross's* Death?] his first Attempt is to expose *Major*, and bring him into utter Discredit, as being the First Parent of the Disloyal Fable. [Major (says his Lordship) the Eldest of these Historians wrote his History in the Beginning of *Queen Mary's* Reign, some 200 Years after *Elizabeth Mure's* Marriage, &c.] And so he goes on to condemn the good Old Man as neither sufficient Historian, nor Divine, nor Philosopher. And the *English* Historiographer, *Mr. Rymer*, in his Letters to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of *Carlisle, &c.* printed at *London, Anno 1702*, carelessly, as it wou'd seem, following the Lord *Tarbat*, has also involved *Major* in the same Error with *Boece* and *Buchanan*. Now, if I may be allowed to tell Truth, I cannot but say, (yet with all Respect and Dutiful Submission) that both Authors have been surprizingly Injurious to honest *Major*.

'Tis true, indeed, he is the Eldest of our Historians who had appear'd in Print, when the Lord *Tarbat* wrote his *Vindication*: But then 'tis as true, that *Major* himself tells us, that when he wrote the 17th Chapter of his Fourth Book, *James V.* was but

Six Years of Age (c). And again (d) he tells us, that he wrote in the Year 1518. And his History was Printed at Paris, Anno 1521; that is, 'twas written 24, and Printed 21 Years before Queen Mary was Born. But to let this pass, that which I chiefly aim at is, That, indeed, Major was none of those Historians who made *Eupheme* Robert's Second Wife. On the contrary, in most express Terms, he makes *Elizabeth* Mure the First, and *Eupheme* only the Second: And his Words import most clearly, That if there was any Bastardy at all in the Case, it behoved to fall to the Share not of *Elizabeth's* but of *Eupheme's* Children. I have carefully transcribed his Words (e); See them; try them; sift them as curiously as you can, and then tell me if Words can be plainer? If it could have been more Distinctly, more Peremptorily, or more Pointedly said, That *Elizabeth* was the First, and *Eupheme* only the Second Wife? And if there was any Bastardy at all, and if Major's Authority is to determine with whom it was to lodge, Tell me, has he lodg'd it with *Elizabeth's* Children? And 'tis still the more wonderful, That the L. T. should have so roughly treated Major, when 'tis considered that Major seems not to have written at Random, but to have been very well acquainted with the whole Intrigue of Robert's Marriage with *Elizabeth*; so very well acquainted with it, as to have known, that by the Canon Law, they were not allowed to Marry without a Papal Dispensation, as is clear from his own Words, which I have likewise transcribed in his own Language (f). One would have thought, that if that Noble Author had Consulted Major, he would have hugg'd him, as falling in so patly with that Noble Evidence which his Lordship is so deservedly fond of, Page 28. &c.

I know very well, a certain Author (g) has lately attempted to give a Turn (a surprising Turn!) to Major's Words. First, he recites these, [*Mortua enim Elizabeth Regina, hanc Euphemiam in conjugem accepit, & matrimonii gratia proles legitima sunt.*] Then, he acknowledges the Words are Major's, but says, he is perswaded the Sense is not his; and there is an Error in the Printing, in transposing *Elizabeth* for *Euphemia*; and the Clause being thus read, [*Mortua enim Euphemia Regina, hanc Elizabetham conjugem accepit.*] Major is agreed with himself and with the rest.] This I call a surprising Turn. Is it not such a Turn as enables Critics, if they are allowed to imitate it, to make of Authors what they please? Allow me such a Liberty, I am secure of all Authorities: I can always turn them to mine own Schemes, mine own Hypotheses, nay, mine own Humours. Of this I am very sure, Major's Words gave our Author no Encouragement for so bold a Turn. On the contrary, they cannot admit of it. Let us again weigh the whole Period. [*Ex Elizabeth filia Domini Adam Muræ, tres filios Robertus genuit, scilicet, Joannem qui postea fuit Rex: & Robertum Albanie Ducem, & Alexandrum Buchania Comitem. POSTEA ex Euphemia Rossensis Comitissæ filia Galterum Comitem Atholia & Dominum de Brechin, & David Comitem de Straterven genuit.*] and then follow the Words already recited; [*Mortua ENIM Elizabeth Regina, HANC Euphemiam, &c.*] Let me now ask of any Man who has but ordinary Skill in Latin, Can such a Period admit of such a Transposition? Doth not Major most clearly import that Robert had *Elizabeth* for his First Wife? After he has nam'd her Sons, Doth he not say [*POSTEA ex Euphemia, &c.*?] Nay, the very Words recited by the Author, who gives the Turn, reject it: The very Particle ENIM, most clearly makes it absurd to put *Euphemia* for *Elizabeth*. Nor can the Pronoun [*Hanc*] ad-

(c) Filiam vero Henrici septimi Angli, Margaretam nomine, Jacobus quartus conjugem duxit, & ex ea liberos genuit, quorum unus solus est superstes, sciz. Jacobus quintus, puellus sex annos natus. Fol. 76. (d) Hac via Robertum Scotiæ secundum Regem & Stuartorum primum, sub quo cognomine hodierno die Scoti stant, habemus; & per consequens apud Scotos jam centum duo de quinquaginta annis, sub septem Regibus, quorum presens puellus hoc anno 1518. septimum annum ingreditur, Stuarti imperarunt. Lib. 5. Cap. 24. Fol. 113. (e) Ex Elizabeth filia Domini Adam Muræ tres filios Robertus Rex genuit, sciz. Joannem qui postea fuit Rex, & Robertum Albanie Ducem, & Alexandrum Buchania Comitem. Postea ex Euphemia Rossensis Comitissæ filia Galterum Comitem Atholia, & David Comitem de Straterven genuit. Mortua enim Elizabeth Regina, hanc Euphemiam in conjugem accepit, & matrimonii gratia proles legitima sunt. Lib. 6. Cap. 6. Fol. 121. (f) Robertus autem Rex (*Brussium intelligit*) ante regnum adeptum, quando erat Comes Carriki, sororem Gathenai Comitissæ de Mar, uxorem duxit, de qua unicam filiam habuit nomine Marjoriam, quam uxorem habuit Galterus Scotiæ Seneschallus, de qua unicum filium Robertum Regem secundum genuit: Ille Rex DE FACTO unam de filiabus Adæ Muræ militis sibi copulavit, quam postea per dispensationem duxit uxorem, ex qua Robertum tertium genuit. Lib. 4. Cap. 17. Fol. 76. (g) Sir James Dalrymple's Preface to Collections, &c. Page 40.

admit of *Elizabeth*. If *Major* had meant, as this Author wou'd have him to have meant, he cou'd not have said [HANC,] but [ILLAM *Elizabetham*.]

But the Industrious Author has offered some Semblances of Reason for his giving such a Turn. Let us weigh them.

1. [*Major cannot otherwise be agreed with himself and with the rest.*] But, say I, supposing *Major* really meant what his Words bear, he is at no Disagreement with himself. Where has he so much as one Syllable that's inconsistent with the *Literal Meaning* of his Words? And who are those *Rest*? I find none nam'd so much as on your Margine, but *Fordon*: (Indeed, it had been as surprizing as the *Turn* it self, to have nam'd *Boece*, or *Lefly*, or *Buchanan*:) And, I trow, if we enquire, we will find that the Author, whose Words you have cited, was not *Fordon*, but his Continuator: And what an Author have you your self made him, I do not say not many Pages, but not many Lines before? Have you not made him the First Forger of (as you call it your self) the Fabulous Story of *Elizabeth Mure's* being Married to *Giffard of Yester*? Have you not attempted to make him a Favourite of *Walter Earl of Athole*; and willing to excuse, upon that Title, the Murder of King *James I.* by that Earl, and to have written so, as thinking himself at Freedom to Forge, all Persons concern'd in the Story being dead? Have you not said that (as you take it) he has been blindly followed in his Mistake, by the rest of the *Scottish Writers*? Nay, Have you not (in that same very Page in which you give your Turn to *Major's* Words) made him the Inventer of the whole Fable about *Eupheme's* being *Robert's* First Wife, &c. telling us, that he wrote about the Year 1444, that is, as you say, probably before the Birth of *Major* or *Boethius*? And is this the Author, that *Major's* Words must be so turn'd that he may be reconciled with?

2. [*But Major calls Elizabeth, Queen: And how cou'd she be called Queen, if she was really dead, (as really she was) 6 or 7 Years before Robert was King?*]. As if *Major* can have said nothing Right, if we can catch him in one single, however pardonable, Inadvertency! But what if there is not so much as an Inadvertency in the Case? What if there is no more but a very pardonable Impropriety, that is, an Impropriety not quite destitute of all Foundation? What if he called her Queen, as having been indeed the Wife of One who was a King, and the Mother of another King?

3. [*But must not Major have contradicted himself if he called Elizabeth a Queen, seeing he saith, Anno secundo Roberti Regis, filia Comitiss Rossensis coronata est Regina?*] Contradictions are very nice Things, and ought to be made very clear; for the Honour of those who plead them. But where is the Clearness of a Contradiction here? Why might not *Elizabeth* have been even actually Queen, tho' *Eupheme* was Crowned Queen in the Second Year of King *Robert's* Reign? Is there any Impossibility in a Prince's having Two Wives successively in Two Years Time? I remember to have known a private Subject who had Three Wives successively in one Year. But I need not plead so; what was said before about *Major's* calling *Elizabeth* Queen, by a pardonable Impropriety, clearly saves him from the objected Contradiction.

4. [*But Major, without mentioning Elizabeth Mure to be Queen, treating of Robert II. useth these Words, [Ille Rex de facto unam de filiabus Adæ Muræ militis sibi copulavit, quam postea per Dispensationem, uxorem duxit, ex qua Robertum tertium genuit,] which clearly sheweth that he did not reckon Elizabeth Mure Queen, and the First Lawful Wife of King Robert.*] Now, I do again readily grant, (as I have already granted) that *Major* never reckoned, never cou'd reckon *Elizabeth* a Queen, in strict Propriety of Speech: But I shall be his very humble Servant who shall teach me how it can be drawn from *Major's* Words here recited, that he did not reckon *Elizabeth* the First Lawful Wife of King *Robert*. I think, they insinuate the quite contrary: I take these Words [*De facto--- sibi copulavit.*] to import that he did indeed Marry her; but that Marriage was unlawful by the Canon Law; and to Legitimate it, it behov'd him to obtain a Papal Dispensation; and after he obtain'd this, there was a Canonical Solemnization or Approbation of the Marriage; and thereby [*eam sibi copulavit tam de jure quam de facto.*] But then, even admitting that there was indeed no Marriage between them till after the Dispensation was obtained, How does it follow, that *Major* did not reckon *Elizabeth* *Robert's* First Lawful Wife? What? Cou'd she never be reckoned a Lawful Wife, or a First Lawful Wife, because before she was a Wife,

she was a Concubine? Why then was a Dispensation sued for or sought after? Or, Where else lies the Argument? For my Part, I think it pretty strange that this Learned Author will not allow it to be possible for *Major* to have known and believed that which he himself professes very well to know, and very firmly to believe; that is, That *Elizabeth* was indeed the First Lawful Wife of King *Robert*. But enough of this Author at present: Neither shou'd we have had so much of him in this place, if, in his Book, he had not been Injurious to *Beda* as well as *Major*; and to some other Interests perhaps of no meaner Consequence, than that we are now pursuing. Indeed,

John Major, in all his History, has not so much as one Syllable inclining towards the Fable about *Robert's* Wives, whether we call it *Boethius's* or *Fordon's* Continuator's. 'Tis true, *Major* accounting how, upon the Death of King *David Bruce*, *William* Earl of *Douglas* stood Competitor, for the Crown, with *Robert*, *David's* Nephew, pretending that it belonged to him as the Representative of the *Baliols* and the *Camins*; and how, upon his perceiving what Oppositions he was to meet with, if he pursued his Claim; he quitted his Pretensions, on Condition that his Son *James Douglas* shou'd have *Robert's* Daughter; *Major*, I say, giving these Accounts, has these Words, [*Propterea juri pretenso, quod de facto nullum erat, abrenunciavit: sed Jacobo Douglassio filio & heredi filia Regis ex legitimo matrimonio procreata data est*] (b). But who can squeeze from these Words, that the Lady which *James Douglas* got in Marriage, and whom all acknowledge to have been born of *Eupheme Ross*, was King *Robert's* only Lawful Daughter, before *Eupheme's* Death? 'Twas enough if she was a Lawful Daughter; and such she might have well been reputed in Law: For, even tho' her Mother had born her, before *Robert* Married her, and she was *Robert's* Wife; yet his Wife she was, and had been some Ten Years, at fewest, before this Marriage between *James Douglas* and the Damsel was concluded: And 'tis very well known, that *Robert II.* besides his Two Wives, had diverse Concubines, who ('tis not to be doubted) had born Daughters as well as Sons to him. Nay, I can readily grant that 'tis not improbable, that that Lady was the King's only Lawful Unmarried Daughter, when he came to the Crown. Very probably all *Elizabeth Mure's* Daughters were Married before; and so 'tis possible, that it was on this Head that *Major* called her, [*Filiam ex legitimo matrimonio procreatam.*] Thus *Major* is still consistent with himself. And now,

If the Controversy concerning King *Robert's* Marriages was to be determined by the Authority of our Printed Historians, what cou'd be pleaded why *Boece's* (and *Lesly's* and *Buchanan's* are but *Boece's*, or, which we have found to be as weak, *Fordon's* Continuator's,) should be preferred to *Major's*? 'Tis certain that *Major* wrote first; and 'tis as certain that he has not Half so many Fabulous Narrations as *Boece* hath; and particularly, in this Matter of King *Robert's* Marriages, *Major* is highly consistent with himself; whereas, as I have shewn, *Hector* has in the same Page delivered Inconsistencies. But,

We are not reduced to any such Pinch. Tho' *Major* had told the same very Figurement with the rest, it had been no great Loss; and whatsoever it was that prompted, whether *Fordon's* Continuator, or *Boece* to Forge, or *Buchanan* to Furbish the Fable, it matters very little, so long as we are so very sure that 'tis all arrant Fable: And of this we are as sure as we can be of any thing of such a Nature. Indeed, unless it be that *Robert* had two Wives; that their Names were *Elizabeth Mure* and *Eupheme Ross*, and that each of them had Children to him, there is not so much as any Thing found in their whole Composure.

None of 'em has given so much as the just Number of the Children born to *Robert* by *Elizabeth Mure*. They mention only Three Sons and Two Daughters; the One Married to *John Dumbar*, and the Other to Sir *John Lyon*, of whom is descended the present Earl of *Strathmore*; whereas the Ingenious and Inquisitive *George Crawford*, in his *History of the Royal and Illustrious Family of Stewart*, lately published, has fairly discovered that she had Four Sons: *John King of Scots*, by the Name of *Robert III.* *Walter*, who Married *Isobel Macduff*, Daughter and sole Heir of *Duncan* Earl of *Fife*, and

(b) Lib. 5. Cap. 24. Fol. 113.

and who died without Issue: *Robert*, First Earl of *Menteith*, and afterwards Duke of *Albany*: And *Alexander* Earl of *Buchan*. And both *Mr. Crawford*, and the Lord *Tarbat* have assured us, that they have seen Authentical Documents clearly proving, that, by *Elizabeth* Mare, *Robert* had no fewer than Six Daughters; and none of 'em Married to mean Persons, but all to Heads and Representatives of very Noble Families. And both the Number of her Children, and the Honourable Marriages her Daughters got, tho' we had no better Evidences, are strong Presumptions that *Elizabeth* was *Robert's* First Wife. For how hard is it to imagine, that one who was no Wife, but purely an impure Concubine, shou'd have been kept till she had born no fewer than Ten Children? I doubt much if any such Keeping is to be found in any History. And it seems equally hard to imagine, that all those Ten Children, had they been all Bastards, and no better than the Bastards of a Private Subject, (and *Robert* was no other, for any thing we know, till all were Married) shou'd have been so Honourably Matched. Can we think that that was then the *Scottish* Way? That the Ancient *Scottish* Nobility (than which, in Ancient Times, no Nobility in *Europe* more tender of the Honour of their Families) had so far forgot themselves, as so very generally, and so very carelessly to mix their Blood with that of mean Bastards? Nay,

If we may take the Lord *Tarbat's* Word for it, neither *Boece* nor *Buchanan* have given us so much as the true Year of Queen *Eupheme's* Death. They place it to the Third Year of *Robert's* Reign. But [*That Queen* (says his Lordship. Page 5.) and *Bishop Wardlaw* died about the same Time, in the Year 1387.] And for this he cites *Fordon*, an Historian who wrote more than 150 Years before either *Boece* or *Buchanan* Penn'd their Histories. Thus his Lordship: But I dare not with Confidence rely on it, either himself or his Printers have so weakned the Credit of his Narration. I impute it to the Printers; for I cannot allow my self to imagine, that his Lordship cou'd be guilty of so much Incoherence and Incogitancy. What is the Matter? Why? In the 33 Page of his Book, the same *Eupheme* (and even by *Fordon's* Reckoning too) is, twice over, made to have lived only Six Years longer than the Time assign'd for her Death by *Boece* and *Buchanan*: But if she outliv'd the Time assign'd by them only Six Years, it behov'd her to have died Anno 1379, or, at farthest, Anno 1380. Besides, *Fordon* (I trow) brought not down his History so far as even to the Year 1379. I suspect therefore, here is an Error: But then, I readily confess, it is not of any great Moment: For, if *Fordon's* Continuator, (who lived many Years before either *Hector* or *George*, and whose Credit is every Whit as good as their's) assign'd for *Eupheme's* Death, the Year 1387, or even the Year 1379, we have enough. If she died no sooner, then, I think, *Boece* and *Buchanan* have fairly weakned the Fable by the Wideness of their Calculations. Have they not rob'd *Elizabeth* of much of her Charms, if *Robert* Married her no sooner? And have they not made her Sons live pretty long too, without Estates or Honours? And yet after all,

Tho' we shou'd allow that *Eupheme* died Anno 1373 or 1374, according to *Boece's* and *Buchanan's* Computation, what have they gain'd? All the Momentous Parts of their Account are still purely False and Fictitious: Particularly these, That *Eupheme* was *Robert's* first Wife; That 'twas after her Death that he Married his old Concubine, *Elizabeth*; and that it was after this Marriage that *Elizabeth's* Sons got Estates and Titles; and were own'd for *Robert's* Lawful Children, and were declared next Heirs to the Crown, and, with regard to the Succession, prefer'd to *Eupheme's* Children. Nothing falser than each of these Assertions: And of late, not only *Scotland*, but *England*, nay, and *France* have furnished Authentical Proofs of their Falshood.

In *Scotland*, besides others, the Lord *Tarbat* has produc'd these in his above-mentioned Book. I. A Charter, in the Rolls, granted by *Robert II.* in June, of the First Year of his Reign, to his Son *Alexander* of the Sixty *Davachs* of *Badenoch*. Thus *Alexander*, *Elizabeth's* youngest Son, has an Estate, and a pretty good one too, Anno 1371. II. A Charter granted by the same King, on the 13th of June, and First Year of his Reign, to *Alan Lawder*, of the Lands of *Whitsted*, &c. wherein *John* his eldest Son and Earl of *Carrick*, *Robert* his Third Son (the Second, *Walter*, was probably then dead) and Earl of *Menteith*; and his Fourth Son, *Alexander*, are Witnesses. Thus before *Eupheme's* Death (tho' she had died Anno 1373) both *John* and *Robert* are Earls: i. e. They have both Estates and Titles. III. A Charter, by the same King,

on the 28th of May, Anno 1371, to John Kennedy, for the Half of the Barony of Dalrymple, &c. And, his First begotten Son and Heir John, Earl of Carrick, is one of the Witnesses. IV. Another Charter granted by him, in the First Year of his Reign, to his Son Alexander, for the Lands of Badenoch; and, if Alexander shou'd die without Heirs, to David (Eupheme's eldest Son) and his Heirs. V. A Charter granted by him to the same David Earl of Strathern, of the Lands of Urquhart, &c. In which Charter the Reddendo is, [Services to him (the King) and his Heirs Successors to the Crown of Scotland.] What can be plainer than 'tis, hence, that there were other Heirs nearer to the Crown than David? How cou'd David have been bound to have paid Services to his Father's Heirs, Successors to the Crown, if he himself had been the next Heir, and to succeed to the Crown upon his Father's Death? In both these last mentioned Charters, John, Robert's Eldest Son and Earl of Carrick, is a Witness. VI. A Charter granted by the same King on the 8th of May, in the Second Year of his Reign confirming to Paul Mactyre some Lands dispon'd to him by William Earl of Ross, wherein, again, John his first begotten Son and Heir, Earl of Carrick, is a Witness. VII. A Charter granted, in the 2d Year of his Reign, to Eupheme her self, then Queen, of the Lands and Castle of Kinross: And Joannes filius noster natu maximus & Hæres, Comes de Carrick, is one of the Witnesses. These Seven, his Lordship has accounted for in the 7th and 8th Pages of his Book. But they are not all.

If any brighter Evidence than these were needful, his Lordship has produc'd it, Page 9 &c. 'Tis no less than an Act of Parliament, an Original, still extant, having the Great Seal of the Kingdom, with other 52 Seals of the Prelates, Noblemen and Barons assembled in Parliament, appended to it. 'Tis dated at Scoon, on the 27th of March, Anno 1371, at which Time Robert was Crowned: And 'tis an Act, recognizing not only his own Right to the Crown, but his Son John's, to succeed to him. And in the very Bosom of the Recognition 'tis solemnly declared, that John's Right is not asserted as if it had been dubious, but *ex abundanti*, &c. As you may see in the Foot-Note (i). And 'tis declared, that the King was prompted to have this Recognition made, not by any need there was of it, but by the Example of his Grandfather, of Immortal Memory, Robert Bruce, who in like manner, had caused his Son, David Bruce's Right to be solemnly recognized (k). And the whole Multitude of the Prelates, Earls and Barons, and others as well of the Clergy as the Laity, who were present, did unanimously, not so much as one Reclaiming, affirm, Recognize and will, that the said John, the First-begotten Son and Heir of his Father, their Sovereign Lord the King, shou'd be their King: And, with Hands lifted up, in Token that they thus plighted their Faith, they promised, That God willing, after his Father's Death, they should have and own him for their King, and defend him with all their Might against all Deadly (l). And amongst those whose Seals are appended, the Earl of Strathern (*i. e.* David the eldest Son of Eupheme Ross) is one; and James Douglas, who Married her Daughter, is another: And is it to be imagined, that these wou'd have recogniz'd away their own Rights, if they had had any? That this Act of Recognition a greater Evidence of John's undoubted Right, is not imaginable. Yet, tho it had not been extant, his Right had never been the more questionable. — For,

Sir James Dalrymple, in his Preface to his Collections concerning the Scottish History, (page 34.) hath told us that there is another Act of Succession, in the Third Year of that

(i) Serenissimus Princeps Dominus Robertus, Rex Scotorum illustris--- volens--- coram Clero & Populo Successorem & verum Hæredem suum declarare; --- licet de ipso clare constitit atque constet, ex abundanti atque unanimi consensu & assensu dictorum Prælatorum, Procerum & Magnatum indicavit, asseruit, & recognovit, declaravit & voluit; quod, cum ipsum contigerit, pro dispositione Divinâ, ab hac luce migrare, Dominus Joannes filius suus primogenitus, Comes de Carrick & Seneschallus Scotiæ erit & esse debet verus & legitimus Hæres suus, ac sibi post mortem suam in Regno Scotiæ, Domino disponente, succedet & succedere debet, & post eum sedebit & sedere debet super solium Regni sui. (k) More & exemplo celebris memoriæ ejusdem boni Regis Roberti avi mei. (l) Tota autem multitudo Prælatorum, Comitum & Baronum, & aliorum tam Cleri quam Populi unanimi voluntate, & clamore consensu, nullo penitus reclamante, affirmaverunt, recognoverunt & voluerunt ipsum Dominum Joannem tanquam Primogenitum & Hæredem Domini nostri Regis Patris sui, suum fore Regem futurum; ac manu levatâ in signum fidei dationis promiserunt, quod eum pro Rege suo futuro, volente Deo, habiturierunt post mortem Patris sui, ipsumque juvabunt atque defendent de toto posse, contra quoscunque mortales.

that King's Reign, (the Year assigned by Boece, &c. for Eupheme's Death) declaring John to be Heir of the Crown; and, he and his Heirs failing, Robert Earl of Fife and Menteith; and in like manner, he and his failing, Alexander Stewart of Badenach, afterwards Earl of Buchan, all design'd Sons of the FIRST MARRIAGE. But if all Three should die without Issue, then the Crown shou'd descend to David Earl of Strathern; after him, if he should die without Issue, to Walter Earl of Athole, Sons of the Second Marriage: But if all these shou'd die without Issue, the Crown shou'd then fall to the next true Heirs by Blood, &c. And this Act, he says, is *verbatim* extant in Skene's and Stewart's Collections. Nor is Sir James's Authority to be questioned in this Matter: For the late most Famous Advocate, a Person of Incorruptible Memory for Learning, Loyalty and Integrity, in his *Right of Succession defended*, Pag. 47, 48. has given us Sir Lewis Stewart's own Words in the Language he wrote them in, *i. e.* in *Latin*, most plainly affirming, That in the Archives in the Castle of Edinburgh, there are extant Two Acts of Two distinct Parliaments, Subscribed by the Hands, and confirmed with the Seals of the Prelates, Noblemen, Barons, and other Estates of Parliament, whereby Elizabeth Mure is own'd to be Robert II's First Wife, and Eupheme Ross only the Second; and Elizabeth's Sons are declared successively to be the Rightful Heirs of the Crown; and after them and their Heirs, the Sons of Eupheme Ross. Now, suppose we shou'd grant (what yet can never be proved) that Eupheme was dead before this Second Act of Parliament was made, (it being made, as has been said, in the Third Year of King Robert II's Reign) it can by no means follow, that it was made to deprive her Sons of any just Right or Title they cou'd in any wise pretend to: For, supposing it to have been made after her Death, and supposing Elizabeth then to have been alive, yet it cannot be made to appear so much as probable, that it was made after Robert had Married Elizabeth, after Eupheme's Death. And even making that most unlikely Supposition, nothing is gained by it: For, who can imagine, that Robert could have had the Impudence to have an Act of Parliament made, declaring that Marriage to be the First, which all the notable Events of that Year had demonstrated to have been only the Second? Or, even supposing that Robert could have arriv'd at such an Height of Effrontery, Can we, withal, suppose, that all the Peers and Barons of the Nation, whereof, without doubt, very many nearly Related by Blood or Alliance to Eupheme and her Sons, would have consented to an Act Assertory of such a notorious Falshood, as that which they just then with open Eyes saw, before their Faces, was only a Second Marriage, was yet the First? *Non obtusa adeo gestabant pectora!* But enough of this.

The Lord Tarbat has not yet done: He produces Charters granted, and Rights conferred long before Robert II. came to the Crown, wherein John is named as his First Begotten Son and Heir. I. A Charter, wherein Robert, Steward of Scotland, Earl of Strathern, and John his First-born and Heir, confirm a Mortification made by Reginaldus More to the Abbacy of Pasley: Which Charter wants a Date: But then 'tis plain, Robert was not King when he granted it: He is no more than Earl of Strathern. II. Another, confirming all Gifts given by his Predecessors and himself to the Abbacy of Pasley, Dated Anno 1361, (*i. e.* Nine Years before he was King) in which, amongst other Witnesses, Joannes Seneschallus, Dominus de Kyle, *Primogenitus noster*, is one. III. A Charter granted by the same Robert, whilst Earl of Strathern, with the Consent and Assent of John Earl of Carrick, his First begotten Son and Heir, to Alan Lawder in Whitshed, &c. Farther yet, his Lordship tells us, that there are many such Charters extant, all proving the Point very clearly, namely, That John, many Years before his Father's Accession to the Throne, was eldest Son and Heir, &c. And,

One more he cites and insists on, (Page 24, &c.) indeed, a very remarkable One it is. The Occasion of it, this: By the ancient Laws or Customs of Scotland, Bishops had no Right to dispose of their Moveables; but when they died, all their Personal Estates fell to the King's Share. King Robert Bruce had promised to give them the Privilege of disposing of such their Estates by their Testaments: But Death prevented his Performance of his Promise. David, his Son, therefore, passes the Deed by way of Act, (they are the Lord Tarbat's Words) narrating his Father's Promise and Resolution: And he ratifies the Promise; granting and confirming to all Scottish Bishops, Power and Privilege to dispose of their Moveables by Testament. And in the Act or Grant, 'tis

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expresly said, that he made it *cum consensu & assensu Roberti Seneschalli Scotia, Nepotis nostri & Liberorum ejus*. And not only so, but it ends thus: *In cujus rei testimonium has literas nostras ad perpetuam rei memoriam duraturas, sigilli nostri autentici fecimus appensione muniri; Testibus Roberto Seneschallo Comite de Strathern, Nepote nostro supradicto, JOANNE SENESCHALLO Comite de Carrick, FILIO SUO PRIMOGENITO ET HÆREDE, Thoma Comite de Mar, &c.* Here John is own'd by King David Bruce, and in Parliament too, to be Robert's First begotten Son and Heir: Than which what Proof can be more cogent?

'Tis true, there is a considerable Error in his Lordship's Affignation of the Date of this Deed: 'Tis said, that it was made 37 Years before *Eupheme Ross's* Death, (page 26.) that is, according to his Lordship's own Computation, as Mr. *Atwood* has observed, Anno 1350. But Mr. *Atwood*, I'm afraid, has not so much as intended to act ingenuously in his Observe; for he attempts to improve this Mistake into an Argument of the Forgery of the Noble Charter still extant in the *Scottish College in Paris*. He argues to this Purpose. In this Grant of King *David's*, John is stiled Earl of Carrick; and this Grant (as my Lord *Tarbat* says) was made Anno 1350: Whereas the same John, in the Authentical Charter preserved in *Paris*, which is Dated January 12. Anno 1364, is called only Lord of *Kyle*. This, as I have said, I am afraid, was not ingenuously done: For Mr. *Atwood*, if he knew any thing, could not but know, that King *David* Anno 1350 was a Prisoner in *England*, and so could not at the same Time be, and hold a Parliament, in *Scotland*: And he could not but advert that the Lord *Tarbat* (Page 24.) says expresly, that King *David* passed this Deed, [in one of his last Parliaments.] Who can consider these things, without finding himself obliged to determine, that his Lordship's Printers have Erroneously put the Figures 37, for 17? *David* (as we shall hereafter find) died not before the 20th of July, Anno 1370. In that Year, therefore, he might have had his last Parliament, and therein made the Grant: And 'tis certain, that John was then Earl of Carrick. And the Year 1370, is 17 Years before 1387, the Year assign'd by his Lordship for Queen *Eupheme's* Death. I shall say no more concerning this decisive Evidence, than that, as the Lord *Tarbat* affirms, (Page 24.) it stands Registered in the Records of the Great-Seal, so the ever Memorable Sir *George Mackenzie* of *Rosehaugh*, has told us, that 'tis extant in *Fordon, Lib. 14*. So much for Proofs of *Elizabeth's* being Robert's First Wife, producible in *Scotland*.

Pass we next to *England*. There, the Inquisitive Historiographer Mr. *Rymer* has found, in the Archives in the Tower of *London* and at *Westminster*, many other bright Evidences for *Elizabeth's* having been Robert's First Wife. He has accounted for them in his above-mentioned Letters to the Lord Bishop of *Carlisle*. Let me give the Substance of them.

All our Historians affirm, that *David Bruce* Reign'd only 39 Years: Only *Buchanan* says, he died Anno Regni prope tricesimo nono, i. e. in the 38th Year of his Reign, unless we suppose, that the Word [Exacto] is left out, which doth not seem improbable: And he particularly assigns the Day of his Death, saying it was the 7th of May, Anno 1370: But Mr. *Rymer* has discovered in the Tower, Three or Four Instruments dated in the 40th Year of his Reign (m): Particularly One, under his Seal, given at *London*, 4th June, 1370, and in the Year of his Reign Quarantifime, i. e. the 40th. Nay the same Mr. *Rymer* (n) mentions an Instrument ratified by King *David*, at *Edinburgh*, on the 20th of July, in the 40th Year of his Reign. Now, if *David* was at *London*, June 4th, and had returned (as very well he might have done) to *Edinburgh*, before the 20th of July; may we not reasonably (whatever our Historians have said notwithstanding) allow him to have lived some Months (*) even after July, and yet to have died Anno 1370? My

(*) The Author not having Leisure or Opportunity to see the Publick Records of the Kingdom, was necessarily obliged to found all his Arguments and Inferences (which are very accurate and ingenious) upon our Histories, and the Charters mention'd by the Earl of *Cromarty*, Mr. *Rymer*, &c. But before the publishing of this Introduction, Care has been taken to consult these Records, which not only confirm what the Author has

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advanced, but set these Matters in a much clearer Light : For from them 'tis plain, that King *David Bruce* lived not only to the 20th of *July*, 1370, in the 40th Year of his Reign, (which was the farthest Length Mr. *Rymer*, and our Author from him, could by sure Evidence bring him) but for many Months thereafter. And particularly, there are to be found in these Records, at least, Twenty Charters granted by him after that Time, viz. One, dated the 9th; Another, 15th; a Third, 17th; (that mention'd above in favour of *Robert* his Nephew and *Eupheme* his Wife) and a Fourth, on the 18th, of *September* : One, the 18th; Three, the 22d; Three the 23d; One, the 24th; and One, the 27th, of *October* : Two, the 1st; and One, the 9th, of *November* : One, on the 31st of *December* : And Two, on the 26th; and One, the 29th, of *January* : And all these in the 41st Year of his Reign. From which it is evident, that he lived near 9 Months after the 7th of *May*, (in which *Buchanan* places his Death) and upwards of 6 Months after the 20th of *July*, (to which by clear Proofs Mr. *Rymer* could only extend it) and consequently that he had sufficient Time after his Return from *England*, to have call'd a Parliament, and in it to have pass'd that Act or Privilege in favours of the Bishops, as our Author contends. But this is yet further confirm'd from the Records themselves, in which this Charter concerning the Bishops is placed the very last of all granted by King *David*, and after more than Twenty others all dated the 41 Year of his Reign : And in all the other Charters granted by this King, the Order of Time is always observ'd as to the Years of his Reign, and seldom confounded as to the Days of the Months. All which joined together, render it almost certain, that this Charter has been granted in the 41 Year of his Reign, and very probable, that it was the last publick Deed done by him. Had the Charter been intire, it would have removed all Scruples, but unluckily the last Leaf, which contained the Date and some of the Witneses Names, has been torn out, and that perhaps near 300 Years ago, and before the Continuation of *Fordon*, and the *Extracta de Chronicis Scotie*, were written; for both these have that Charter, but wanting the Date and some of the Witneses, as in the Records. And, by the by, from these Charters we can fix the Time of King *David's* Death; for there is one of them dated at *Edinburgh*, 29th *January*, in the 41 Year of his Reign; and *Robert II.* we are sure, was Crowned 25th of *March* immediately following, Anno 1371. So that between the 29th of *January* 1370, and the 25th of *March* 1371, King *David* must have died : But we are more particularly informed about it by the Continuator of *Fordon*, and the Author of the *Extracta*, &c. who say, that he died *Festo Cathedrae Sui Petri*, which cannot be understood of that at *Rome*, i. e. the 18th of *January*; but of that at *Antioch*, which is the 22d of *February*, and so must be the precise Day of King *David's* Death.

then were in *Scotland*; that is, 'tis not to be thought that he delay'd it for many Months. But if *David* lived some Months after *July* 1370, (suppose but Two, or Ten Weeks) 'tis plain that, that same very Year, he might fairly have Twice convoked his Parliament. Nay, 'tis not improbable that he did so, convoking One before he went for *London*, and Another after his Return from it. This being allowed, who sees not that the Lord *Tarbat* might fairly have said (as he has said) that 'twas in one of his last Parliaments that *David* granted the above-mentioned Privilege to the *Scottish* Bishops, even tho' he had not granted it till the Year 1370? But this only by the by. Go we on with Mr. *Rymer*.

He has produced, as I have said, many bright and demonstrative Proofs of *Elizabeth's* having been *Robert's* First Wife. Particularly these,

I. A Truce of 14 Years between the Two Kingdoms, concluded in *June* 1369; and that by *John Stewart* Earl of *Carrick*, as one of the Commissioners for the King of *Scots*.

II. A Safe Conduct, granted by the *English* King, to those *Scottish* Commissioners who were appointed for the Treaty, wherein is Recorded *John Stewart Comes de Carrick* (o). Thus we have him, twice over, Earl of *Carrick*, before his Father was King, much longer before *Eupheme's* Death. (o) Page 4.

III. In the Year 1358, (i. e. about 13 Years before *Robert's* Coronation, and 15 before the Time assign'd by *Boece*, &c. for *Eupheme's* Death) there is a Safe Conduct *pro Johanne Primogenito Seneschalli Scotia*, allowing him to go into *England* (p). (p) Page 5.

IV. On the 3d of *October*, Anno 1357, all the Articles of the Great Treaty for the Deliverance of King *David*, (taken Prisoner at the Battel of *Durham*, *October* 17th, Anno 1348, say some of our Historians, but (and more probably) Anno 1346, says Mr. *Rymer*) were concerted at *Berwick upon Tweed*. By this Treaty, 100000 Merks *Sterling* was to be his Ransom : This Sum was to be paid in Ten Years time : Twenty Hostages were to be given for the several Payments : And the First Hostage named is *John Stewart* Son and Heir of *Robert*, Steward of *Scotland*. *Rymer* gives the Names of all the Twenty Hostages; and they are all the Sons and Heirs of the best Families in the Nation. E. g. *Patrick*, Son of Sir *William de Livingston*, (Ancestor to the present Earl of *Linlithgow*) is one; *Thomas*, Son of Sir *Robert de Erskin*, (Ancestor to the present Earl of *Mar*) is another; and *David*, Son and Heir to Sir *David de Wemys*, (Ancestor to the present Earl of *Wemys*) is another. So that, even then, *John* was as much, as universally, and as uncontestedly deem'd eldest Son and Heir to *Robert*, as any of the rest were to their respective Fathers.

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V. There is another Article in that same Great Treaty for the Discharge of Hostages upon the several Payments, in which Article 'tis particularly accorded, That *John* eldest Son and Heir apparent of the Steward of *Scotland*, one of the Hostages, shall abide in the Company of the Lord *Percy* or *Nevil*, until the First Payment be fully made; at which Time his next younger Brother shall come in his stead to stay as Hostage, and *John* shall be delivered; and the said Steward of *Scotland* shall have Letters under the Great-Seal of *England*, &c. for *John*'s full and free Liberation after the Time that the First Payment shall be made (q). This Great

(q) Pages 6, 7. Treaty was concluded, (as hath been said) on the 3d of *October* 1357. And Mr. *Rymer* accounts for no fewer than other Five Instruments which recite it: Particularly, One, dated at *Berwick*, *October* 5. under the Great Seal of *Scotland*; Another, of the same Date, under the Seals of the Lords Temporal of *Scotland*: A Third of the same Date too, obliging the Merchants of *Scotland*: A Fourth, dated *October* 6th, under the Seals of the *Scottish* Prelates: And a Fifth, whereby, on the 6th of *November*, *David*, having his full Liberty, and sitting in Council at *Scoon*, recites all the Treaty, and ratifies it under the Great-Seal: And in all these Acts, (they are Mr. *Rymer*'s Words, Page 8.) *than which none more publick or more solemn can ever happen, John Stewart is own'd by the King, and by the States of Scotland, in the Face of Two Kingdoms, and designated the First begotten and Heir apparent of Robert the Steward of Scotland, and is always placed in the Front, &c.*

VI. Mr. *Rymer* produces a Paper concerning the Disposal of the Twenty Hostages, in pursuance of the Treaty (r); and the First in the List is, *John*, Son and Heir to the Steward of *Scotland*, delivered to the Lord *Percy*.

VII. The First Payment being made, according to the Treaty, there is a Commission dated *June* 24th, *Anno* 1358, giving Power to receive into Custody, the second Son of *Robert*, in the Room of *John*, his First begotten Son and Heir (s).
(s) Page 14. Nay,

VIII. In the Papers relating to the Second Payment, dated *June*, 1360: He is called, *Joannes Primogenitus & Hares* (t).
(t) Page 15.

IX. As Mr. *Rymer* assures us (u), there were several former Treaties for the King's Liberation, which did not take Effect, particularly, One, at *Berwick*, *November* 12th, *Anno* 1354; and Another at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, *July* 13. in that same Year: In both which, the Son and Heir of the Steward of *Scotland*, is to be an Hostage for the Security of the Second Payment; and upon his Discharge, *Walter*, Son of the said Steward, if alive; if not, some other of his Sons, together with the Son and Heir of *David del Hay*, Constable of *Scotland*, or some other equally sufficient. And here, let me take notice of one Mistake Mr. *Rymer*'s imperfect Skill in our *Scottish* Matters has drawn him into: It tends not in the least to invalidate his Credit in the Account he has given of the aforesaid Treaties: I think my self, therefore, at the greater Freedom to represent it. And I represent it, because it is of some Consequence with regard to our main Design. [If this *Walter* (says he) was the Son of *Eupheme* Rofs, it may seem that the First Son of the second Wife was look'd upon to be better Security than the Second Son of *Elizabeth* Mure, first Wife of *Robert* Stewart.] Here I might justly say, and insist on shewing that no such thing cou'd seem: For, if *Elizabeth* had had Ten Sons, (if she was indeed *Robert*'s First Wife) her youngest Son, as being nearer to the Crown, had always been preferable to whatsoever Son of *Eupheme*'s. But this I stand not on.

What I aim at is this: Had Mr. *Rymer* been thoroughly acquainted with the true Account of *Elizabeth*'s Children, he wou'd have seen that there was no Room for any such Conjecture: He wou'd have found that her second Son was *Walter*. Nay, had he weighed Things as they ought to be weighed, he wou'd have found it highly improbable, that it cou'd have been *Walter* the Son of *Eupheme*, that was mention'd for an Hostage, *Anno* 1354. Why? *Walter*, afterwards Earl of *Athole*, was but *Eupheme*'s second Son: *David* Earl of *Strathern*, (as we have already learned from an Act of Parliament about the Succession to the Crown, made in the Second Year of *Robert*'s Reign) was the Eldest. If therefore the Eldest Son of *Eupheme* had been look'd upon as better Security than the second Son of *Elizabeth*; not *Walter*, but *David* had been named. Again, to have named *Walter* (even tho' he had been *Eupheme*'s

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pheme's eldest Son) for an Hostage, *Anno* 1354, had been to make the Marriage between *Robert* and *Eupheme* a little too early; more early than easy Probability can admit of; and I am always for easy Probabilities; never, but when there is absolute Necessity for it, for bare Possibilities. Had *Walter* even been *Eupheme's* eldest Son, I say, it is not to be imagined that he wou'd have been either given or required for an Hostage till after he had passed his Years of Childhood. It seems not agreeable to common Humanity to turn tender Children out of their Swadling-Cloaths, or their Native Air, or the Care and Inspection of their Parents, and make them Hostages. Had *Walter*, therefore, the Son of *Eupheme*, been nam'd an Hostage *Anno* 1354, we cannot well allow him to have been, then, less than 8 Years of Age: But if we allow him to have been then of such an Age, it behoved his Mother to have been Married to his Father *Anno* 1345, if not sooner. But 'tis no ways probable that they were so soon Married; when we consider, that *Elizabeth*, his First Wife, had born to him Ten Children, and it behoved her to have been dead; and some Time is to be allowed for allaying *Robert's* Grief for the Death of so beloved a Wife, before he takes a Second: All these Things laid together, I say, do not allow it to be very probable that he Married *Eupheme* so very early, especially when 'tis remembred, that he himself was not Born till *March* 1316. But this is not the hardest Knot. Had *Walter* the Son of *Eupheme* (tho' Aged but 7,) been nam'd an Hostage *Anno* 1354, he had been 90 when he Plotted the Murder of King *James* I. for that did not happen till *February* 21st, *Anno* 1437. Now, as I take it, the Seasons of Ambition are very much over, before Men, now a-days, attain to the extraordinary Age of 90; neither are their Hearts so very keen, nor their Heads so very fit for Plotting. And tho we should allow it to be more probable than it is, that Men Aged 90 may be both extravagantly Ambitious, and keenly bent on Plots, and have Spirit enough both to contrive and execute them, yet, had it not been next to Miraculous, if One Aged 90, shou'd have had the Life or Strength and Vigour to endure so many fierce and extraordinary Tortures, as all Historians (and particularly our ingenious *Drummond*) have Recorded, he endur'd, after his Plot took effect, and the King was Murder'd? Mr. *Rymer* has yet another Evidence of *Elizabeth's* having been *Robert's* First Wife. 'Tis

X. That, *Anno* 1351, (i. e. 20 Years before *Robert's* Accession to the Crown, and 23 or 24 before the Time assign'd for *Eupheme's* Death, by *Boece*, &c.) an Agreement was made allowing *David Bruce* to go into *Scotland*, to try how his Presence might work, and what the States there wou'd contribute in order to his Release. Upon which Occasion, Hostages were given in Security for his Return into *England*, at the Time appointed; and the First of them is, *John*, Son and Heir of the Steward of *Scotland* (x). So many clear Determinations of the Controversy concerning *Robert's* Marriages have we got from *England*. (x) Page 16:

Cross we now the Seas, and repair we to *France*, to the renown'd City of *Paris*. *James Beaton*, Arch-Bishop of *Glasgow*, upon the Reformation of Religion in *Scotland*, left his Native Country, went for Shelter into *France*, and carried with him diverse Original Charters, which are yet extant in the Archives of the *Scottish* College in *Paris*. Amongst these Charters there are Three, bearing as fair and clear Proofs of the Deception of *Scottish* Historians, *Boece*, *Lestly*, *Buchanan*, &c. in the Point of King *Robert's* Marriages, as any we have yet had. Particularly,

I. A Charter by King *Robert* II. dated *December* 4. and First Year of his Reign, i. e. *Anno* 1371, confirming a Mortification or Dotation made by *John Kennedy* of *Donnonir*, for the Maintenance of Three Chaplains, attending at a Chapel Dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, over against the Church-yard of *Mayboyl*; and 'tis granted before these Witnesses, *Joanne Primogenito nostro*, *Comite de Carrick* & *Seneschallo Scotia*, *Roberto Comite de Menteith*, &c. Here, again, both *John* and *Robert* are Earls some Years before *Eupheme's* Death.

II. Another, dated *December* 27th, *Anno* 1371, granted by *John*, in farther Confirmation of the same Mortification made by *John Kennedy*; and the very first Words of it are, [*Universis ad quorum noticiam presentes literae pervenerint, Joannes Primogenitus Roberti, Dei gratia, Regis Scotorum illustris, Comes de Carrick & Seneschallus Scotia, salutem.*] And, as the Publisher tells us, at this Charter the Seal of *John* is still appendant intire, having, besides the private Arms of the *Stewarts*, a Lion beginning to

appear in the upper Part of the Shield ; which he takes to be an Addition, which in ancient Times was peculiar to the Heir of the Kingdom. But this I shall lay no Stress upon. Let such as are skilled in Herauldry consider it, and determine about it : For our present Purpose, the first Words of the Charter, which I have recited, are abundantly sufficient. But then,

III. In the aforesaid Archives at *Paris*, there is another Charter, than which none can be more decisive. Indeed, it not only confirms the Truth of all we have formerly had, but unravels all to us. 'Tis a Charter, whereby *Robert*, Steward of *Scotland*, Earl of *Strathern*, Founds a Chaplany in the Church of *Glasgow*, and mortifies, or dotes 10 Merks Sterling Yearly, to be paid out of his Lands and Revenues, for the Maintenance of a Chaplain ; and the Reason or Onerous Cause assign'd for such a Foundation, and Mortification or Dotation, is, That the Venerable Father, *William* by the Grace of God, Bishop of *Glasgow*, had been especially impowered and delegated by the Pope, to grant a Dispensation for a Marriage between the said *Robert* and *Elizabeth Mure*, the Canonical Impediments of Consanguinity or Affinity notwithstanding. This Charter is dated at *Perth*, January 12th, Anno 1364, and the Seals of both *Robert* Earl of *Strathern*, and *John* Lord of *Kyle*, his First begotten Son and Heir, are appended to it ; and it contains, in its Bosom, clear Demonstrations, That neither the Dispensation had been but lately obtain'd, nor the Marriage but lately solemniz'd ; nay, nor that *Elizabeth* was but lately dead, before the Date of it. Consider these Expressions in it : [*Cum DUDUM venerabili Patri Domino Willielmo, Dei gratia Episcopo Glasguensi, fuerit per literas Apostolicas specialiter delegatum, ut super Matrimonio contrahendo inter nos & QUONDAM Elizabeth Mure, DUM AGERET IN HUMANIS, non obstante impedimento Consanguinitatis & Affinitatis contractui Matrimoniali predicto impedimentum prestante, autoritate Apostolica dispensaret, &c.*] Is it not here, most clearly and emphatically imported, that the Dispensation was obtain'd, and the Marriage solemniz'd ; nay, and that *Elizabeth* was dead, some considerable Time before this Charter was granted ? And yet 'tis granted Anno 1364, i. e. Six Years before *Robert's* Accession to the Crown. Indeed, the Dispensation might have been obtain'd as early as we cou'd wish it to have been obtain'd : For the *William* who is Nam'd as Bishop of *Glasgow*, (*Rae* was his Sirname) enter'd to that See, Anno 1335 or 1336 : And there are Original Papers of his still extant, dated in the Years 1340 and 1341, as we are assured by the Publisher of that Noble Charter we are now considering.

I can foresee nothing that can be brought to invalidate the Cogency of so clear, so bright, so incontrollable an Evidence, unless its Genuineness be called in Question. But that cannot be done but by an Audacity that is regardless of Clearness and Brightness and Incontrollableness. For, on the 26th of May, Anno 1694, this Original Charter was produced by *Lewis Innes* Primar of the aforesaid *Scottish* College, before Eight of the most Judicious and Skillful Antiquaries in *France* ; and (as they themselves say) they inspected and examin'd it, and sitted it, with their utmost Care and Diligence ; and after they had done so, they testify that 'tis Ancient, Genuine, and written unquestionably in the Character of those Times ; nay, that there is not the least Sign of either Falshood or Supposititiousness about it. And not only so, but at that same time, 'twas likewise inspected and examined, and judged to be Genuin by no fewer than 21 *Scottish* Men, then at *S. Germain's*, and most (if not all) of 'em nowadays incompetent Judges of such Matters. Neither is this all : The Laborious Sir *James*

(y) Page 36. *Dalrymple*, in his above-mentioned Preface (y) tells us, [*He has seen this Charter verbatim, as it is published by our Country-Men in France, in the Extracts out of Two Register Books of the Bishoprick of Glasgow, taken from these Records in the Tear 1556, some Years before they were carried to Paris, at the Reformation.*]

By this time, methinks, any Reader of an ordinary Capacity, of but such a Capacity as can lay, what I have accounted for, together, may easily satisfy himself who was *Robert's* First, and who his Second Wife ? And yet perhaps some may think it not superfluous, tho' I insist a little farther, and lay down such a short Plan of *Robert's* History, with Regard to his Marriages and the Children he had by them, as I think not only consistent, but reasonably colligible from what hath been said. If I am allowed to give it, take it thus :

Robert

Robere II. and First of the *Stewarts*, according to the late Learn'd Mr. *David Symson's* and Mr. *Crawford's* most accurate Computation, was born in *March 1316*; his Mother died by his Birth; his Father died *Anno 1328*, when he was Aged but 12; his Grand-father, King *Robert Bruce*, died *Anno 1329*; his Uncle, King *David Bruce*, was some 7 Years younger than himself: So that he was left much to his own Government when he was but very young. 'Tis also to be considered, that he was Lively and Amorous, as appears from his having, besides Wives, divers Concubines, and divers Children by them. Consider farther, That *Elizabeth Mure*, as she was a well born, so she was a very handsome Lady; and she was his near Kinswoman, and lived in his Neighbourhood; so that he had frequent Opportunities of seeing her, and conversing with her, than which, what can more Naturally or more readily encourage Love? We may therefore, with great Reason, allow that he might have Married her, and that privately too, while he was aged about 19 or 20, that is, *Anno 1335*, or *1336*: Privately, I say, that is, before the afore-mentioned Dispensation was obtain'd, which yet might have been obtain'd *Anno 1337* or *1338*. For then *William*, who was impowered to grant it, was Bishop of *Glasgow*: Tho' this infers not a Necessity of its being so soon obtain'd, but fairly allows that it might have been obtain'd divers Years after.

The Reasons why I place *Robert's* Marriage with *Elizabeth*, to the Year *1335* or *1336*, are, That we find the eldest Son *John*, capable of being an Hostage, (that is, as I take it, Aged about 14 or 15,) *Anno 1351*. And we find the Second Son, *Walter*, both Married and Dead before the Year *1357*. So that had not *Robert* Married before the Year *1340*, as some say he did not. *Walter*, who was but the Second Son, and possibly but the Third Child, had had but too little Time to have been nam'd an Hostage *Anno 1354*; and to have both Married and have been Dead *Anno 1356*: or, even *1357*.

This is yet more clear from the Birth of the Third Son *Robert* Earl of *Fife*, and afterwards Duke of *Albany*, and Governour of *Scotland*, who, according to the *Extra-cta de Chronicis Scotie*, was 80 Years of Age, and, as we are sure, from a Charter of his Son Duke *Murdoch*, died *Anno 1420*, (*V. Rymer Fæd. Ang. Vol. 10. Pag. 298.*) and consequently was born *Anno 1340*.

Alexander the Fourth Son, was perhaps some Years younger than *Robert*, and one of *Elizabeth's* youngest Children.

All these Things might have been, and withal *Elizabeth* might have died; and *Robert* might have Married *Eupheme Ross* before the Year *1360*; as seems to be imported, as to *Elizabeth's* Death, at least, in the Charter of *1364*, as I have already shown.

Possibly, *Eupheme Ross* had born to *Robert*, before the Year *1360*, both *David* her eldest Son, and her Daughter who was Married to *James* Earl of *Dowglas*: *David*, because, as we have seen, as Earl of *Strathern*, he subscribed and put his Seal to the Act of Recognition *Anno 1371*, which we mentioned and insisted on before: And the Daughter, because we find her Marriageable when *Robert* came to the Crown. But,

It seems probable, that *Walter*, *Eupheme's* Second Son, was born after (perhaps some Years after) the Year *1360*. For this, I take his Plotting the Murder of King *James I.* to be no inconsiderable Argument.

All these Steps I have made, I confess, I cannot prove by Authentical Documents; but then, as I take it, they cannot be disproved by Authentical Documents neither. But what needs more? I have only advanced some of them as Conjectures, which, to me, seem pretty Reasonable: If they do not seem so to others, I have only lost some Pains. And all is right enough so long as nothing can be more certain, than that *Elizabeth Mure* was *Robert's* First Lawful Wife, and her Children were his First Lawful Children; which was the Thing to be proved: For, these Things being proved, what can be clearer, what can be more unquestionable, than the Rightful Titles of all those most Illustrious Kings of the Family of *Stewart*, who have hitherto succeeded to the *Scottish* Crown? And so long as the Title is allowed to be Hereditary, what can be easier than to discern who the Person is that can justly Plead that Hereditary Title?

The Ingenious as well as Right Noble Lord *Tarbat*, after he had produced his Proofs of *Robert III's* being *Robert II's* Eldest Lawful Son, was at pains to Propose and An-

Answer the Objections that might be made against his Proposition. This, perhaps, was not unseasonable when his Lordship wrote, he being one of the First that digested his Thoughts on the Subject, in order to a Publication. But I do not think it necessary now to repeat them, or his Lordship's Answers to them. I take it to be only necessary to Answer Objections when the Thesis has something dubious about it. But what Doubt can be left where a Thesis is so evidently proved by so many clear Demonstrations?

Referring therefore my Reader, who is curious to know what these Objections are and how they are Answered, to his Lordship's Book; I shall only take away One, which I am confident, not his Lordship himself, but his careless Printers have started, Page 35. of his Book, whilst he is proving that there was no so great Disparity betwixt *Elizabeth* and *Eupheme*; so that, if *Robert* (as all own) Married the Latter, no good Reason can be given why he might not as probably have Married the Former: He insists on this as on an Argument of the no great Disparity, [*Eupheme* Ross was but a Widow; Widow to the Earl of Murray, when *Robert* Married her.] And this is proved by a Charter granted by King *David Bruce*, Anno 1341, to *Robert Seneschallus*, his Nephew, and *Eupheme*, Countess of Murray, his Wife, of the Lands of *Methuen*; which Charter, he says, is extant in the Records. Now, if *Eupheme* was *Robert's* Wife, Anno 1341, all our former Calculations are nought; and the whole Story of *Elizabeth's* being the First Wife is infinitely Improbable, if not Impossible: For, Anno 1341, *Robert* was Aged but 25, what Time had he had then, before 1347, to have Married a Wife, and to have had Ten Children by her? This, indeed, is an Objection! But, as I said, 'tis an Objection not of his Lordship's but of his Printer's making. For, nothing in all our History more certain than that *David Bruce* did not return from *France*, (where he was Nine Years) till July 1342; and Anno 1341, *Robert* himself was Governour and had the Supreme Management of the Affairs of the Kingdom: Now, then, is it likely that Anno 1341, *David* was granting Charters in *Scotland*? But what needs more? the Charter is extant, and 'tis dated at *Edinburgh*,

(†) Tho' the Author of this Introduction had not Occasion to consult the Records themselves, yet he hath Reason'd very handsomely, and indeed there is a real Mistake, as he has demonstrated; for it is found that this Charter is Dated at *Edinburgh*, the 17th of September, in the 41 Year of King *David's* Reign, i. e. Anno 1370, and not 1341, as it is Printed in his Lordship's Book.

Divers Authors, I know, have busied themselves in conjecturing what Reason it cou'd be that cou'd move our Historians to give so False an Account of King *Robert's* Marriages.

The Lord *Tarbat* founds one Conjecture, on a Likeness between the Names *Mure* and *Moram*. King *Robert*, he says, had a Concubine called *Moram*, by whom he had divers Children: And this he attempts to Prove by a Charter Dated at *Perth*, (a) Page 43. January 15th, in the 12th Year of his Reign (a). And Mr. *Rymer* says, (b) Page 13. this is a Conjecture that is not to be neglected (b). And yet I am afraid the Conjecture is very Groundless. I'm afraid that there was no such Concubine as *Moram*; and that, if it is indeed written in the Charter, *Moram*, 'tis but a Contraction for *Mariotam*. And my Reason is, That *Robert* had indeed a Concubine called *Mariota de Cardney*, by whom he had divers Sons, and the Eldest of them was *John*, to whom he gave Lands in that same very Part of the Country mention'd in the Charter; and the Posterity of that very *John* is extant to this very Day, and inherits the Lands of *Cardney*. Besides, tho' there had been such a Concubine as *Moram*, how can it be made credible, that either *Boece* or *Buchanan* saw such a Charter? I doubt they were not at pains to ransack Charter-chests in order to the compiling of their Histories. I doubt such an accurate Way of Information never entred *Boece's* Head, who went before *Buchanan* in the Error concerning *Robert's* Marriages; and tho' it had, yet, living and writing at *Aberdeen*, he was at too great a Distance from either the publick Records, or the private Charter-chest of *Cardney* to get himself particularly inform'd of such a Charter.

Mr.

Mr. Rymer (c) has given another Conjecture, [“ Amongst the Prisoners (c) Page 9. of Note taken with King David, at the Battel of Durham, he says, he finds Alexander Stewart, John Stewart of Dalswinton, and John Stewart Bastard:] And then he adds, [“ Perhaps some Writer an Hundred Years after, about to patch up a Story, meeting with that Act of Recognition, upon Robert's coming to the Crown, whereby it is declared, That his Eldest Son John, &c. was and ought to be his true and Lawful Heir and Successor, &c. took John Stewart the Bastard, and this John to be the same Person, and so made way for Major and Boethius, &c.] Here, perhaps, there is bare Possibility: But where is the Probability? Was that supposed Writer at pains to search the Records in the Tower or at Westminster, that he might find out a Bastard called John Stewart, taken Prisoner at the Battel of Durham? But Mr. Rymer, perhaps, has laid no great Stress on this Conjecture: For,

He has another, which may pass for a little more plausible. 'Tis, That when the Murder of King James I. was resolved on by the Sons of Eupheme, in order to give some Colour to so horrid a Fact, the Story was contrived; and it was given out, that the Descendents from Elizabeth Mure were not Lawfully begotten, &c. Thus, he says, it was in England, when King Richard III. did spread the Story of the Bastardy of his Brother's Children, getting even eminent Preachers to propagate it from their Pulpits, such as one Dr. Shaw, who harangu'd it at Paul's-Cross from this apposite Text, *Vitalamina spuria non agent altas radices*. This Conjecture I say, is a little more plausible: But after all, it amounts to no more than a bare Conjecture.

Sir James Dalrymple in his afore-cited Preface (d), has given us his too. (d) Pag. 38, 39. 'Tis, That the Continuator of Fordon, who was probably a Favourer of Walter Earl of Athol, had, belike, found by Charters, that, about the Year 1345, John Giffard of Yester, Married one Eupheme Morham, (not Mure nor More) Daughter and Heiress of the Family of Morham in East-Lothian; and that the same Continuator took the Surname of Mure for Morham, and changed the Christened Name Eufemia, the Name of Robert's Second Wife, to Elizabeth, the Name of the First Wife; and so made up the Fabulous Story of Elizabeth Mure's being Married to Giffard, and, after his Death, and the Death of Queen Eupheme, to King Robert. Now, all I shall say of this, is, that I do readily yield that 'tis even as good a Conjecture as any of the former.

Perhaps others have had other Conjectures; and I cou'd give mine too: I cou'd say, That, probably, Robert Married Elizabeth Mure privately, against the Decrees of the Canon Law, which prohibites Marriages within such Degrees of Affinity or Consanguinity: That, before he obtain'd a Dispensation to Legitimate the Marriage, Elizabeth had born to him divers Children, perhaps most of, if not all, his Sons: That the Clergy, who in those Times were the chief Keepers of Records, and who, from their Zeal for the Canon Law and the Pope's Authority, were ready to damn all Marriages that were Uncanonical; had marked those Children who were born before the Dispensation was obtain'd, for Bastards: And, That the Continuator of Fordon, or some other little Historian had observed, that they were so marked, and so had taken it for granted that they were indeed born Bastards: And the rest of the Fable was easily contrived. I leave it to the Judicious Reader to judge, whether this Conjecture is not as probable as any of the rest. But tho' it shou'd be rejected as the most improbable of all, I should be very little moved; for I lay no Stress on it.

My humble Opinion is, That so long as we are sure that our Historians have erred, 'tis not at all necessary to assign the true Cause of their Error. Why may they not have erred tho' I cannot tell, why? Can no Man err, unless I am able to shew what Reason he hath for his Error? I think he can never have good Reason for it. And if I am certain that any Man has erred, 'tis all one to me whether he has erred with or without so much as an Appearance of Reason.

I know little more that's necessary to be added by way of Preface to the following History.

Some perhaps may think it had been proper to have given an Account of the State of Affairs from the Death of Robert III. to the Time that James I. came from England, and was actually seated on the Throne: But it seems our Historian did not think that needful: If he had, no Man was fitter to have given it: But he has not given it: Neither shall I. If any Man is curious to have it, let him turn over other Historians for it.

Neither do I think it proper to recommend to any Reader an History, which no judicious Person can read without perceiving that it doth very fully recommend it self. Consummated Performances are those which do least want Recommendations. Indeed,

For my Part, I know nothing in it that wants to be corrected. I have never heard our Author's Sincerity called in Question, except in one Particular. 'Tis, That he seems too positively to assert, that *Robert Stirling* of *Keer* was one of those who pursued King *James III.* when he fled, and was Accessory to his Murder. This offends some of the Name of *Stirling*. They like not to hear that any of their Name could be guilty of so Disloyal and Sacrilegious a Fact. They say, That neither *Boece* nor *Lesly*, nor *Lindsay* of *Pitscotty*, mentions any such Man as *Robert Stirling* of *Keer*, in their Accounts of that execrable Tragedy : And *Buchanan* gives it but faintly. These are his Words, [*Tres eum fugientem proxime secuti, Patricius Graius familiae suae Princeps Sterlinus Kerius, & sacrificulus cognomento Borthicus : incertum a quo eorum percussus.*] They say, That 'twas not *Robert*, but one *Sir William Stirling* who was then Laird of *Keer* : And this they can instruct by Original Documents. These Things (perhaps they can say more) they say with no small Appearances of Reason : And who can blame them for saying what they can justly say, for the Honour of their very Ancient Family. But what Family of any considerable Standing in the Kingdom has not, at some time or other, produced some Rebel or other ?

I shall as readily grant that, in some Things, our excellent Historian may have prov'd defective ; and may have omitted Facts and Events which deserv'd to be Recorded. But, Is it not against all Rules to Censure Historians for Omissions ? No doubt, he who tells nothing but Truth, tho' he does not tell all Truths, ought to pass for a Laudable Historian. No Historian can be obliged to know all Facts ; as none is capable of getting into all Intrigues. And yet, perhaps, even our *Drummond's* Omissions are not very Numerous. I know not so much as one that breeds either Obscurity or Inconsistency. And yet one Piece of History there is which I wish he had not omitted ; or rather, I am confident, he wou'd not have omitted it, had it come to his Knowledge. I have it from *Lindsay* of *Pitscotty* who lived long before our *Drummond* ; and because it concern'd a very Noble *Lindsay*, he thought fit to give it : But his History is only in Manuscript ; and therefore I crave Allowance to give it here. The Matter is this.

When the Rebellion was form'd against King *James III.* a great many Noblemen, Conscious of their Duty, did Faithfully adhere to him : Amongst the rest, *David Lord Lindsay* of *Byres*. The Rebels were Successful : The King was Murdered ; and his Son, who was in the Hands of the Rebels, was Proclaimed King. This Revolution happened in *June, Anno 1488.* The Rebels continuing to have the Management of Affairs, and the King himself (who was but very young) in their Custody, caused cite the aforesaid Lord to appear before them, to Answer an Indictment they had drawn up against him. The chief Article was, forsooth, That he had conspired with the Father, *James III.* to destroy the Son, *James IV.* This was a pretty rare Fetch, thus to arraign a Loyal Subject for adhering to his Rightful Sovereign, when an Execrable Rebellion was form'd against him. And the good Lord *Lindsay* understood it to be so, and therefore he entertain'd them with the following Speech.

[*Ye are all Lurdanes, my Lords ; I say, ye are all false Traitors to your Prince : And this I dare prove with my Body, on any one of you which hold you best, from the King's Grace down : For ye, false Lurdanes and Traitors, have caused the King, by your false Sedition and Conspiracy, to come against his Father in plain Battel, where that Noble Prince was cruelly Murdered amongst your Hands ; tho' ye brought the King in Presence for your Behoof, to make him the Buckler of your Enterprize : Therefore, false Lurdanes, if the King punish you not hastily for that Murder, ye will murder himself when ye see time, as ye did his Father. Therefore, Sir, (thus he addresses to the King who was present) beware of them, and give them no Credence ; for they that were false to your Father can never be true to your self. Sir, I assure your Grace, if your Father were living, I would take his Part and stand in no Awe of false Lurdanes : And likewise, if ye had a Son that wou'd be counselled to come in Battel against you by evil Counsel of false Lurdanes like thir, I wou'd take your Part against them, and Fight against them in your just Quarrel, even with Three against Six of them. And thir false Traitors which cause you to believe Ill in my Hands, I shall be truer at length to your Grace, nor they shall.]*

His Lordship, this Freedom notwithstanding, escap'd a Sentence thro' an Informality that was found in the Process against him. But this only by the way. All I am concerned for, at present, is the Speech. Can we imagine that our Loyal *Drummond*, who has Recorded so many Speeches, would have omitted this, which, in old *Scottish* Language, so lively expressed the Honour and Freedom of an old true *Scottish* Heart ; this, which, for candid Frankness, and genuine as well as generous Loyalty, was inferior to none he has Recorded, perhaps to none that is to be found in any History : Can we imagine, I say, that he would have omitted this Speech, if it had come to his Knowledge ? We may as well imagine that he would have omitted all his Loyal Strokes, and all the profound Regards he has paid to the Majesty of Sovereign Princes.

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THE
HISTORY

OF

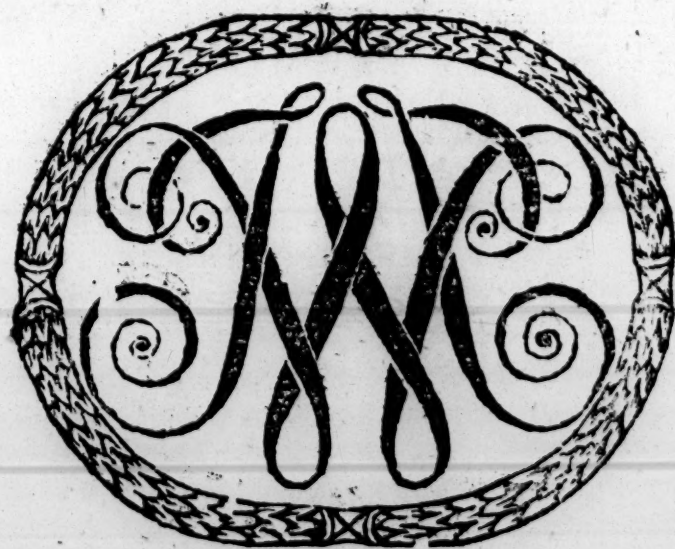
The Lives and Reigns

OF

The Five JAMES's,
Kings of *Scotland*,

From the Year 1423, to the Year 1542.

With a New Introduction.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Watson, in Craig's-Clofs, 1711.

HISTORY
THE



The Five and Sixteenth

OF
The Five JAMES.

Kings of Scotland,

From the Year 1403, to the Year 1542.

With a New Introduction.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Watson, in George Street, 1791.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Reign of *JAMES* the First,
KING of *SCOTLAND*.

THE Nobles of *Scotland* being wearied with the Form of their present Government; (for though they had a *King*, they enjoyed not the Happiness of his Sway, by his Restraint afar off, under the Power of a Stranger) some of them were possessed with Hopes, by the Change of the *Head*, to find a Change in the *Body* of the State, and a Flow of their ebbing Fortunes; the *Church-men* and the *Gentry* having ever continued Loyal and Well-affected to the Lawful Heir of the Crown; the *Commons*, Men delighting in Novations, and ordinarily preferring Uncertainties, and Things unseen and to come, to what for the Time they did hold and enjoy; the Governour of the Kingdom also himself, irritated by the Misdemeanour of his Children, and forecasting the Danger he might be plunged into, if the States should purchase the Recovery of their King, he not complying with their Design: All unanimously and together determine, without longer Prolongings, to work the Delivery of their Native Prince, *JAMES*, forth of *England*, where he had been detained Eighteen Years as a Prisoner.

They who were chosen and got Commission to negotiate his Liberty were *Archbald* Earl of *Douglas*, Son to *Archibald* Duke of *Turrain*, *William Hay* Constable of the Realm, *Alexander Irwin* of *Drum* Knight, *Henry Lighton* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, *Alexander Cornwall* Arch-Dean of *Lothian*.

These coming to *London*, were graciously received by the State, and severally entertained by King *James*, and so many Friends as either his Alliance or Virtues had acquired. After some few Days Stay, desiring to have Audience in Council, they were admitted; where Bishop *Lighton* is said to have spoken to this effect.

“ The Respect and Reverence which the Nation of the *Scots* carrieth towards all Kings, is every where known; but chiefly that Love and Loyalty which they have to the Sacred Persons of their own native Princes: For, as Monarchy is the most Ancient Form of Government, so have they ever esteemed it the Best, it being more easy to find one instructed and trained up in heroicall Virtues, than to find many. And how well soever Governours and Vice-Gerents Rule the Commonwealth; yet is that Government but as the Light of the Moon or Stars in absence of the Sun, and but Representations of Shadows for real Bodies. This hath moved the Three Estates of that Kingdom to direct us here unto you.

“ Our King these many Years hath been kept from us, upon just or unjust Grounds we will not argue. That Providence, which hath appointed every Thing to its own End, hath done this for the best, both to you and us: And we are now to Treat with you for his Delivery: Beseeching you to remember, that his Father, of Sacred Memory, recommended him, out of that general Duty which one Prince oweth to another, to your King's Protection, in hope of Sanctuary, and in request of Aid and Comfort against secret, and therefore the more dangerous, Enemies. And to confess the Truth, hitherto he hath been more assured amongst you, than if he had remained in his own Country, your Favours being many ways extended towards him; having in all liberal Sciences and Virtues brought him up: That his Abode with you seemeth rather to have been a remaining in an Academy, than in any Captivity; and thus he had been lost, if he had not been lost. Besides, though we have the Happiness to claim his Birth and Stem, ye have the Claim of his Succession and Education, he being now matched with the Royal Blood of *England* in Marriage. Thus his Liberty which we intreat for, is a Benefit to your selves, and those Princes which shall claim the Descent of his Offspring. For if it should fall forth, (as what may not, by the variable Changes of Kingdoms,

“ come to pass?) that this Prince by Usurpers and Rebels were disgarnished of his own Crown,
 “ they are your Swords which should brandish, to set him on his Royal Throne. We expect
 “ that as ye have many Ways render'd him yours, you will not refuse to engage him yet more
 “ by his Liberty, which he must acknowledge wholly and freely to receive from you: And by
 “ Benefits and Love to Overcome a King, is more than by Force of Arms. And since he was
 “ not your Prisoner by Chance of War (having never raised Arms against you) but by way of
 “ Protection detained here, and entertained; so ye will, respecting your ancient Honour and
 “ Generosity, send him freely back to his Own. Yet if it be so, that ye will have Acknow-
 “ ledgment, for what ye have bestowed on his Education, the Distress of the present Estate of
 “ his Subjects and Crown considered, we will not stand upon Trifles of Money for the Redem-
 “ ption of a Prince above all Price.

The Lords of the Council were diverse Ways inclined to this Embassy. Some thought not fit to dismiss him; for his remaining in *England* seemed the more to assure the Kingdom of *Scotland* unto them: Having the King and his Children in their Custody, what dared they not enterprize, or not bring to pass? Or, if *Scotland* should plot any Thing by way of Rebellion, the King having his Party within the Realm, by the Assistance of the *English* would keep under the other Factions; and thus the Estate by both being made weak, it would be a fair Breach for a Conquest, and the annexing that Kingdom to the Crown of *England*. That he knew too much of the Estate and Affairs of *England* to be sent away to a Nation ever their Enemies. That being at Liberty and amongst his own, he might Resent the Injury of his long Restraint.

Others of the Council thought it best to dismiss him. They had learned by Experience, that the keeping of the King of *Scots* hindered no ways the *Scots* from Assisting the *French*; yea, rather that it did exasperate their Choler, and make them in Revenge addict themselves wholly to the *French*: The Governour no ways keeping to the *English*, but siding with the *French*, upon whom to be revenged they could find no surer Way than to set at Liberty the King, whose Return of necessity must needs change the Face of the State, and trouble him. As for the Conquest of the Crown of *Scotland*, it was not at that Time of such Moment for *England*, they having the most Part of *France* in their Subjection, which was as much, if not more, as they could hold. Then it would prove a more harmless and sure Purchase to make *Scotland* theirs, by the Succession of Lady *Jane* of *Somerset*, than by War; the Event whereof is ever doubtful and beyond any Assurance of Man. The Liberty of the King of *Scots* might prevent the encreasing Strength of the King's Enemies in *France*, and secure the Peace and Tranquillity of the Commonwealth at Home: King *James* being all *English* by Education, if he proved not of their Party, yet he must prove Neutral to both the Kingdoms.

Henry VI. then King of *England*, being of Under-age, was governed by his Two Uncles of his Father's Side, *Humphrey* Duke of *Glocester*, who was made Protector of his Person and Realm, *John* Duke of *Bedford*, who was established Regent of *France*; and *Thomas* Duke of *Exeter*. But *Henry Beaufort* Cardinal, Bishop of *Winchester* and Chancellor of *England*, a Man eminent in Blood and Riches, Uncle to the Lady *Jane*, in effect governed all. These gave way, rather than approved that the King of *Scots* should be set at Liberty and sent Home. And though they would have dismissed him freely, in respect of the Dowry of his Queen, which was not delivered, having use of present Money for the Maintenance of the Wars in *France*, and the more to cover the Injustice of his Captivity, they thought it expedient to set a Ransom upon him.

The Commissioners having met, it was declared, That for a sufficient Sum of Money their King might return and enjoy his own Liberty; the one half to be paid in hand, able Hostages remaining in *England* till the other half was fully discharged. The Ransom agreed upon was *Four Hundred Thousand Marks*; but by the Power of the Cardinal the Third was discharged, for which he was long after accused before the King by the Duke of *Glocester*.

The Governour and Estates of *Scotland*, having known the Sum laid upon them for the Liberty of the King, though the hasty acquiring of it was grievous unto them, preferring Glory and Things necessary to Matters of Money, immediately dispatched so much as could be gathered, together with many young Noblemen of the Kingdom to remain Hostages for the rest; who (according to the *English* Writers) were *David* Son to the Earl of *Athole*, *Alexander* Earl of *Crawford*, the Lord *Gordon*, *John* de *Lyndesay*, *Patrick* Son and Heir to Sir *John Lyon*, *David* de *Ogleby*, Sir *William* de *Ruthven*, *Miles Graham*, *David Moubray* and *William Oliphant*. These were honourably received, entertained and kept. The King's Brother-in-law, the Earl of *Somerset*, and the Cardinal his Uncle, accompanied the Queen to the Borders, and there taking their Leave returned back. The King with the rest of their Train, received with many Troops of Nobles and Gentlemen, who swarmed from all Parts of the Kingdom to give him a dutiful Welcome into his native Soil, and themselves the Contentment of beholding One they had so long desired and expected, with loud Acclamations and Applauses of the Commons as he held his Progress, on the Passion Week, in *Lent*, came to *Edinburgh*.



During his abode there, he assembled many of the Estates, listened to their Petitions, and prepared for the approaching Parliament, which had been summoned before his coming. The Solemnities of *Easter* finished, the King came with his Queen to *Perth*, and from thence, in the beginning of the Month of *May*, to *Scone*, where, in the Year 1424, by *Mordock* the Governour, Duke of *Albany* and Earl of *Fife* (to whom that Charge by Custom of the Kingdom did appertain) and *Henry* Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, in the 27th Year of his Age, there was a joint Coronation of himself and his Queen, being, according to the Computation of the old *Scottish* History, the Hundred and One King of *Scotland*.

At which Time *Sigismond*, Son to *Charles IV.* was Emperour of the West; *John VII.* the Son of *Andronicus*, of the East; *Amurat II.* Great Turk; *Alphonfus V.* King of *Spain*; *Charles VII.* King of *France*; *Henry VI.* King of *England*; and with *Martin V.* many claimed the Chair of *St. Peter*.

The Ends in calling the Parliament were, The Coronation of the King, to make the People see a Prince's Authority was come, where they had but lately a Governour's; The establishing a Peace amongst the Subjects; and taking away all Factions; The exacting a Subsidy for the Relief of the Hostages in *England*. To this Last, the Nobles held strong Hand, by reason many of their Sons were engaged. Here a general Tax was condescended upon through the whole Realm, as Twelve Pennies of the Pound to be paid of all Lands, as well Spiritual as Temporal; and Four Pennies of every Cow, Ox, and Horse, for the space of Two Years together. When the Commons had taken it grievously that the Subsidy, granted by the States of the Kingdom in Parliament, was exacted mostly of them; after the First Collection, the King, pitying their Poverty, remitted what was unpaid, and, until the Marriage of his Daughter, thereafter never exacted any Subsidy of his Subjects. For he would gently strain Milk, and not wring Blood from the Breast of his Country, rendring the Disposure thereof Chast, Sincere and Pure for Expenses necessary and profitable, not for Profusions, which neither afford Contentment nor Reputation; for Money is both the Nerves which give Motion, and Veins which entertain Life in a State. Amongst others whom the King honoured, *Alexander*, second Son to Duke *Mordock*, was dubbed Knight.

The Parliament dissolving, the King came from *Perth* to *Edinburgh*, where having assembled all the present Officers, and such who had born Authority in the State during the Time of Duke *Robert* and Duke *Mordock*, especially those whose Charge concerned the Rents of the Crown, he understood by their Accounts, that the most Part of all the Rents, Revenues, and Lands pertaining to the Crown, were wasted, alienated, and put away, or then by the Governour bestowed on their Friends and Followers, the Customs of Towns and Burroughs only excepted. This a little incensed his Indignation; yet did he smother and put a fair Countenance on his Passion, seeming to slight what he most car'd for. Occasion thereafter no sooner served, when he began to countenance and give way to Promoters and Informers (necessary, tho' dangerous Instruments of State, which many good Princes have been content to maintain, and such who were not bad never denied to hear, but using them no longer than they were necessary for their Ends) to rip up secret and hidden Crimes, Wrongs suffered, or committed during the Time of his Detention in *England*. He received the Complaints of the Churchmen, Country-Gentlemen, Merchants, against all those who had either wronged them or the State, and would have the Causes of all Accusers to be heard and examined: Here many, to obtain the Favour of the Prince, accused others.

Upon pregnant Accusations, *Walter Stewart*, one of the Sons of Duke *Mordock*, was arrested and sent to the *Bass*, to be close kept; so was *Malcolm Fleming* of *Cummernauld*, and *Thomas Boyd* of *Kilmarnock* committed to Ward in *Dalkeith*. Not long after (the Nobility interceding) *Malcolm* and *Thomas* (Goods being restored which they had taken wrongfully, and Fines laid upon them for their Offence, promising to satisfy all whom they had wronged) were pardoned all Faults, and then set at Liberty.

The King by listening to Promoters, came to the Knowledge of many great Insolencies committed by sundry of his Nobles: Which as it bred Hatred in Him, so Fear in Them, and both appeared to study a Novation; They for their own Safety, He to vindicate Justice and his Authority. The Duke had highly resented the Committing of his Son, as had his Father-in-law the Earl of *Lennox*. The Malecontents being many, if they could have swayed in one Body as they came to be of one Mind, threatened no small Matter. The King, from the Intelligence of close Meetings, secret Leagues, some Plots of his Nobles, began to forecast an apparent Storm in the State, and Danger to his own Person: Whereupon (being both Courageous and Wise) he proclaimeth again a Parliament at *Perth*, where the Three Estates being assembled, in his Throne of Majesty he spoke in this manner.

" I have learned from my tender Years, that Royalty consisteth not so much in a Chair of State, as in such Actions which do well become a Prince. What mine have been since my coming home and Government among you, I take first God, and then your selves for Witnesses.

“ nesses. If all of them be not agreeable to you all, and if any rigorous Dealing be used against
 “ some, let him who is touched lay aside his Particular, and look to the settling of Justice in
 “ the State, and publick Good of the whole Kingdom, and he shall find his Sufferings tolera-
 “ ble, perhaps necessary, and, according to the Time, deserved. I have endeavoured to take
 “ away all Discords, abolish Factions, suppress Oppression: As no foreign Power hath attempt-
 “ ed ought against you hitherto, so that ye should not endeavour ought one against another,
 “ nor any thing against the Weal-publick and Sovereignty. Slow have I been in punishing In-
 “ juries done to my self, but can hardly Pardon such as are done to the Commonwealth: For
 “ this have I called this Parliament. Let Rapine and Outrage no more be heard of, but every
 “ Man recal himself to a Civil and Regular Form of Life. Especially you, my Nobles, think
 “ Virtue and Civility true Nobility; that to be accounted Noblest which is Best, and that a
 “ Man’s own Worth begets true Glory. By these, and the Obedience to their Princes, your
 “ Ancestors acquired what ye now enjoy: There is no stronger Means to keep the Goods acquir-
 “ ed from a Prince, than the same by which they were first purchased, which is still Obeying.
 “ Though by Leagues, Factions, and the confounding of all true Policy and Order of Govern-
 “ ment, Man may imagine he can shun the Judicatories of Man; let none, how Great soever,
 “ conceive he can save his Wrongs unpunished from the Almighty Hand of God. Ye must not
 “ hereafter count Authority, Honesty and Virtue, idle Names; nor reckon that right, which
 “ ye may win or hold by Dint of Sword. For me, I will behave my self in my Proceedings, as
 “ I must answer to God; and for you, my Subjects, do so as ye shall answer to God first, and
 “ after to your Prince whom God hath set over you. No Man’s Greatness shall appal me in do-
 “ ing Right, nor the Meanness of any make him to contemptible, that I shall not give ear to his
 “ Grievance: For I will strive to do Justice on Oppressors, and support the Innocent to my ut-
 “ termost.

Here he easily found the Power which the Presence of a Prince hath over Subjects: For ha-
 ving confirmed the Minds of the Parliament, a mutual Oath passed between him and his Subjects:
 The *King* swore, If any made War against *Scotland*, or went about to overthrow the ancient
 Laws of the Kingdom, to Resist and Invade him with all his Power: The *Estates* swore, If any
 by open Rebellion should Revolt or Conspire against the *King*, or be found to be the Authors of
 Factions and Novations, they should assist and side with the *King* with all their Forces, after
 what manner he should command. A Solemn Act was made, that none of the Subjects should
 bind up a League together.

The *King*, the more to assure the *Clergy* unto him, swore to defend the Liberties of the
 Church, making an Act, that all Church Lands unjustly detained from them, during the Time
 of his Captivity, should be restored unto them.

The Body of the *Estates* holding good for the *King*, *Mordock* Duke of *Albany*, with his Sons
Walter and *Alexander*, were presently arrested and committed; as were likewise *Duncan* Earl of
Lennox, and *Robert Graham* (a Man that dared Attempt those Things which no ho-
 nest Man ever could think:) They were sent to *Falkland*, but the Duke to *Carlawerook*.
Archbald Earl of *Douglas*, with *William* Earl of *Angus*, the *King*’s Sister’s Son, *George* Earl of
March, and *Walter Ogilvy* were committed, but after set at liberty. *Alan Hepburn* of *Hailes*,
Thomas Hay of *Testor*, with others, were sent to the Castle of *St. Andrew*’s. That same day the
 Duke was committed, the *King* seized on his Castles of *Falkland* in *Fife*, and *Down* in *Menteith*,
 out of which he removed the Dutches to *Tantallon* in *Lothian*. *James* the youngest Son of the
 Duke, whom former Carriage and Harmless Behaviour had exempted from all Suspicion of
 Treachery, after the committing of his Father and Friends, (whether of a youthful Insolency,
 or desperate Rage, resolving to do and suffer all Extremities, or that he was contemned) ac-
 companied with a Number of Out-laws, and Mountainiers, on the *Holy-wood-Day*, called the
Invention of the Cross, came to the Town of *Dumbarton*, set it on fire, surprised there *John Stewart*
 of *Dundonald* surnamed *the Red*, Uncle to the *King*, slew him with Thirty others: After which
 Cruelty, advising with Fear and Despair, he fled into *Ireland*, where he died. The Wife of
Walter Stewart his Brother, with her two Sons *Andrew* and *Alexander*, with *Arthur* a base born,
 fasted with him, where they remained till the Reign of *King James III*.

The barbarous Fierceness of *James* highly incensed the *King* against his Father and Race, and
 diverted the Current of his Clemency: For when he thought by gentle Incarcerations to have
 restrained their Malice, now he finds that that deaf Tyrant, the *Law*, can only secure himself,
 and bring Rest to his Subjects. Whereupon the Year following he calleth a *Parliament* at *Stirling*,
 where the *Estates* assembling, the Duke with his Two Sons and Father-in-law, the Earl of *Len-*
nox, (Accusations being engrossed, and Articles exhibited against them out of the Acts of former
 Times, of what had been done unjustly, cruelly or amiss during the *King*’s Captivity) were
 presented, arraigned and condemned: *Walter* Earl of *Atbole* being Judge, to whom were ad-
 joined many Noblemen and Barons.

That

That same Day on which their fatal Sentence was pronounced, the Two young Men, *Walter Stewart* and *Alexander*, Son to the Duke, were taken forth to the Hill which riseth against the Castle of *Stirling*, and had their Heads cut off. The day following *Mordock* Duke of *Albany*, late Governour, with *Duncan Lennox* Earl of *Lennox*, was beheaded.

The Deaths of these Noblemen were so far from breeding any Distaste in the common People, that out of their depraved Disposition and Envy against their Betters, they flouted at their Fall, reproached their Insolencies, delighted in their Execution; and as much without Reason railed on them when they were dead, as they had flattered them being alive.

Whether by the Wisdom of the King it hath fallen out, who caused abolish the Indictment (being against Persons so near unto him in Blood) or bluntness of those Times, which thought such clear Evidences needed no Records, the Particulars of the Attainder of these Great Men are swallowed up in dark Oblivion. Moved at the Imprisonment of his Son, did *Mordock* with *Lennox* (hating him whom they had wronged) attempt against the King's Person; and that same very Treason which afterwards had Success, was it then between the Plot and the Execution surpris'd, and in the very Head cut off? The Earl of *Arhole*, a Man whose Desires were both extremely wicked and unbounded, was a great Actor in this Tragedy. Did the King, standing in fear of their extraordinary Greatness, bend his Eyes upon the Disposition of the Offenders, squaring their Actions by the Rule of their Intentions, and weighing what, not how far they did offend? For Princes quickly free themselves from their very Shadows in matter of Jealousy of State. And they have great Reason to prevent such Crimes, which cannot be punished when they are committed; nor should they expect to amend a Mischief, when the Criminals are become Masters of their Judges. People believe not that any Conjure against a Prince, till they find the Treason to have taken effect, and distrust the Plot, till they see him dead. But the Death of such who are suspected to be the Authors of Disorders in a Commonwealth, spareth an infinite Number of Lives, and much civil Blood when they are first surpris'd; neither are too strict Circumstances of Law to be observed, when a small Delay may abolish all observing of Order and Laws.

The Duke, to raise his own Reputation to the Disadvantage of the King, with all Secrecy of his Intentions, had procured himself a vast Authority with the Nobles, by a Semblance of Liberty, waiving the Patrimony of the Crown, as remitting Treasons, restoring again Lands annexed to the Crown. He had studied so to conciliate to him the Minds of the Commons, that the Desire of a King did not much touch them, using such Moderation in his Proceedings, that his Government seem'd unto many, not only tolerable, but desirable.

He had essay'd to draw the Earl of *Douglas*, and had drawn the Earl of *March*, to enter into a League with him; and these Noblemen then in the Castle of *St. Andrew's*, divided the Nobility, and made them break their Allegiance to the King. Upon which Attempt, it seemeth that that Act of this King's Second Parliament was made: *That no Subjects should league themselves together.*

The King esteem'd all that Government of *Robert* and *Mordock* to be an Usurpation of the Crown, and feared the like thereafter.

His Son *James* had burnt *Dumbarton*, and treacherously killed the King's Uncle, which was not done without his Knowledge, if not Counsel.

Though he relieved the King of his Captivity, he suffer'd him to remain very long a Prisoner; neither did he practise his Deliverance till he perceiv'd the whole States of the Kingdom resolv'd to call him Home, and was compell'd by the Injuries of his own Children.

To exasperate new Injuries by old Rancours, his Father *Robert*, spurred by Ambition, had famish'd to Death the King's Brother *David*, in the Castle of *Falkland*; to escape whose Tyranny, the King, yet a Child, was committed to the Protection of stranger Princes.

Whatever the Particulars of their Accusations have been, it is above the possibility of any Governour, or Man in eminent Place and Authority, so to carry himself, but a discontented Prince, if he will set him to a Trial, shall bring some one or other of his Actions to whirl him within the compass of Justice. Thus the Imprecation of *Robert III.* took effect upon the Race of *Robert* the Governour: For after the Death of the Duke of *Rothsay*, he is said to have curs'd him most deadly, praying, as he had slain his Brother's Son, and fill'd their House with Blood; so God would punish him, his Stock and Posterity. There is not any Wickedness, which beareth not its Punishment and Repentance at the last, if we can have Patience to attend the last Act of those Tragedies played on this Theatre of the World. By the Attainder of the Duke, the Earldoms of *Fife*, *Menteith*, and *Lennox* were devolv'd to the Crown. The Castle of *Inch-Merin* in *Loch-Lomond*, which had a While been kept good for *James*, who fled into *Ireland*, was by *John Montgomery* and *Humphrey Cuninghame* brought to the Obedience of the King.

When the Lords and Gentlemen who were in Prisons, attending the King's Pleasure, understood what necessary Justice had been executed upon the Duke and his Sons, they were grievously perplex'd; yet the King, like a wise Physician, would take no more Blood than might take away the Disease and all further Causes of Faction. For within Twelve Months thereafter, he

sets them all at Liberty, and received them into his wonted Favour, upon promise of their loyal Dememeanour and dutiful Obedience in Time to come. But being thus freely discharged, the Conceit was taken, that *Mordock's* Head and his Sons, with *Lennox's*, was only the Aim, and that they were used but as a Countenance of State to dazle the Eyes of the People.

The Wars continuing between the *English* and the *French*, the one to keep what he was in Possession, of the other to re-obtain what he had lost: *Charles VII.* a wise and victorious Prince, knowing the Friendship of *Scotland* to be of no small Importance to any that would fight against the *English*, the Flower and Strength of the *Scotish* Soldiers, which had followed the *French* Wars being then blasted and spent, sendeth *John Stewart* of *Darnley*, Marshal of a Garrison of Horsemen, with the Earl of *Douglas* (as the *French* write) then Marshal of *France*, to *Scotland*, to have a fresh Supply of Men of Arms, and *Renauld* of *Charters* Arch-bishop of *Rheims*, (who there had crowned his Master, and was Chancellor of *France*, to renew the ancient League between the *French* and *Scots*: But the main Business about which the Arch-bishop came, was the trafficking of a Marriage between *Lewis* the *Dauphine*, tho' then very young, with *Margaret* Daughter to King *James*. This Match the *English* had either neglected or contemn'd, which afterward they sued for. The renewing of the old League and Amity between the two Nations was easily condescended unto, it being but a Witness to the World of their mutual Kindness. The chief Articles of which were;

The War or Injury, moved or done by the Englishmen to one of the said Nations, to be as common Wrong to both.

If the Englishmen make War on the French Nation, then the Scots, at the Cost and Charges of the French King, shall minister to them Succours.

Likewise if the Scots be molested by the English Wars, the French Nation, having their Charges allowed, shall be to them Aiders and Assisters.

That none of both Nations shall either contract or make Peace with the Realm of England, without the Consent and Agreement of the other.

The Marriage being found commodious for both Nations, was likewise with great Contentment agreed upon, and concluded; fresh Recruits of Soldiers were levied, and dispatched with the Ambassador to *France*.

The South and Champain Parts of *Scotland* brought under Obedience, and a peaceful Government, the King will have the remotest Countries of his Kingdom, even those blocked and barricaded by the snowy Cliffs of *Grantsben*, to acknowledge his Justice. The Wildness of the Soil had made the Inhabitants there more fierce then Fierceness it self, and let them out to all unlawful Riots and Rapins. To restrain their Insolent Humours, and bring them within Compass of Civility, in the Year 1426, he caused repair the Castle of *Inverness*, situated in the uttermost Borders of *Murray*, which by their Incurfions had been turned desolate. Hither some Years after cometh he in Person, and keepeth open Court, that being near the Evil he might have the better means to provide for, and consider it. But he seemed to have arrived in some Territory of the *Scythians*, having known and found things, which none did, nor dared relate unto him: For he had learned that not many Miles off, there were Men, some of which had one Thousand, some two Thousand Robbers at their Call, who were accustomed to drive Preys from the more civil Neighbours and Borders, pilling and spoiling, polluting and ravishing, without any Difference of Right or Wrong, Holy or Prophane; but only following their ravenous and insolent Humours. On the quieter sort they set Tribute, others they compel to minister to them Sustenance and Necessaries: The God, Prince, Law, which they obey, are their barbarous Chiftains, among which he is thought the best who doth most transcend in Villany.

The King seemed to give small Faith to these Relations, entertaining kindly, and feasting from all Parts, all such who deigned to see him, mostly those who were the Chiefs and Principals of the Families in these Bounds, by whose means, all, whom Innocency did guard, came freely to Court; and many guilty, by fair Promises and Hopes of the King's Clemency, presented themselves. Others, though most refractory, and unwilling at first, that they might not seem out of the Fashion of their Companions, and appear suspect, resorted thither; thinking these Offices might be interpreted to proceed of good Will and Obedience, which were done of Emulation. Forty of these Leaders and Chiefs, meeting at once, and being together within the Inclosure of the Castle Walls, were surpris'd and committed to close Prisons. Some days after, Two, whose Wickedness was thoroughly known, *Alexander Mack-Rore*, or *Mackrarey*, and *John Mackarture*, were hanged. *James Campbel*, for the Murder of *John* of the *Isles*, (renown'd amongst his own) was beheaded. The rest, upon hope of further Trial, were committed to Prisons, of which, for Example and Terror to others, many were executed, the Remains in peaceful manner sent home, the King having graciously exhorted them to a Life, according to the Law of God and Man.

Alexander of the *Isles*, Earl of *Ross*, being taken in this Trap, was brought by the King to *Perth*, where he was accused of Oppression, and many barbarous Cruelties were proved against him; yet, such was the King's Clemency, he was only some few Days committed, and after lovely Advice at the Council-table, rather to obey his Prince, than render himself Chiftain of Thievish Troops,

Troops, he was freely dismiss'd. But Benefits oblige not ignoble Minds, and Mercy shown to a fierce and obstinate Nature, disgraceth the Beauty of the Clemency of a Prince; for no sooner was he returned to his own Territories, where interpreting Imprisonment a Dishonour and Shame to a Man of his Power and Qualities, and telling that a Promise made by one imprisoned, by the Judgment of Lawiers themselves, was nothing worth; he gathered together a Rable of Outlaws and Mountainiers, came towards the Town of *Innerness*, which peaceably he entered, and was courteously received, having before disperfed his Men among the Fens and Hills towards the West, they, so soon as Night had brought the Inhabitants to rest, spoiled them, and set their Houses on Fire. And because the Castle was the Place in which he had been surpris'd, he besieg'd it with a Thousand lewd Fellows practis'd in daily Depredations and Robberies.

At the Noise of this Cruelty, the Gentlemen of the Neighbouring Shires, from all Quarters, assemble themselves for the Defence of their Friends; the King listeth speedy Preparations: At the Approach of which, the Clans, *Chatons*, and *Camerons*, with other Thieving Troops, disperfed themselves, and fled into their Lurking-holes. *Alexander* abandoned of their Forces, with so many as he could keep together, fled into *Lochaber*, from thence passed to the Isles, deliberating to go to *Ireland*: But things answered not his Expectation; for by his Spy, finding that he was way-laid, and that Numbers of People, (a Price being set upon his Head) in all Places laboured to surpris him; when he had long continued desolate, and a Vagabound, at last he began to interceed with his Friends at Court for Mercy to him from the King. Sundry tempt the King's Clemency, but he will not promise nor assure them of any Favour, before *Alexander* in Person, as Supplicant, render himself and his Estate to his Disposure. Thus finding no Escape, and destitute of all Help, he was imboldned to come privately to *Edinburgh*; there on *Easter-day*, wrapped in a Mourning Garment, and concealed in the Drag of the Multitude, the King being in the Church of the *Holy-rod* at Divine Service, he fell prostrate at his Knees, beseeching him for Grace, which, at the Request of the Queen, and other Assistants, he obtained. His Life and private Estate was granted him: But that he should do no more Harm, and be reduced to a more modest Behaviour, *William Douglas* Earl of *Angus* was appointed to take him in Custody, and that within the Castle of *Tantallon*. His Mother *Euphame*, Daughter to *Walter Lesly*, sometime Earl of *Ross*, a Mannish implacable Woman, who had solicited and raised her Son to all that Mischief, was committed to the Isle of *S. Colm*.

Donald Balloch, Cousin-German to *Alexander* Lord of the Isles, a Man of a haughty Mind, resenting the King's Proceedings against his Cousin, raised a great Number of Outlaws and Robbers, and invaded *Lochaber*, omitting no Cruelty, which enraged Savages use to commit. *Alexander Stewart*, Earl of *Mar*, and *Alan* Earl of *Caithness*, with such Numbers of People, as they could in haste raise, came to defend the Country against the Incurfions of these Highland-men, and rencountered them at *Innerlochy*, where, by an over-weening Opinion of Victory, which easily deceiveth young Soldiers, imagining they went to fight with untrained, raw Thieves, who would never abide their March, and misregard of Martial Discipline, *Alan* was slain, and *Alexander* Earl of *Mar* discomfited; and *Balloch*, insolent of his Victory, with a great Booty returned to the Isles. The King at the Rumour of this Disaster, in all Celerity with a great Army, came to *Dunstaffage*, intending from that to pass to the Isles, which when the Clans and other chief Men understood, turning their Defence into Submission, they came in haste to *Dunstaffage*, and humbly beg'd Pardon, laying the Fault of the whole Rebellion on *Balloch*, and some Adventuring Thieves, many of which *Balloch* had pressed to that Mischief against their Minds: The King finding extreme Rigour at that Time a Cure unseasonable, taking their Oath of Fidelity, and that they should pursue *Balloch* and his Followers, accepted them into his Favour, only transporting some of the most factious along with him. They in few Days, to seem worthy of the King's Mercy, surpris'd a great Number of them, Three Hundred of which died all on Gibbets. And Punishment had taken away a much greater Number, had he not considered, that there is no Man so miserable, who is not a Member of the State.

The King, lest Hope of Impunity might cherish Rebellion, resolves to find *Balloch*, and hearing he lurked in *Ireland*, in the Bounds of one named *Odo*, he sends to have him delivered. *Odo*, either out of Fear of the King's Displeasure, or Hope of Rewards, seisseth on him; and suspecting if he sent him alive, he might by Power or Stratagem slight his Convoy, chopped off his Head, and sent it to King *James*, then remaining at *Stirling*.

The Clans, *Chattons* and *Camerons*, sparing the Magistrate's Sword, yet executing Justice by mutual Slaughters, one of another, had rendered the North very peaceable of that Scum of Thieves: Some Chiftains were shut up in fast Prisons, among which, Two most eminent in all Mischiefs, hating mortally others, and hated of all Good Men, *Angus Duff* of *Strathnavern*, and *Angus Murray*: These the King, out of Policy of State, let out, and set at Liberty, of Purpose that they might be thrust forward into a greater Danger. Returning to their wild Countries, *Duff*, nothing respecting the King's Clemency, accompanied with many Thieves and Robbers, driveth a great Prey of Cattle and other Spoils from the Confines of *Murray* and *Caithness*; Which to recover, *Angus Murray*, that he might attempt something worthy of his Life and Liberty, followeth with

a great Power of like Soldiers ; having now Authority to justify his Revenge on a guilty Enemy, he overtaketh *Duff* near unto *Serathnavern*. There strongly is it fought, neither of the Parties being Inferior to other in Number, Cruelty, or Despair. This Conflict continued so fierce and eager, that of both Sides there remained scarce Twelve Persons alive, and those so wounded, that Justice had not whom to pursue. An Overthrow delightful and commodious for the Peace and Quiet of all the honest and vertuous Subjects of these Countries.

These many Executions nothing appalled one *Mac-Donald* born in *Ross*, a Thief flest in all Murthers, mischievous without Mercy, equally greedy of Blood and Spoil, who by Robberies had acquired great Riches. Amongst other Cruelties, he is said to have nail'd Horse Shoes to the Soles of a Widow, because in her Grief she had sworn in haste to report his Wickedness to the King. Being brought to *Perth* by Men of his own qualities, with Twelve of his Associates, the King caused them in like manner to be shod as they had served the Woman ; and when Three Days, for a Spectacle to the People, they had been hurried along the Town, his Companions were Gibbeted, and he made shorter by the Head.

Gross Enormities cut away, Factions repressed, the King maketh a Progress throughout all the Parts of his Realm, doing Justice upon all sorts of Malefactors : Neither did Pardons granted by the late Governour avail, it being alledged, that they expired by his Death ; and though small Faults might have been passed by such Remissions, yet horrible and crying Crimes were not within the compass of such Authority. While he thus continues in the Administration of Justice, the favourable Eye of Providence looked upon him, and in the Year 1430. in the Month of *October*, Queen *Jane* is delivered of Two Sons at *Holy-Rood-House*, *Alexander* and *James* : The one deceased in his Infancy, the other succeeded to his Father and was King. To highten the Joy of his People, and diffuse it universally, many Prisoners are set at liberty, amongst which were *Archbald* Earl of *Douglas*, and Sir *Gilbert Kennedy*, the King's Sister's Son ; the Earl had been kept in *Lochlevin*, the other in *Stirling*. They had been committed rather upon Suspicion of the Times, than Men ; having spoken too freely against the present Government : *Alexander* Earl of *Ross* was also set at liberty. And that the King intended a real and sincere Reconciliation, the Earl of *Douglas* was made Parent of his Children at the Font. At this Solemnity Fifty Knights were dubbed, the first of which was *William Douglas*, Son to the Earl, who after succeeded to his Father in the Earldom of *Douglas*.

A sweet Calm diffusing it self through every Corner of the Realm, the King imagining the rest of his Reign to be but the enjoying of a Crown, sets his Thoughts wholly to the Works of Peace. Many unreasonable Customs (which were become to the Vulgar Laws) had many Years continued in his Kingdom, these he will either have abolished or amended. To this Effect he selecteth Persons commended for Wisdom, Gravity and Uprightness of Life through his Realm, to pry into all Abuses, hear and determine all sorts of Quarrels and Suits, if any were brought unto them, whereof the Ordinary Judges, either for Fear dared not, or Power of stronger could not, or for Hatred or Favour would not give any perfect Judgment. To them he gave full Authority to make Inquisition of the Breach of penal Statutes. Some hereby were punished by Fines, others in their Lives. He took away the Deceit which had been occasioned by Variety of Measures. For this End certain Iron Measures were appointed to be made, unto which the rest should be conform and like. Before his Reign not only in every Town and Shire, but in every Mannor and House, different Measures were current ; which Abuse he abolished by Parliament.

The Roughness of the Times, and perpetual Wars and Troubles of his Ancestors, had near taken away the Arts and Handycrafts, and turned the Sciences contemptible, especially since the Reign of *Alexander III*. The Commons, by the manifold Changes and Miseries of the Age, affecting Barbarity ; the Nobles making Arms their whole Study and Care. To the further Advancement of the Common-wealth, and that his Subjects might have Occasion to avoid Sloth and Idleness, the King from the Neighbour Continent, and from *England*, drew unto him the best Artisans and Manufactors, whom either large Privileges or Money could entice or oblige. Of which such a fair Number came, and were so graciously received, that they forgot their Native-Countries, and here made their perpetual Abode. And what till this Day *Scotland* enjoyeth of them, owe all their Beginning to these Times. Schools of Learning were founded, to which great Liberties and Privileges were granted ; the King well knowing that whatever is excellent in any Estate, from them had Beginning and Seed, and that there is no better Means to sweeten and tame the wild Nature of Men, than to busy their Spirits with peaceful and sedentary Exercises ; rude and untrained Minds being inclinable of themselves to Tumult and Sedition. To make a necessity of Learning, he made an Act, that none of the Nobility should succeed to their Ancestors Heritage, except they had some Taste of the Civil Law, or Practice of the Countrey-Customs ; but this after was by them abolished.

Many famous Men in all Sciences from the Noblest Universities of Christendom came hither, as to the Sanctuary of the Muses, where often the King himself in Person graced their Lessons, and when great Matters did not withdraw him, was Umpire to their harmless Conflicts. Being himself Religious, he advanced Men learned and of good Life to eminent Places in the Church ;

and

and that the best Deservers might be discerned, he distinguished the Learned into Degrees; making a Law, that none should enjoy the Room of a Canon in any Cathedral Church, unless he were Bachelour in Divinity, or at least of the Canon Law. Though he challenged King David and named him a grievous Saint to the Crown, for dilapidating so much Rent in extraordinary Donations to the Church; yet with great Cost and Magnificence he founded the Convent of *Charters* in *Perth*, and bestowed fair Revenues upon it. The excellent Skill which he had in Musick, and Delight in Poesy, made him affect Quiristers; and he was the first that erected in his own Chapels, and the Cathedral Churches of *Scotland*, Organs; being not much known before his Reign to the Nation.

Peace hath its own Dangers no less than Wars; yea often such States as have increased their Dominions, and become Mighty by Wars, have found their Ruine in a luxurious Peace: Men by a voluptuous Life becoming less sensible of true Honour. The Court, and by that Example the Country, was become too soft and delicate, superfluous in all Delights and Pleasures: Masques, Banqueting, gorgeous Apparel, Revelling, were not only licensed, but studied and admired: Nothing did please which was not strange and far brought; Charity began to be restrained, publick Magnificence falling into private Riot. What was wont to entertain whole Families, and a Train of goodly Men, was now spent in dressing of some little Rooms, and the womanish Decking of the Persons of some few *Hermaphrodites*.

To these the Wise King had a while given way, knowing that delicate soft Times were more easy to be governed, and a People given to mild Arts and a sweet Condition of Life, than rough and barbarous, so they turned not altogether Womanized; and that it was an easy Matter to bring them back again to their old Posture. At these Abuses some of the severer sort of the Clergy began to carp; yet could they not challenge the Prince, who in the Entertainment of his own Person, scarce exceeded the Degree of any private Man, yea was often under the Pomp and Majesty of a King. But the Blemish of all this Excess was laid on the *English*, who by the Queen (their Country-woman) with new Guises daily resorted hither, and turned New-fangle the Court. The King not only listned to their Complaints, but called a Parliament to satisfy their Humours. Here *Henry Wardlaw*, Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, highly aggravating the Abuses and Superfluities of Court and Country, all Disorders were pry'd into, and Statutes made against them. They abolished Riots of all sorts of Pearl (many Rivers in *Scotland* affording them, not only for Use, but for Excess;) only Women were permitted to wear a small Carkanet of them about their Necks. Costly Furrs and Ermines were wholly forbidden, together with the Abuse of Gold and Silver Lace. Penalties were not only imposed upon the Transgressors, but on Workmen which should Make or Sell them. Excessive Expence in Banqueting was restrained; and Dainties banished from the Tables of Epicures, with Jesters and Buffoons. In this Year 1430, the First of *June*, was a terrible Eclipse of the Sun, at Three of the Clock Afternoon, the Day turning Black, for the space of an half Hour, as though it had been Night: Therefore it was after called by the Commons, *The Black Hour*.

The last and greatest Matter which busied the King's Thoughts, was, the increasing of his Revenues, and bringing back the Demesnes of the Crown: A Work no less dangerous than deep and difficil, and which at last procured him greatest Hatred. For till then smothered Malice did never burst forth into open Flames. And though this Diligence of the King concerned much the Publick Weal; yet such as were interested, by rendring what they had long possessed, (though without all Reason) esteemed themselves highly wrong'd. The Patrimony of the Crown had been wasted and given away by the Two Governours, to keep themselves Popular; and shun the Envy of a factious Nobility. Thus the King had neither in Magnificence to Maintain himself, nor to bestow upon his Friends or Strangers.

He had advisedly perused all Evidences and Charters belonging to the Crown: Hereupon he recalls all such Lands as had been either alienated from it, or wrongfully usurped. Together what was wont to be idly given away, as Forfeitures, Escheats and Wards, were restrained to the Crown and kept to the King himself.

There remained upon Considerations of increasing the Demesnes of the Crown, the Lands of the Earl of *March*, whose Father had rebelled against the King's Father *Robert*; though Faults be Personal and not Hereditary, and the Heirs of ancient Houses hold little of their last Possessors, but of their Predecessors: Those the King seized on. The Earl proved by good Evidences and Writings brought forth, that his Father had been pardoned for that Fault by the Regents of the Kingdom. He was answered again, that it was not in the Regents Power to Pardon an Offence against the State, and that it was expressly provided by the Laws in Crimes of Lese-Majesty, that Children should undergo Punishment for their Father's Transgressions, to the end that being thus Heirs to their Fathers Rashness, as they are to their Goods and Lands, they should not at any Time, with vast Ambition in the haughty Pride of their own Power, Plot or Practise to Shake and Tear the publick Peace of the Prince and Country.

Thus was the Remission by the Parliament declared void; and Earl *George* himself committed to the Castle of *Edinburgh*. *William* Earl of *Angus*, Warden of the Middle March; *William*

Creighton Chancellor, Sir *Adam Hepburn* of *Hailes* immediately received the Castle of *Dumbar*, the keeping of which was given to Sir *Adam Hepburn*.

The King not long after set Earl *George* at Liberty, and to save him from the like Dangers, which were wont to befall his Predecessors (to fly into *England* for every small Cross, and light Displeasure at Court) he bestowed on him, as it were in Exchange, for these Lands in the *Merse*, the Earldom of *Buchan* in the North, with a yearly Pension to be paid out of the Earldom of *March*, setting *Tay* and the *Forth* betwixt him and his too kind Friends of *England*. *Buchan* had fallen to the King by the decease of *John*, who was Son to *Robert* the Governor and Earl of *Buchan*. He was slain at *Vernueil* in *France*, with the Marshal *Douglas*, and left no lawful Children after him to succeed. The Earldom of *Mar* was incorporated also to the Demefne Royal by the Decease of *Alexander Stewart* Earl of *Mar*, who was natural Son to *Alexander Stewart*, who was the Son of *Robert II*. He was a Man of singular Prowess, and in his Youth followed the Wars under *Philip* Duke of *Burgundy*; he married *Jane*, Daughter to the Earl of *Holland*, and had greatly obliged his Country by transporting Stallions and Mares hither out of *Hungary*, the Stood of which continued long after to his great Commendation and the Commodity of the Kingdom.

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All Good Men with these Proceedings of the King were well pleased; for if Princes could keep their own, and that which justly belongeth unto them, they could not be urged to draw such extraordinary Subsidies from the Blood, Sweat, and Tears of their People. Yet this was the Shelf on which this Prince perished: For many who were accustomed to be Co-partners of such Off-fallings, began to storm and repine at his Actions: But none was so implacable as *Robert Graham*, Uncle and Tutor to *Miles Graham*, the Son of *Eupheme* Daughter to *David* Earl of *Strathern*. For, plotting Mischief, he began to rail, speak in high terms, associate himself with others of his own Mind. Notwithstanding that the King, Anno 1428. in September, had bestowed on his Nephew the Lands and Earldom of *Menteith* in compensation of that of *Strathern*, to which he pretended Right, it being an Appenage of the Crown.

About this Time, Ambassadors came into *Scotland* from *Ericus* King of *Denmark*, requiring of King *James* the payment of a yearly Tribute, which was due to him as King of *Norway*, for the Western Isles, according to the Covenant and Agreement made by *Alexander III*. King of *Scotland*, and his Predecessor *Magnus*, the Son of *Acbo*, then King of *Norway*. The Ambassador was honourably received, and Sir *William Creighton* Chancellor, directed to go with him to *Denmark*, who there renewed the old League between the Realms, settled questionable Matters, and confirmed a perfect Amity and stedfast Peace.

Ambassadors came also from *Charles* the French King, not only to Confirm the old Amity between *Scotland* and *France*, but, for a better Assurance thereof, to have *Margaret* eldest Daughter to King *James* (already betrothed to *Lewis* the Dauphin, who now was Thirteen Years of Age) delivered to them and convoyed to *France*. The English foreknowing this Alliance, had before sent the Lord *Scroop*, with other Associates to Him in Embassy, to have the old League between the French and the Scots dissolved, and to join the King's Daughter in Marriage with *Henry VI*. their King; promising, if the King would thereto agree, and join in League with them, that the Town and Castle of *Berwick* should be delivered to the Power of the Scots, with all the Lands lying between *Tweed* and the *Re-Crofs*, which, when *William* the Conqueror granted *Cumberland* to the Scots, marched *England* and *Scotland*, and is now a Fragment of a Cross in *Richmond-Shire*, near the Spittle on *Stannmoor*, about which is nothing but a wild Desert.

Having Audience, the Lord *Scroop* spake before the Council to this purpose:

" I am directed hither by my Master and his Council, about a Business, which concerneth
 " the Honour and Profit of the Two Kingdoms, above any other which can be projected; and
 " it is the establishing of a perpetual Peace and Concord between them, and happily (when it
 " shall please the higher Providence) their uniting in one Body, under one Prince, one Day.
 " How vain the attempting of this heretofore by Arms hath proved, the World can but too well
 " bear witness. The many Proofs of either's Valour against Themselves having been but a lavish
 " Effusion of humane Blood. The fairest Way, the easiest Means to make Enmities cease and
 " these ancient Quarrels, was begun, Sir, in your Person, by the happy Marriage of the Daugh-
 " ter of *John* Duke of *Somerset*, Brother to King *Henry IV*, and Son to the Duke of *Lancaster*;
 " and prosperously hath continued these Years past. Now that Peace may be lasting, and the
 " Affections and Minds of the two Nations soldered together, our Request is, That this Alliance
 " may be again renewed, by the Marriage of your eldest Daughter with our young King, a most
 " fitting and equal Match. And in seeking of her, we crave but our own; She is descended of
 " our Royal Stem, and if again she be ingrafted in that Stock out of which she sprang, it is but
 " natural.

“ natural. And you (my Lords) where can ye find a Match more honourable for both Nations ? Where can ye find a better and more profitable Friendship than ours ? Are we not a People inhabiting one Island, have we not both one Language, are we not of like Habit and Fashion, of like Quality and Condition of Life, guarded and separated from the other World by the great Depths of the Ocean ? What evil Customs have come into your Country by your last Alliance with us ? Nay what Civility, Policy, and laudable Fashions (to the Confusion of Barbarity) have not followed hereupon ? By this the Glory of both Realms will increase, either being sufficient not only to furnish Necessaries, but even all lawful and moderate Contentments of Life to support others. Besides that, an Assurance of Defence, Strength and Power to invade, and Ease in undergoing publick Charges, will hereby follow.

“ We are not ignorant that your Lady is designed for *France* ; but how long (alas) will ye continue prodigal of your Blood for the *French* ? What have ye advantaged your selves by your Alliance with *France*, save that they engage your Bodies in their Wars, and by conferring upon you unprofitable Titles of Honour, take from you what is truly real ? Ye are reserved as a Postern-gate, by which they may enter *England*, diverting our Forces, and transporting the Stage of the War upon our Borders. Learn to forget your *French* ; or if ye be so enamoured with *France*, love her after our Manner ; come take a Share, be Partakers of our Victories. Are not our Forces, being joined, sufficient to overcome, nay bring in Chains hither that King of *Bourges*, and make our selves Masters of his Continent ? *France* did never so much good to *Scotland* in Twenty Years, as *Scotland* hath had Loss by *England* for the Love and Cause of *France* in one. Are not your Wounds at *Vermueil* and *Cravant* yet bleeding, and all for the *French* ? It hath been your Valour, and not the *French* which heretofore empeached our Conquest and Progress in *France* : Were it not for your Swords, we had made e're now the loftiest Tops of the *Alps* or *Pyrenees* bear our Trophies. Ye say, ye reverence and cannot break your old League and Confederation with that Kingdom. Happy Leagues, but wo to the Keepers of them ! Unhappy *Scotland*, and too too honest ; and the more unhappy for that thy Honesty is the great Cause of thy Mishaps ! How long shall that old League (counted amongst the Fables of the ancient *Paladines*) make you waste your Lives, Goods, and Fortunes, and lose your better Friends ? The Genius of this Isle seemeth to cry unto us her Nurselings, to stay our cruel Hands, no longer to be her Desolation, and the Wrack one of another, not to pass over and neglect these fair Occasions of mutual Alliances, which will not only effectuate Truces and Leagues amongst our selves, but at last bring a perpetual Peace and Union : For by Interchange of Marriages (being united) this Isle shall continue stronger by entertaining Peace and Amity, than by all these Giant Walls, Rampiers of Mountains, and that huge Ditch of Seas, by which Nature hath environed and fortified her. Now, that ye may know how dearly we esteem your Friendship and Alliance, whereas others go to take from you, we will give you *Roxburgh* and *Berwick*, and all the Lands between *Tweed* and *Re-crofs*. If Shadows prevail and prove stronger with you then essential Reason, and that ye disesteem our Offer, losing this good Occasion ; We as Neighbours and Friends entreat you, that ye do not uphold the *French*, now in the Sun-set of their Fortunes, and at their weakest ; that ye would not shoulder this falling Wall ; but that ye would live quiet within your selves, keeping your own in a Neutrality, receiving both Sides, *French* and *English* in the way of Friendship, neither Side in the way of Faction.

The *French* Ambassador spoke to to this purpose. “ It seemeth strange to me, that it should be questioned, and fall within the Circle of Deliberation, whether Old, ever True, and Assured Friends ; or Old, never Trusted, and Only Enemies, should in an honourable Suit be preferred : Whether ye should stand to a Nation, which, in your greatest Calamities, never abandoned you, or embrace and be carried away with one which hath ever sought your Overthrow. The *English* sue for your Alliance and Friendship, but it is to make you leave your old Confederates, and turn the Instruments of their Ruine, and at last bring the Yoke of Bondage upon your selves. The *French* sue for your Friendship, and Alliance, both to Support themselves and hold Servitude from you. Were not your Friendship with *France*, their Power, Policy and Number had long ere these Days over-turned your Realm ; or had *France* but shown her self an indifferent Arbitress of the Blows between *Scotland* and *England*, ye had scarce till now kept your Name, less your Liberties. Can ye prove so ungrateful as not to supply them who supported you ? Can ye prove so inconstant, after so many glorious Wounds received in the Defence of *France*, as cowardly to turn your Backs upon her in her greatest Need, defacing all the Traces of your former Fame and Glory ? With what Countenances could ye look upon those *Scots*, which at *Vermueil* and *Cravant*, in the Bed of Honour, left their Lives, if unrevenged ye should adhere and join your selves to their Enemies and Killers ? Now though ye would forsake the *French*, at this time intangled in many Difficulties, not regarding their Well-being, nor solicitous of their Standing ; at least be careful of your own.

“ It cannot subsist with your Well and Safety, to suffer a bordering Nation, always at Enmity with you, to arise to that Height and Power by such an Addition as is the Kingdom of *France*.

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All Good Men with these Proceedings of the King were well pleased; for if Princes could keep their own, and that which justly belongeth unto them, they could not be urged to draw such extraordinary Subsidies from the Blood, Sweat, and Tears of their People. Yet this was the Shelf on which this Prince perished: For many who were accustomed to be Co-partners of such Off-fallings, began to storm and repine at his Actions: But none was so implacable as *Robert Graham*, Uncle and Tutor to *Miles Graham*, the Son of *Eupheme* Daughter to *David* Earl of *Strathern*. For, plotting Mischief, he began to rail, speak in high terms, associate himself with others of his own Mind. Notwithstanding that the King, *Anno 1428.* in *September*, had bestowed on his Nephew the Lands and Earldom of *Menteith* in compensation of that of *Strathern*, to which he pretended Right, it being an Appenage of the Crown.

About this Time, Ambassadors came into *Scotland* from *Ericus* King of *Denmark*, requiring of King *James* the payment of a yearly Tribute, which was due to him as King of *Norway*, for the Western Isles, according to the Covenant and Agreement made by *Alexander III.* King of *Scotland*, and his Predecessor *Magnus*, the Son of *Acbo*, then King of *Norway*. The Ambassador was honourably received, and Sir *William Creighton* Chancellor, directed to go with him to *Denmark*, who there renewed the old League between the Realms, settled questionable Matters, and confirmed a perfect Amity and stedfast Peace.

Ambassadors came also from *Charles* the French King, not only to Confirm the old Amity between *Scotland* and *France*, but, for a better Assurance thereof, to have *Margaret* eldest Daughter to King *James* (already betrothed to *Lewis* the Dauphin, who now was Thirteen Years of Age) delivered to them and convoyed to *France*. The English foreknowing this Alliance, had before sent the Lord *Scroop*, with other Associates to Him in Embassy, to have the old League between the French and the Scots dissolved, and to join the King's Daughter in Marriage with *Henry VI.* their King; promising, if the King would thereto agree, and join in League with them, that the Town and Castle of *Berwick* should be delivered to the Power of the Scots, with all the Lands lying between *Tweed* and the *Re-Cross*, which, when *William* the Conqueror granted *Cumberland* to the Scots, marched *England* and *Scotland*, and is now a Fragment of a Cross in *Richmond-Shire*, near the Spittle on *Stann Moor*, about which is nothing but a wild Desert.

Having Audience, the Lord *Scroop* spake before the Council to this purpose:

" I am directed hither by my Master and his Council, about a Business, which concerneth
 " the Honour and Profit of the Two Kingdoms, above any other which can be projected; and
 " it is the establishing of a perpetual Peace and Concord between them, and happily (when it
 " shall please the higher Providence) their uniting in one Body, under one Prince, one Day.
 " How vain the attempting of this heretofore by Arms hath proved, the World can but too well
 " bear witness. The many Proofs of either's Valour against Themselves having been but a lavish
 " Effusion of humane Blood. The fairest Way, the easiest Means to make Enmities cease and
 " these ancient Quarrels, was begun, Sir, in your Person, by the happy Marriage of the Daugh-
 " ter of *John* Duke of *Somerset*, Brother to King *Henry IV.* and Son to the Duke of *Lancaster*;
 " and prosperously hath continued these Years past. Now that Peace may be lasting, and the
 " Affections and Minds of the two Nations soldered together, our Request is, That this Alliance
 " may be again renewed, by the Marriage of your eldest Daughter with our young King, a most
 " fitting and equal Match. And in seeking of her, we crave but our own; She is descended of
 " our Royal Stem, and if again she be ingrafted in that Stock out of which she sprang, it is but
 " natural.

“ natural. And you (my Lords) where can ye find a Match more honourable for both Nations ? Where can ye find a better and more profitable Friendship than ours ? Are we not a People inhabiting one Island, have we not both one Language, are we not of like Habit and Fashion, of like Quality and Condition of Life, guarded and separated from the other World by the great Depths of the Ocean ? What evil Customs have come into your Country by your last Alliance with us ? Nay what Civility, Policy, and laudable Fashions (to the Confusion of Barbarity) have not followed hereupon ? By this the Glory of both Realms will increase, either being sufficient not only to furnish Necessaries, but even all lawful and moderate Contentments of Life to support others. Besides that, an Assurance of Defence, Strength and Power to invade, and Ease in undergoing publick Charges, will hereby follow.

“ We are not ignorant that your Lady is designed for *France* ; but how long (alas) will ye continue prodigal of your Blood for the *French* ? What have ye advantaged your selves by your Alliance with *France*, save that they engage your Bodies in their Wars, and by conferring upon you unprofitable Titles of Honour, take from you what is truly real ? Ye are reserved as a Postern-gate, by which they may enter *England*, diverting our Forces, and transporting the Stage of the War upon our Borders. Learn to forget your *French* ; or if ye be so enamoured with *France*, love her after our Manner ; come take a Share, be Partakers of our Victories. Are not our Forces, being joined, sufficient to overcome, nay bring in Chains hither that King of *Bourges*, and make our selves Masters of his Continent ? *France* did never so much good to *Scotland* in Twenty Years, as *Scotland* hath had Loss by *England* for the Love and Cause of *France* in one. Are not your Wounds at *Vermueil* and *Cravant* yet bleeding, and all for the *French* ? It hath been your Valour, and not the *French* which heretofore empeached our Conquest and Progress in *France* : Were it not for your Swords, we had made e're now the loftiest Tops of the *Alps* or *Pyrenees* bear our Trophies. Ye say, ye reverence and cannot break your old League and Confederation with that Kingdom. Happy Leagues, but wo to the Keepers of them ! Unhappy *Scotland*, and too too honest ; and the more unhappy for that thy Honesty is the great Cause of thy Mishaps ! How long shall that old League (counted amongst the Fables of the ancient *Paladines*) make you waste your Lives, Goods, and Fortunes, and lose your better Friends ? The Genius of this Isle seemeth to cry unto us her Nurselings, to stay our cruel Hands, no longer to be her Desolation, and the Wrack one of another, not to pass over and neglect these fair Occasions of mutual Alliances, which will not only effectuate Truces and Leagues amongst our selves, but at last bring a perpetual Peace and Union : For by Interchange of Marriages (being united) this Isle shall continue stronger by entertaining Peace and Amity, than by all these Giant Walls, Rampiers of Mountains, and that huge Ditch of Seas, by which Nature hath environed and fortified her. Now, that ye may know how dearly we esteem your Friendship and Alliance, whereas others go to take from you, we will give you *Roxburgh* and *Berwick*, and all the Lands between *Tweed* and *Re-crofs*. If Shadows prevail and prove stronger with you then essential Reason, and that ye disesteem our Offer, losing this good Occasion ; We as Neighbours and Friends entreat you, that ye do not uphold the *French*, now in the Sun-set of their Fortunes, and at their weakest ; that ye would not shoulder this falling Wall ; but that ye would live quiet within your selves, keeping your own in a Neutrality, receiving both Sides, *French* and *English* in the way of Friendship, neither Side in the way of Faction.

The *French* Ambassador spoke to to this purpose. “ It seemeth strange to me, that it should be questioned, and fall within the Circle of Deliberation, whether Old, ever True, and Assured Friends ; or Old, never Trusted, and Only Enemies, should in an honourable Suit be preferred : Whether ye should stand to a Nation, which, in your greatest Calamities, never abandoned you ; or embrace and be carried away with one which hath ever sought your Overthrow. The *English* sue for your Alliance and Friendship, but it is to make you leave your old Confederates, and turn the Instruments of their Ruine, and at last bring the Yoke of Bondage upon your selves. The *French* sue for your Friendship, and Alliance, both to Support themselves and hold Servitude from you. Were not your Friendship with *France*, their Power, Policy and Number had long ere these Days over-turned your Realm ; or had *France* but shown her self an indifferent Arbitress of the Blows between *Scotland* and *England*, ye had scarce till now kept your Name, less your Liberties. Can ye prove so ungrateful as not to supply them who supported you ? Can ye prove so inconstant, after so many glorious Wounds received in the Defence of *France*, as cowardly to turn your Backs upon her in her greatest Need, defacing all the Traces of your former Fame and Glory ? With what Countenances could ye look upon those *Scots*, which at *Vermueil* and *Cravant*, in the Bed of Honour, left their Lives, if unrevenged ye should adhere and join your selves to their Enemies and Killers ? Now though ye would forsake the *French*, at this time intangled in many Difficulties, not regarding their Well-being, nor solicitous of their Standing ; at least be careful of your own.

“ It cannot subsist with your Well and Safety, to suffer a bordering Nation, always at Enmity with you, to arise to that Height and Power by such an Addition as is the Kingdom of *France*.

" So soon as a State hath a Neighbour strong enough and able to subdue it, it is no more to be
 " esteemed a free Estate. The *English* are already become so Potent, that no less than united
 " Forces of Neighbour Kingdoms will serve to stop the Current of their Fortune. Neglect not the
 " certain Love of the *French*, your often tried and ancient Friends, for the uncertain Friendship,
 " and (within a little time) forgotten Alliances of the *English*, your late reconciled Enemies.
 " But it may be, after mutual Marriages have one Day joined your Two Kingdoms in One,
 " they will seek no Preheminency over your State, nor make Thrall your Kingdom, but be
 " knit up with you in a perfect Union. Do not small Brooks lose their Names when they
 " commix their Streams with mighty Rivers; and are not Rivers ingulfed, when they mingle
 " their Waters with the Seas? Ye enjoy now a kind of mixed Government (my Lords) not liv-
 " ing under Absolute Sovereignty: Your King proceedeth with you more by Prayers and Re-
 " quests than by Precepts and Commandments, and is rather your Head than Sovereign, as ruling
 " a Nation not conquered. But when ye shall be joined in a Body with that Kingdom which
 " is absolutely Royal and purely Monarchical, having long suffered the Laws of a Conquerour,
 " ye shall find a Change and a terrible Transformation. The free managing of your own Af-
 " fairs shall be taken from you; Laws, Magistracies, Honours shall depend on them; the Wealth
 " of your Kingdom shall be transferred to theirs; which to obey and prostrate your selves unto,
 " if ye be found stubborn, ye shall suffer as a Nation conquered, be redacted into a Province,
 " have Deputies and Governours set over you, Garrisons in your strongest Holds and Castles,
 " and by a Calm of Peace and Union receive more fearful Blows than ye could have suffered
 " by any Tempest of War, the Miseries of a most lamentable Servitude. What Courtesy can
 " ye expect at their Hands, who, contrary to all Divine and Human Laws, detained your King
 " Eighteen Years Prisoner, and besides an exorbitant Ransom (as if he had been taken in a
 " lawful War) did not without Hostages send him home? We of *France* did never forsake
 " you in your Extremities, and we expect ye will assist us with all your Power. They are in
 " suit of your Daughter, but it is long after she was assured unto us; in claiming her we claim
 " but our own. This Time past ye have only had the Custody and Education of her; yet, if
 " they be so ambitious of your Alliance, God hath blessed you with more than this. But it is
 " not that which they sue for, it is to make you disclaim your Friends, hate those which love
 " you, and love them which hate you; and they are working upon you as upon a rude un-
 " polished People. They offer to render you *Berwick* and *Roxburgh*: These Gifts of Enemies
 " are to be feared; they know it is in their own Power to re-obtain them when they please.
 " As for that Point, wherein they would have you indifferent Spectators of the Blows, and
 " that it shall be profitable for you not to meddle with this War. Ye are too near engaged;
 " neither is there any thing can be more dammageable unto you: For, if ye be not of the Party,
 " ye may assure your selves that your Country shall remain a Prey and Reward to the Conque-
 " ror, with Content and Applause of the Vanquished, who is not bound to succour those who
 " refused to assist and help him in his Necessities. Prove Firm and Constant to us your first Con-
 " federates; combine your Forces with ours, and by the Assistance of that supreme Providence
 " who pitieth at last the Oppressed, we have fair Certainties and true Hopes, to cut so much
 " Work Abroad to the *English*, that they shall do little or no Harm to you at Home.

The King and Nobles, though it seemed more profitable for the present Time to follow the
English (weighing their Offers) yet held it more advantageous and sure for Times to come to
 follow the *French*. For if the *English* should make Conquest of *France*, the Conquest of *Scotland*
 would scarce be one Month's work to their Power: And for matter of Alliance, God knows how
 little Princes regard it; when occasion is offered to enlarge their Power and Dominion. There-
 upon they declare they will not break the ancient League and Peace they have kept with *France*.

The *English* Ambassadors, denied of their Suit, went from Prayers and Requests to Threat-
 nings and Menacings, and having Friendship refused, denounced War; If the King gave his
 Daughter to the *French*, that they, if they could, would hinder her passage by Sea, having
 already a Fleet prepared to this effect. And thus went away the *English* Ambassadors.

The King was so far from being moved by these Threatnings, that immediately he made
 ready his Ships; and knowing more Affairs to be brought to a good End and finished by the Op-
 portunity of Occasions, than by Force and Power, with an able Company of Mariners and Sol-
 diers setteth his Daughter to Sea.

The *English* Fleet had waited upon her, but (Providence so appointing) she escaped them,
 and they encountred a Fleet of *Spaniards* keeping their Course towards the *Netherlands*. Them
 they beset with Four score Vessels, commanding the Ladies and all of their Company to be de-
 livered unto them: When they would not accept of friendly Answers, they fall to handy
 Blows, till in end by loss of Men and some Ships, they understood their Error. The Lady
Margaret, thus without danger by the *Western* Seas, arrived at *Rochel*, having for her Convoy
 a whole Colony of Gentlewomen (the Histories say an Hundred and Fourty went with her) all
 of noble Parentage, of which Train were her Five Sisters. From *Rochel* she held her Progress to
 Tours;

Tours; there with an extraordinary Pomp, and Magnificence the 24. of June, Anno 1436. was she married to the Dauphin *Lewis*.

The King to defray the Charges raised by Transporting and Marriage of his Daughter (the *French* seeking with her small or no Dowry, (these Times preferring Parentage and Beauty before Gold or Riches) all that was craved being a Supply of Men of Arms for their Support against the *English*) laid a Subsidy on his Subjects, the one half of which being levied, and the People grudging and repining at the exacting of the other half, (it being taken from Men who lived hardly in a barren Soil) he caused render a Part of it again, and discharged the Remainder.

At this Time, by Sea and Land, the *English*, in Revenge of the Refusal of the Offers of their Ambassadors, began to use all Hostility against the *Scots*. *Henry Percy* of *Northumberland* invadeth the Country with Four Thousand Men: Whether of his own Bravery, abhorring Ease and Idleness, or that he had a Commission so to do, is uncertain. With him came *Sir Henry Clydesdale*, *Sir John Ogle*, *Richard Percy*, and many Men of Choice and Worth. The Frontier-Garrisons invaded all Places near unto them. To resist these Incurfions, *William Douglas*, Earl of *Angus*, getteth Charge; a Man resembling his Ancestors in all Virtues either of War or Peace, and the most eminent of his Time: With him went *Adam Hepburn* of *Hailes*, *Alexander Elphinston* of *Elphinston* in *Lothian*, and *Alexander Ramsay* of *Dalbousie*, in all being Four Thousand strong. These covetous of Glory, besides the ancient Quarrel of the two Nations, having the particular Emulations of their Ancestors to be Spurs unto them, make speedy Journeys to have a Proof of their Virtue and Courage. The Lists of their Meeting was *Popperden*, a Place not far from *Bramston*, *Rhodam*, *Rosedon*, *Eglingham*, all cheared with the Stream of a small Brook, named *Brammish*, which, arising out of the *Cheviot*, loseth its Name in the *Till*, as the *Till* after many windings disgorgeth it self in the *Tweed*. *Adam Hepburn* and *Alexander Elphinston* led the Vanguard of the *Scots*; *Sir Richard Percy*, *Sir John Ogle*, of the *English*; *Alexander Ramsay* and *Henry Clydesdale* kept the Rears. The two Generals rode about the Armies, remembering them of their ancient Valour, the Wrongs received, the Justness of the Quarrel, the Glory of the Victory, the Shame of the Overthrow. No sooner were they come within Distance of joining, when the Sound of the Drums and Trumpets was out-noised by the Shouts of the Assaultants, who furiously encountered. The Guns being about this Time found out, were here first practised between the *Scots* and the *English* in an open Field. When the Fight with equal Order had been long maintained on both Sides, now the *Scots*, then the *English* yielding Ground, many of the Commanders at length began to fall, most of the *English*. Then was *Percy* constrained to be at once Commander and Soldier, but ere he could be heard, some Companies had turned their Backs, among the thickest Throngs of which breaking in, he found so great Disorder, that neither by Authority, Intreaty, or Force, he was able to stay their flying. Thus distracted between the two Courses of Honour and Shame, he is hurried far from the Place of Fight, and Victory declared her self altogether for the *Scots*; which was not so great in the Execution, as in the Death and Captivity of some brave Men. Of the *Scots* Two Hundred Gentlemen and common Soldiers were slain, among which was *Alexander Elphinston*, maintaining the Battel with his Sword, Voice and Wounds, and two other Knights. Of the *English* died *Sir Henry Clydesdale*, *Sir John Ogle*, *Sir Richard Percy*, with Fifteen Hundred Gentlemen and common Soldiers, of which Fourty were Knights, four Hundred were taken Prisoners.

The King irritated by the Way-laying of his Daughter, the invading of his Borders, and encouraged not a little by this little Smile of Fortune at *Popperden*, it being more sure to prevent than repell Dangers, and with the same Policy to defend, by which the Enemies offend, resolveth by open War to invade *England*. He was also stirred unto this by his Intelligence from his Friends in *France*, who had brought greater Matters to pass than in so short a Time could have been expected: For concealed Envy and old Malice, bursting out between *Richard Duke of York*, and *Edmond Duke of Somerset*, *Philip Duke of Burgundy* being entred in Friendship with King *Charles*, the *English* began to be daily Losers, and were put out of *Paris* and many Towns of *France*. To this effect King *James* having raised an Army cometh to *Roxburgh* (a Place fatal to his) and there besieged the Castle of *Marchmont*, which is *Roxburgh*. It was valiantly defended by *Sir Ralph Gray*: But when he was come so near the End of his Labours, that they within the Castle were driven to Terms of Agreement and Conditions for giving up the Fort, the Queen in great Haste cometh to the Camp, representing to her Husband a Conspiracy, the Greatness of the Peril of which, if it were not speedily prevented, should endanger his Estate, Person and Race. Whether she had any inkling of the Conspiracy, or contrived this to divert his Forces from the Assault, and further Harm of the *English* her Friends and Country-Men, it is uncertain. The King who found his Imagination wounded upon this Point, after many doubtful Resolutions and Conflicts in his Thoughts, raiseth the Siege, disbandeth the Army, and accompanied with some chosen Bands of his most assured Friends, returneth back, to provide for his own Safety. A strange Resolution, to disband an Army for a Tale of Treason. Where could there be a greater Safety for a King than in an Army? Yet have Conspiracies been often in Camps, and in his own Time, *Richard Earl of Cambridge*, Brother to *Edward Duke of York*, *Henry Lord Scroop*, with

Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight, at the Instigation of the *Dauphin* of *France*, for a great Sum of Money, conspired to Murder *Henry V.* King of *England*, in the midst of his Armies, if they had not been surpris'd. The King feared all, because he had not yet heard the Names of any; but most the Army, by reason of the Nobility, many of which, who liked not the present Form of Government, were irritated against him. Were the Conspiracy a Rebellion, and in general by them all, they were ready in Arms to maintain their Factions; and if upon Suspicion the King should attack any (being secretly joined in a League) He would hardly have meddled with their Persons, without a Civil War, which, in regard of his Engagement with *England*, he endeavoured to spare. Perplexed, pensive, and sad he cometh to *Pertb*, stayeth in the Convent of the *Dominicans*, named the *Black-Friers* (a place not far from the Town-Wall) endeavouring so secretly as was possible to find out the Conspiracy. But his close Practising was not unknown to the Conspirators, as that there was more Peril to resolve than execute a Treason, a Distance of Time between the Plot and Execution discovering and overthrowing the Enterprize. Hereupon they determine to hazard on the Mischief, before Trial or Remedy could be thought upon.

The Conspirators were *Robert Graham*, Uncle and Tutor to *Miles Graham*, *Robert Stewart* Nephew to *Walter* Earl of *Atbole*, and one of the King's sworn Domesticks: But he who gave Motion to all, was the Earl of *Atbole* himself, the King's Father's Brother, whose Quarrel was no less than a pretended Title and Claim to the Crown; which he formed and alledged thus. His Brother *David* and he were procreated by King *Robert II.* on his first Wife *Euphem Ross*, Daughter to the Earl of *Ross*, and therefore ought and should have been preferred to the Succession of the Crown, before King *John* (named *Robert*) and all the Race of *Elizabeth Moor*, who was but his second Wife, and next them, but Heirs to King *Robert II.* They were the eldest Sons of King *Robert* after he was King, *John* and *Robert* being born when he was but in a private-State, and Earl of *Strathern*: For it would appear, that as a Son, born after his Father hath lost his Kingdom, is not esteemed for the Son of a King, so neither he that is born before the Father be a King. These Reasons he thought sufficient, the King taken away, to set him in the Room of State: But considered not how Sacred the Name of King is to the *Scots* Nation, how a Crown once worn quite taketh away what Defects soever; and that it was not easy to divest a King in present Possession of a Crown, who had his Right from his Father and Grandfather, with the Authority of a Parliament approving his Descent, and secluding all others; less came it in his Thought, that those Children are legitimate and lawful, which cannot be thrust back and rejected without troubling the common Peace of the Country, and opening a Gate to foreign Invasions, Domestical Disturbances, and all Disorders, with an unsettled Course of Succession; the Common Error making the Right or Law.

Atbole animated by the Oracle of a Sooth-sayer of his Highland Country, who had assured him he should be crowned in a Solemn Assembly before his Death, never gave over his hopes of obtaining the Crown: And being inferiour and weak in Power and Faction to the other Brothers, to compass his Designs he betaketh himself to treacherous Devices. It was not in his Power to ruine so many at once: For Mischief required there should be distance between so many bloody Acts; therefore he layeth his Course for the taking away of his Kindred one after another at Leisure: He soweth Jealousies, entertaineth Discords, maintaineth Factions amongst them. By his Counsel *David* Duke of *Rothsay*, the King's eldest Brother, was furnished in the Tower of *Falkland*: Neither had *James* (then a Child) escaped his Treachery, if far off in *England* he had not been preserved. He perswaded the Earl of *Fife*, that, making out of the way the King his Brother, he should put the Crown on his own Head: He trafficked the Return of King *James*, and, he being come, he plotted the Overthrow of Duke *Mordock*, by fit Instruments for such a Business, proving the Crimes laid against him in the Attainder, & he himself sat Judge against him and his Children. Thus stirring one of the Kinsmen against another, he so enfeebled the Race of *Elizabeth Moor*, that of a numerous Offspring there only remained *James* and his Son (a Child not yet Six Years of Age) upon whose Sepulchres building his Designs, with a small Alteration of the State, he thought it an easy Step to the Crown.

Robert Graham had been long imprisoned, & at last released; but being a Man implacable once offended, and cruel, whom neither Benefits could oblige, nor Dangers make wise, an Enemy to Peace, Factious and Ambitious alike, by many wicked Plots afterwards, and Crimes against the Laws of the Country, driven to an Out-lawry, and to live as banished, he had ever a Male-talent against the King since the adjudging of the Earldom of *Strathern* from his Nephew *Miles*.

Robert Stewart was very familiar with the King, and his Access to his Chamber and Person advanced the Enterprize: Being a riotous young Man, gaping after great Matters, neither respecting Faith nor Fame, and daring to attempt any Thing for the accomplishing of his own foolish Hopes, and his Grand-father's Aims and Ambition. These having associated unto them the most audacious, whom either Fear of Punishments for their Misdeeds, or Hopes of Preferment by a Change of the Government would plunge into any Enterprize; in the Month of

February

February, so secretly as was possible, assembled together, where the Earl spake to this Sense unto them.

“ These Engagements which every one of you have to another, and which I have to every
 “ one of you, founded on the strongest Grounds of Consanguinity, Friendship, Interest of
 “ committed and received Wrongs, move me freely here to reveal my secret Drifts, and dis-
 “ cover the Depths of my hidden Purposes and Counsels. The strange Tragedies which in the
 “ State and Government have been acted, since the coming of this *English*-man to the Crown,
 “ are to none of you unknown: *Mordock* with his Children have been beheaded; the Earl of
 “ *Lennox* his Father-in-law had that same End; the Nobility repine at the Government of
 “ their King; the King is in Jealousy of his Nobles; the *Commons* are in the Way of Rebellion.
 “ These all have been the Effects of my far-mining Policies. And hitherto they have fallen
 “ forth as fortunately, as they were ingeniously plotted. For, what more ingenious and cun-
 “ ning Stratagem could be projected, to decline the rank Growth of these Usurpers, than to
 “ take them away by Handles made of their own Timber? And, if there was any Wrong
 “ in such Proceedings, in small Matters Wrong must be done, that Justice and Equity may be
 “ performed in great. My Fear was (and yet is) that the taking down of the Scaffold of
 “ *Mordock* should be the putting up of ours. Crowns suffer no Corrivals; the World knows,
 “ and he himself is conscious to it, that the Right and Title to the Crown, by Descent of Blood
 “ from *Robert II.* my Father, was in the Person of *David* my Brother, and is justly claimed
 “ now by me and our Nephew. As for an Act of Parliament confirming the Right of that o-
 “ ther Race, and for Oaths of Allegiance, no Parliamentary Authority can take away Justice,
 “ and the Law of God. Neither is an Oath to be observed, when, it tendeth to the Suppression
 “ of Truth and Right: And though for a Time such Acts and Oaths have prevailed, our De-
 “ signs having good Success, we shall have a Parliament approving our Right, abolishing
 “ their Pretensions, and declaring them Usurpers. This one Man and a Child taken away (if
 “ we can give the Blow) the Kingdom must Obey the lawful Successor; against whom what
 “ Subject will Revolt, or who dare take Arms? And here is more Fear than Danger. But think
 “ there were; the only Remedy of imminent Dangers is new Dangers. It was Simplicity in
 “ him to think by small Benefits that old Injuries are abolish’d and forgot, and that I should take
 “ patiently the Title of Earl, when I should have been King my self. By his tyrannizing Ju-
 “ stice, if he be not hated, he is not beloved, but become terrible to his People, who now through
 “ their Poverty and Grievances affect a Novation, and obey him not out of any Affection, but
 “ through Necessity and Fear; and now he also feareth, that some do that to him which he hath
 “ deserved.

“ Let us resolve his Doubts, our Ends are Honour and Revenge, our Wills against him all a-
 “ like and one. The Heavens seem to conspire with us, having brought him to disband his Army,
 “ and render himself in the wished Place of our Attempts; and let us rather follow them and
 “ Fortune, which favours great Actions, than Virtue that preacheth cowardly Patience; remem-
 “ bring how fair Glosses of Valour for the most part have been cast on the foulest Deeds, and the
 “ mightiest Families have from them derived their Honours, Shame seldom or never following
 “ Victory, however it be achieved and purchased. That Sovereignty at the first was but a vio-
 “ lent Usurpation of the stronger over the weaker. How great Enterprizes must begin with Dan-
 “ ger, but end with Rewards, that Death should rather be prevented than expected, and that it is
 “ more honourable to die, than prolong a Life in Misery, wandering in the Scorn of other Mens
 “ Pride. Be resolute in our Plot, put the Enterprize in Execution. Haste is the Spirit of Actions
 “ of Danger. The worst that can befall us is, since we cannot subsist he being alive, that he be
 “ taken away whilst we run a Hazard of Death, which happeneth to all Men alike, with only the
 “ Difference of Fame or Oblivion with Posterity, which ariseth of an evil Action, as well as of a
 “ good, if the Action and Attempt be great. But let us not spend the Time of Execution in
 “ Deliberation.

Not long after, when they had pondered and digested the Design, *Graham* and *Stewart* with their Accomplices, guided by Resolution, and guarded by the Darkness of the Night, came to the *Black-Friars* of *Perth*, and having the Way made open unto them, entered the Gallery before the King’s Chamber-Door, where they attended some of their Confederates, who should have stohn away the Bar, by which means they might enter the Chamber: But before their coming Fortune casteth the Occasion in their Hands.

For *Walter Straton*, one of the King’s Cup-bearers, came forth of the Chamber, and finding armed Men rushing rudely to force their Entry, terrified with the Boldness of the Fact, with a high Voice gave the Alarm of Treason to his Master. While they are working his Death, a Maid of Honour of the Name of *Dowglas* got to the Door, and essayed to shut it; but, for that the Bar was now away which should have made it fast, she thrust her Arm in the Place where it should have passed; but, that easily broken, the Conspirators rush into the Chamber, and slay-

ing all such of the Wairers as made Defence (amongst which was *Patrick Dunbar*, Brother to *George* sometime Earl of *March*) they at last struck down the King; whom, whilst the Queen by interposing her Body sought to save (being hardly pulled from him) she received Two Wounds, and he with Twenty Eight, most towards the Heart, was left dead.

Thus was King *James I.* who had so superabundantly deserved well of the Commonwealth, murdered the 21st of *February* in the End of the Year 1436, the 44 of his Age, when he had reigned 13 Years.

This King was, for the Proportion and Shape of his Body of a middle Stature, Thick and Square, rather somewhat Mean than Tall, not such as is counted for Dainty but for Gracefulness and Majesty. His Hair was Abourn, a Colour between White and Red. He was of so strong and vigorous a Constitution, that he was able to endure all extraordinary Extremities both of Travel and Want; and surpassed for Agility and Nimbleness in any Exercise, his Companions. He was of so sharp and pregnant a Wit, that there was nothing wherein the Commendation of Wit consisted, or any Shadow of the Liberal Arts did appear, that he had not applied his Mind unto; seeming rather born to Letters than instructed. He wrote Verses both *Latin* and *English*, of which many are yet extant. He exercised all Instruments of Musick, and equalled the best Professors thereof. He had studied all Philosophy, but most that which concerns Government; in which what a Master he was, the Order, which he established in such a Confusion as he found in the State, doth witness, and many old Laws commodiously renewed and amended, others for the Publick Good established. He was a great Observer of religious Forms: Easy for Access, fair in Speech and Countenance, in Behaviour kind, using Sleep and Meat to live, not for Voluptuousness. He had good Command over his Passions, his Desires never being above his Reason, nor his Hopes inferiour to his Desires. Though he was much obliged to the Gifts of Nature, yet was he more to his good Education and Training in *England*. Scarce had he passed the Ninth Year of his Age, when he was committed to the Sea to shun the Treasons of his Uncle, and was surprized at *Flamboy-head* in *Holderness*. *Windsor Castle* kept him a Prisoner, but by Commandment of King *Henry* he was so carefully instructed, that no Prince could have been better bred in the Schools of *Europe*. What his Valour was, the Wars of *France* bear witness: For accompanying the King of *England* there, he laid Siege to the Town of *Direx*, and with such Violence and Valour (saith the *English History*) assaulted it for the space of Six Weeks, that with main Strength he compelled it to be rendered into his Hands, and gave it to King *Henry*. That Commendation which was given him by that same King of *England*, being recorded by their Writers, proved Prophetically True of him: For the King remembring him of his Benefits received, and promising him greater, with free Liberty to return to his own Country, if he could cause the *Scots*, who were adherent to the Dauphin of *France*, to return to their native Soil and leave him: To this he answered, *He was a Prisoner, had no Possession of his Realm; that he was neither sworn to his Subjects, nor they by any Oath of Allegiance bound to him, and though he were bound to them, and they to follow his Commandment, he would foresee whether it were to him honourable, and to his Realm honest, to leave their Old Friend of France in his extreme Necessity without Aid or Comfort.* With this Answer, though the King was not content, when *James* went out of his Presence, he is recorded to have said, *Happy shall they be which shall be Subjects to a King endowed with such Wisdom of so tender Tears of Age.* His Severity in Justice was traduced by some under Terms of Cruelty; but considering the Disorders of his Country, by the fierce Nature of the People over whom he ruled, who by often Rebellions did not only exasperate him to some Severity, but even constrain him to keep them in awe, his Rigour was rather an Effect of Necessity than of his natural Disposition. No Prince did more reverently entertain Peace at Home amongst his Subjects, nor more willingly conclude the same amongst Strangers. There is no Prince more cruel than he, who by a Facility and evil measured Pity, suffers Robberies, Rapes, Murders, and all sort of Oppression and Abuses to overturn his Country, in which a whole State is interested, when the strictest Justice toucheth but some particular Persons. By him Abuses were reformed, Defects repaired, Sedition and Discord was put from the Nobles, Equity and Industry restored to the Country, every Man had a Certainty of enjoying his own with Security. Into all Men was either infused a Will to do well, or a Necessity of so doing imposed upon them, virtuous Actions being honoured, Crimes punished. The Mean Man did Respect the Great, not Fear him; the Great Man did Precede the Mean, not Contemn him; Favour was mastered by Equity, Ambition by Virtue: For the excellent Prince by doing well himself, had taught his Subjects so to do.

He was one of the worthiest of all the Kings of *Scotland* till his Time: Of the former Kings it might have been said, The Nation made them Kings, but this King made that People a Nation. He left behind him One Son and Six Daughters, King *James II.* *Margaret* Wife to *Lewis XI.* King of *France*, *Elizabeth* Dutchess of *Bretaigne*, *Jane* first of *Angus*, and then Countess of *Huntly*, *Elenora* married to *Sigismund* Arch-duke of *Austria*, *Mary* Wife to the Lord of *Campvere*, and *Annabella*. He was buried in the *Charter-house* of *Perth* which he had founded,

where

where the Doublet in which he was slain was kept almost to our Time as a Relick, and with Execrations seen of the People, every Man thinking himself interested in his Wrong.

The Rumour of his Murder blazed abroad, it is incredible what Weeping and Sorrow was through all the Country; for even by them, to whom his Government was not pleasant, he was deplored, and the Act thought execrable. The Nobles of their own Accord and Motion, from all Parts of the Kingdom assembled and came to *Edinburgh*, and ere they consulted together (as if they had all one Mind) directed Troops of armed Men through all the Quarters of the Kingdom, to apprehend the Murderers, and produce them to Justice. Such Diligence was used (Grief and Anger working in their Minds) that within the Space of Fourty Days all the Conspirators were taken, and put to shameful Deaths. The common Sort, as *Christopher Clawn*, or *Cabown*, and others that were of the Counsel in the Conspiracy, having had Art or Part in the Plot, were hanged on Gibbets. The chief Actors, that the Common-wealth might publickly receive Satisfaction, were made Spectacles of Justice by exquisite Torments. The Punishment of *Athole* was continued Three Days: On the First he was stript naked to his Shirt, and by a Cran fixed in a Cart, often hoisted aloft, disjointed, and hanging shown to the People; and thus dragged along the great Street of the Town. On the Second Day he was mounted on a Pillar in the Market-place, and crowned with a Diadem of burning Iron, with a Placard bearing, *The King of all Traytors*: Thus was his Oracle accomplished. On the Third he was laid naked along upon a Scaffold, his Belly was ript up, and his Heart and Bowels taken out and thrown into a Fire flickering before his Eyes. Lastly, his Head was cut off, and fixed in the most eminent Place of the Town, and his Body sent in Quarters to the most populous Cities of the Kingdom to remain a Trophy of Justice.

His Nephew *Robert Stewart* was not altogether so rigorously handled, for that he did but Consent to others Wickedness, being only hang'd and quarter'd.

But for that it was notorious *Robert Graham* had embrued his Hands in the King's Blood, a Gallows being raised in a Cart, he had his right Hand nailed to it, and as he was dragged along the Street, Executioners with burning Pincers, tore the most fleshy Parts off his Carcase. Being nip'd, torn and flay'd, his Heart and Entrails were thrown into a Fire, his Head exalted, and his Quarters sent amongst the Towns, to satisfy the Wrath and Sorrow of the injured People. Being asked during his Torture, *How he dared put Hand in his Prince?* He made Answer, *That having Heaven and Hell at his choice, he dared leap out of Heaven and all the Contentments thereof, into the flaming Bottoms of Hell*: An Answer worthy such a Traytor.

Aeneas Sylvius, then Legate in Scotland for Pope *Eugenius IV.* (afterward Pope himself) having seen this sudden and terrible Revenge, being a Witness of the Execution, said, *He could not tell whether he should give them greater Commendations that revenged the King's Death, or brand them with sharper Condemnation that distain'd themselves with so hainous a Parricide.*

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O F T H E
Reign of *JAMES* the Second,
K I N G of S C O T L A N D.

Scarce were the Tears dryed for the Loss of the Father, when the Three Estates of the Kingdom meet, and, at *Holy-Rood-house*, set the Crown upon the Head of the Son, then a Child, in the Sixth Year of his Age. The Government of the Realm is trusted to Sir *Alexander Livingston* of *Callendar*; the Custody of the King's Person, with the Castle of *Edinburgh*, are given to the Chancellor Sir *William Creighton*; Men (for that they had been ever faithful to the Father, without apparent Vices, of no Capacity to succeed, nor entertaining aspiring Thoughts for a Diadem) held worthy of these Charges and Dignities. Good Men may secure themselves from Crimes, but not from Envy and Calumnies; for Men great in Trust in publick Affairs are ever assaulted by the Ambition of those who apprehend they are less in Employment than they conceive they are in Merit.

Archbald Earl of *Dowglas* grudged mightily that the State had bestowed those Honours upon Men far inferiour to him, as tho' by this the many Merits of his Ancestors had been forgotten, and his own Services neglected; they being ever accustomed in Times of Peace to be nearest the Helm of the State, and when any Danger of War blazed, sent abroad to encounter it. In a Confusion of Thoughts, being diversly tossed, he retireth to his own Castles, and after great Resolves, proclaimeth that none of his Vassals or Tenents, especially within *Annandale* and *Dowglas-dale* (Parts remote from the more civil Towns of the Kingdom) should acknowledge the present Government, or obey any Precepts, Licences, or Proclamations whereunto the Governour's or Chancellor's Hands were set. If any Question of Law or Contention arose amongst his Friends, Vassals, and Tenents, he knew none fitter to be their Judge, sentence all their Wrongs, atone, and take up their Quarrels, than himself. To discover to the World the Weakness of the two Rulers, and how Men never so well qualified, small in Means, and silly of Power, were not for great Places; he giveth way for the Increasing of Evil; overlooking many Disorders, of which he was the secret Cause, especially the Insolencies of vagabounding and ravaging Borderers. Men of purpose sent forth to spoil and rife the more quiet Parts of the Country, and to cut out Work to these strengthless Statesmen, as he named them. Thus, as overcome with Sloth and Pleasure, he passed some Months amidst Country Contentments, expecting what Effect Time would bring forth of the equal Authority of those two Governours: For to fit Minds equal in Authority to so even a Temper, that they should not have some Motions of dissenting, he thought impossible. Neither did this Conjecture fail him, the Event being the only Judge of Opinions: For after this the Governour began to jar with the Chancellor for ingrossing wholly to himself from his Partner the Person of the King, as an Honour which could not altogether be separated from his Place, and which would give the greater Authority to his Proceedings; urging that the Chancellor in many other Matters, had usurped and taken upon him more than the Parliament had granted. The Chancellor was no better affected toward the Governour; what the Governour commanded to be done, he, one way or other, overturned. The Buildings of the one were by the other demolished: By common and continual Brawlings thus living in Turmoil, neither of them was obeyed, the Country usurped a licentious Liberty, every Man doing what he thought best for his particular Advantage and Gain. The remote Villages of the Kingdom are left a Prey to the lawless Multitude: Where their Authority is scorned, they turn Places of Robbery; where admitted, Places of Faction.

The Queen all this Time, after her ordinary Custom, remained in the Castle of *Stirling*. The Divisions, Partialities, and Jealousies of the Rulers, she taketh in an evil Part, knowing usually they had a dangerous Consequence. She had ever found the Governour Sincere and Loyal in his Proceedings; against his Counsell and Will her Son was kept from her by the Chancellour, whom the great Ones hated for possessing the King, for drawing to Offices of best Trust and Benefit his own Creatures, displacing such as he suspected to favour his Partner in Rule: And the Commons loved him not, as managing every Thing after his Pleasure to their Dammage and Loss. Transported by divers Motions, she at last resolveth to change the Game of State, and by a Womanish Conceit to befool Masculine Policy. To effectuate her Purpose, she came to *Edinburgh*, and by many fair and passionate Speeches obtained of the Chancellour to enter the Castle, and delight her self some Days with the Company of her Son. Then to countenance her Plot, she giveth out a Pilgrimage intended by her to the *White Kirk* in *Buchan*: There will she make Offerings for the Health of the King, and perform her other Vows. The honest Statesman, who thought it Disloyalty to Distrust a Queen, and a Mother, whom Years had made Reverend; and Impiety to hinder such religious Intentions, giveth leave to her self, with some Servants, to remain in the Castle, and to transport her Household-stuff and other Necessaries after what manner she pleased. In this time she perswadeth the King, wantonly set and delighting to be obsequious to *Her*, his Mother, to be handsomely couched in a Trunk, as if he had been some Fardel of her Apparel, and convoyed by one of her trustiest Servants upon a Sumpter-horse to *Leith*: From whence he was put forward by Water to *Stirling*, there received by the Governour, and welcomed with great Joy and Laughter, at the manner of their so quaintly deceiving the grave Man.

By this advantage the Reins of Rule were now taken by the Governour; The Queen's Trick is approved, his own Proceedings are strengthened and confirmed. Proclamations are made against the Chancellour, and he charged to render the Castle of *Edinburgh* to the King: Which he refusing to do, by a great Power raised by the Governour of the Country, and the Queen's, and his own Followers, he is besieged and blocked up within the Castle.

The Chancellour ready to fall in the Danger, considering he had to do with too strong a Party, imploreth the Assistance of the Earl of *Dowglas*: But the Earl, as a Matter he had long expected and earnestly wished might fall forth, refuseth to assist any of them, saying it belonged not to the ancient Nobility to succour these Mushrooms, whose Ambition with no less could be satiated, than the Government of the whole Realm. This disdainful Answer, procured a Meeting of the two Rulers, which concluded in the Rendring of the Castle to the Governour, and a Promise of true Friendship between them, that they might not prove Sport to the envious Nobility. The Governour, to shew the Roundness of his Intentions and his Honesty, continueth the Chancellour in his Office; and restoreth him to the keeping of the Castle of *Edinburgh*. After this Agreement the Earl of *Dowglas* left this World at *Restalrig* the Year 1439. leaving behind him a Son born of the Earl of *Crawford's* Daughter, named *William*, who succeeded to his Father's Honours and Ambition.

Malcolm Fleming of *Cumbernald* and *Alan Lawder*, upon this young Earl's Oath of Allegiance to the Crown of *France*, obtain to him from the *French King* the Duchy of *Turain*, which his Father had enjoyed, and was at first given to *Archbald* his Grand-Father slain at *Vermuil*. This foreign Dignity, with his Titles at Home, made the young Man very haughty, and to forget Moderation; Discretion in Youth seldom attending great Fortunes. He surpassed far the King in his Followers and Train, being accustomed to have Hundreds of Horse-men attending him; most of which were Robbers, and Men living upon unlawful Spoils all under his Protection. But, however thus he seemed to set forth his Greatness, this seemed much to bewray a Distrust, and that he rather travelled amongst a People which hated him, than amongst his Friends and Men lovingly disposed.

James Stewart Son to the Lord of *Lorn*, about this Time married the Queen Dowager, not so much out of Love to her Person or Dowry, as out of Ambition, by her Means intending to reach the Government of the State, and get into his Custody the Person of the King. And that it might rather seem the Work of others out of Conveniency, than any Appetite of his own, he so insinuateth himself with the Earl of *Dowglas*, that the Earl essayed to lay the first Ground-work of his Aims. The Governour, who never wanted his own Spies near the Queen, at the first Inkling of this Novation, committed both him and his Brother *William* in the Castle of *Stirling*. The Queen, (whether she followed her Husband, or was restrained, uncertain) stayed with them, and now began to repent her of the former Courtesies done to the Governour; wishing her Son had yet remained in the Custody of the Chancellour, who, not so displeased at their Imprisonment, as he appeared in outward Show (delighting in the Errors of his Partner) by *Alexander* Earl of *Huntly* trafficked and wrought their Liberty. Thus insinuating himself in the Queen's Favour, he irritated her against the Governour; whom yet outwardly he entertained with Ceremonies of Friendship, approving his Sagacity in preventing a Storm in the State before it brake forth.

Here

Here the Governour found how that same Key which can open a Treasure can shut it up; for after this the Queen prepared her Son for a Change. The Governour carefully ministring Justice at *Perth*, the Chancellor one Morning cometh to the Park of *Stirling* where the King was hunting, by the Providence of his Mother more early raised for this Sport. She bewailed the present Estate of his Court, "That he was thrall'd to the Covetousness and Pleasure of others, living under the Power of a Man greedy of Rule: That a King of *France* is declared to be of full Years and Major the Fourteenth of his Age. That a Prince should transfer his Affection especially in tender Years. That by an Escape he might enjoy a Princely Freedom, better know himself, and make his Rulers relish his Authority. That Three Hours were sometimes of more Importance than Three Days, and One hour of more than all the Three. That he should take hold of the present Occasion offered him.

Prepared with such Informations he is no sooner accosted by the Chancellor, when, approving his Motions, he posteth towards *Edinburgh* with him: Received all the Way as he went with many Companies of the Chancellor's Friends and Attendants. The Governour finding the Face of the Court altered, by a King young in Years and Judgment, possessed by his Mother, dissembling his Interest, in a patient and calm manner cometh to *Edinburgh*. There after long Conference and Mediation of Friends in *St. Giles's Church*, he meeteth the Chancellor, and by the Bishop of *Murray's* and *Aberdeen's* Diligence, an Agreement is between them concluded, which was, That the King should remain in the Custody of the Chancellor, and the Governour should still enjoy his Charge. Amongst these Divisions of the Rulers, the Queen all this Time hand-somely kept some Authority, affecting and entertaining sometimes the one of them, sometimes the other, as by Turns they governed the King and State.

The many and great Disorders in the Country invited a Parliament: The Authority of Magistrates was despised, no Justice was administred in many Places; few could keep their Goods, or be assured of their Lives, but by taking themselves to the Servitude of one Faction or other. Troubles arose in the West by the Slaughter of Sir *Alan Stewart* Lord *Darnley*, killed by Sir *Thomas Boyd*; and by the Revenge of his Death, taken by Sir *Alexander Stewart* of *Bolmer* his Brother, upon the *Boyd*. The Highland Islanders invade the Territories adjacent to them, spoil and burn the *Lennox*, where *John Calhoun* of *Luss* is massacred. These Cruelties and Insolencies against all Justice and Authority, being avouched such to be, were held fit to be remedied, and Courses laid down to obviate them. But *William* Earl of *Douglas*, permitting Wickedness, and winking at Mischief, often approving them for lawful and good Policy, whilst he neither reformed them himself by his Power, nor suffered the Rulers to proceed against them by their Authority, purchased to himself the Name and Reputation of a lawless and strong Oppressor. The three Estates assembled, Complaints being given up against Oppressors, most against him and his Followers, as the Source from which the Miseries of the Country sprang, he appeareth not, nor any to answer for him.

The Parliament determineth to proceed by way of Rigour against him: But to this the Two Rulers oppose, perswading them; "That fair Speeches and Entreaties, were a safer and easier Way to draw unto them a young Man, mighty in Riches and Power, arrogant by his many Followers and Vassals, than to give out a Sentence against him before he were heard, and by Threatnings stir his turbulent and ambitious Thoughts, which, instead of making him calm, might turn his Neutrality into a perfect Rebellion, and his Insolency into Madness and Despair. Neither, as the present State of the Country stood, could he without civil Blood be commanded and brought in, which by Moderation might be effected. That Verity enjoyed not always that Privilege to be spoken in every Place and Time: It was good to keep up in Silence Matters concerning him, the speaking of which might produce any dangerous Effect. Upon this, Letters in their Name are sent unto him; "Remembring him of the Splendour and Glory of his Ancestors, the Place and Dignity he possessed by them in Parliament: That without his Presence they neither would nor could proceed in great Matters. If he apprehended any Cause of Let or Stay by the Offences and Disorders committed by his Attendants and Followers, they would freely remit them, as Accidents following the Injury of the Times, and his yet tender Years, his greatest Fault being his giving Way, out of Rashness and Negligence, to the Faults of others. That of himself they had conceived such singular Hopes of great Towardness and all Vertues, if he would come and take a Part with them, giving in his Complaints and Grievances, he should not only have full Satisfaction, but be honoured with what Place or Charge in the Government he liked best: By honouring them with his Presence he should oblige not only his Country infinitely, but particularly every one of them to stand for him to the utmost of their Powers and Wishes.

This Letter wrought powerfully upon the Mind of the Earl, by Nature and Years, desirous of Glory and Preferment, and believing easily that which was plausible to his Hopes. His Friends, who now began to promise to themselves new Heavens, think upon great Matters, and forecast to themselves by the Change of their Lord's Fortune, a Change of Offices in the State, perswade him likewise to come to the Parliament; and they divulged the Certainty of his Progress. The

Chancellor, when he understood he was upon his Way, rode forth of *Edinburgh* to meet him, and by many obsequious Compliments and friendly Blandishments, allured and drew him to his Castle of *Creighton* which was in his Way: Where some Days he rested, and was honorably entertained. Amongst many healthful Admonitions by way of Counsel, he told him, " That the Greatness of a Subject consisted in due Obedience to his Prince, whom he should acknowledge to be his Lord and Master. That, by Obedience, he would vindicate the Name and Families of the *Dowglasses*, not only from Blame of Treason, but from all Suspicion of Novations. That he would endeavour to execute Justice more strictly than he had done in Times past, not protect Oppressors against Law and Equity, but suppress all Insolencies against Thieves and Robbers, because Cruelties and Wrongs never stood secure before either God or Man. That the Estates of ancient Houses were often maintained more by Reputation of Things done, than any other Foundation, which a little Disobedience to a Prince might shake, if not altogether ruine. That it was fatal to all Princes in their Under-age, and the Beginnings of their Reigns, to have Troubles and Seditions, and be tormented by some of their Subjects who studied Novelties: But when these Princes came to perfect Years, they knew well to chastise those who troubled the Government in their Youth. That he would hereafter rather content himself with Mediocrity, than expose himself as a Mark to Envy. That he would make a Proof of his Power, not in Excess and Riot, or Pride of his ancient Honours, but in Bounty and Religious Charity towards his Country-men. That he wished, as his House had long continued, it might, by following what he had spoken unto him, ever flourish.

The Earl, of a good Inclination, if Flatterers and wicked Company had been removed, took in good part his Advertisements and Counsel, thinking he spake as he thought, and (perhaps) then so he did; for he had not yet put on his double Visage, and promised to repair what Offences by Youth, Negligence, Rashness, or other Indiscretion had escaped him. Thus, with his Brother *David*, the Chancellor accompanied him to *Edinburgh*.

He had not long there stayed, when the frequent Meetings, many secret Conferences of the Governour and Chancellor at their several Houses, which often held the greatest Part of the Night, who were not wont to be so Kind to others, bred a great Jealousy and Suspicion in some of the Earl's Friends, that some lurking Mischief was a-plotting to intrap him; that small Trust should be had in a reconciled Enemy, and his many Courtesies, and too exceeding Favours, were to be suspected. Hereupon some freely counsel the Earl to return Home, and to leave off private Meetings with them. Others intreat him not to enter the Castle of *Edinburgh* at all, or if he should, to dismiss his Brother *David*, to keep themselves scattered, that they might not be inclosed in one Net, as their Father, upon his Death-bed, had instructed and admonished them: For if any violent Course were intended against them, Men would not dare to put in act against one of them, which they would against both. *David* presaging some strange Accident to follow this sudden Kindness of the Rulers, was meditating an Escape. The Earl took this Counsel in evil part, saying, " Great Families never wanted turbulent Friends, to whom common Confusions served ordinarily for Steps to enlarge their States, when Peace sendeth the most part of them Home to live private Men: And they cared not what Blame were laid on their Chiefs, so it stood with their own Commodity. That the Pretence of his Departure would be worse than the Departure it self, and that he would be obnoxious to worse Surmises, and more miserable Mistakings by going away, than if he had never appeared. That he preferred the approved Trust of the Chancellor (whose Guest he had been) to all the Objections of Dangers they could imagine: Which Suspicions he requested them to suppress; for to Suspect causelessly, instead of imagined Wrong, returned a real Injury; and being known, would be a Mean to breed new Jarrs, and break their begun Friendship. Thus blind-folded by Destiny, and accompanied with some of his dearest Friends, amongst whom was Sir *Malcolm Fleming* of *Cumberland*, in solemn Pomp, with his Brother, he entred *Edinburgh* Castle the 24th of November: The Remainder, who were thrust back, with sad Countenances and distrusting Hearts, scattered themselves in the Town.

The Governour, that the Envy might be divided and shared, and all seem to be done by an universal Consent, with a ceremonious Welcome, and such as Hate and Emulation could suffer to be tempered together, did meet him and guide him to the King: At whose Table he was set to dine. Which Favours turned the Heart of the young Earl so soft and relenting, that he wished he had sooner come to Court, and challenged himself of his mistrustful Thoughts, but more his suspicious Friends, whose Presence he could have desired to be Witness against themselves. The Counsel given him at *Creighton*-Castle, by Obsequiousness, he resolveth to thank: The King's benign Aspect, and Courtesies of the Rulers, had advanced him to the highest Degree of Honour.

Amidst these Entertainments (behold the Instability of Fortune!) near the End of the Banquet, the Head of a Bull (a Sign of present Death in these Times) is set down before him: At which sudden Spectacle he leapt from the Table in Horror and all agast. But this doth little avail him, he hath no Power; for he is seized upon by armed Men, who rushing out of a cruel Tying

Tyring House, led him to the outer Court of the Castle, not regarding the Plaints, Cries and Tears of the young King, who pitifully mourned to see him manacled with Cords: There, with his Brother *David* and Sir *Malcolm Fleming*, his constant Friend and Co-partner of all his Fortunes, he had his Head and ambitious Thoughts cut off. With this great Blow of State the Parliament broke up, leaving Grief, Terror and Astonishment in the Hearts of all the People, who ever after hated the Actors of this Tragedy.

William Earl of *Dowglas* and *David* his Brother taken away, the Baron of *Abercorn* their Uncle, succeeded to the Earldom by reason of his Stature and Corpulency named *James the Gros*: A Man free of any Vice or Heroical Virtue, whose Years were not many after his Fortune to be Earl. He was Father to Seven Sons, the eldest of which, by a Dispensation from the Pope, he married to *Beatrice*, the only Sister of his Brother's Son *William*; named, *The fair Maid of Galloway*, not so much in Respect of her Beauty as her Fortunes; the Lands not entailed in *Galloway*, *Annandale*, *Balveny* and *Ormond* falling from the Heirs Male to be her Portion. This Marriage was much blamed and cried out upon by the Earl of *Angus*, Sir *John Dowglas* of *Dalkeith*, and other Gentlemen of that Name, not, as they gave out, for the Propinquity of Blood, being between Cousin-Germans, but that so fair and easie a Purchase was taken out of their Arms. They had always followed the King, and procured Prohibitions of the Marriage: But these with Spurr-haste advanced the Celebration of it, and upon a *Friday*, which the common People prognosticate to be ominous, and to have some sad Event.

This Earl, Ambitious, Factionous, Popular, Subtile, Vindictive, Prompt in the Execution of his Enterprises, Liberal, and far from the dormouse Humour of his Father, began to think neither himself nor his Kindred in Safety, if the Deaths of his Brothers and Cousins, wrought by the two Rulers, remained unrevenge'd: And therefore, since openly, without troubling the common Peace of the Country, he could not; by secret and umbragious Ways he laboureth to bring it to pass: Procuring afar off a Disobedience to their Decrees, and Contempt of their Authority, by Men in a great Distance from him in Place, Blood, Friendship and Familiarity. These who after any Fashion grudged, repined, and complained of the present Form of Government, or aggravated imaginary Wrongs, are supported and protected by him: His Houses turned Places of Refuge to distressed Male-contents. One *John Gormack* of *Arbole* (not without Suspicion that he wrought by the Motion and Order of the Earl, and understood his Cabal) essayed with a great Number of Outlaws to hinder the Execution of a Malefactor, and take him by main Force from the Sheriff of *Pertb William Ruthven*: But he perished in the Enterprize. *Patrick Gilbreath* in the Castle of *Dumbar-ton*, for Priority of Command, killeth *Robert Semple*, and to save his Person, or justify his Homicide, flyeth to the Earl of *Dowglas*, by whom he is protected, notwithstanding the many Informations given in against him at Court, and his Citation to answer to Justice.

The King, whose Non-age was now near expired, began to relish the Sweetness of Government in his own Person, and became tyr'd of the long and awful Tutelage of his jarring Rulers; and the Flower of his Youth, seeming fram'd for great Affairs, promised the Fruit of a wise and happy Reign. Finding it difficult to put Men, daily near unto him, long experienced, and greedy of Rule, from high Places, except by the entertaining a stronger and more powerful Faction, he setteth his Thoughts upon the Earl of *Dowglas*: Small Favours to him would be a great Umbrage to the Ambition of his Tutors, bring them within the Compass of answering to what might be objected to them concerning their Service in the State. He would not sue the Earl, but as Occasion served, he gave many Signs and often Speeches, that he had not altogether withdrawn his Love and Favour from the ancient House of the *Dowglases*, their past Faults being by them acknowledged and recompenced with Fidelity and Obedience in Times coming. The Earl of *Dowglas*, whose Towardness and Liberality had acquired him many Friends at Court, upon assured Advertisement of his Prince's good Will towards him, cometh to *Stirling*, and is no sooner presented upon his Knees before the King in the Church, when with all Demonstrations of Benevolence he is received into Grace, pardoned, and not many Days after admitted to be of the Privy Council. The King imparting to him his greatest Affairs, sheweth he will follow them by his Advice and Counsel, honoureth him with the plausible Name of *Cousin*, and entertaineth such Familiarity with him, that all others give him the Place.

The Promotion and Credit which the Earl of *Dowglas* in a short Time acquired about the King, his Faction daily increasing, moved the two Rulers (by their Moderation seeking to avoid Disgrace) to leave the Court. After which they were both removed from their Offices, and their Places and Authority in Council, with their whole Friends and Followers. They are upbraided with Disorders, both in their private Actions, and the Manner of their Government; and at last are summoned to answer before the King to such things as they should be legally accused of. The Murmurs every where whispered amongst the People, warned and certified them, if they should appear and present themselves, of some sad and tragick Act. Whereupon, with Protestations of their Innocency declining the Time, appealing to the King in his Majority, and when he should be of full Years, from these Judges, their mortal Enemies, then abusing absolute

Power, they suspend their appearing, declaring withal their Readiness in every thing to Obey the King.

This availeth them nothing; for, at a Parliament holden in *Stirling*, Articles being forged and urged against them, especially of Peculate, as Sale of Crown-Lands, Waste of the King's Treasure, the laying of their Hands upon the King's Jewels, transporting Lands to themselves and their Friends, distributing Offices and Places of the Crown and State (which should have been by Authority of the Council) as Hunters divide a Prey between themselves; dispensing with Riots, and taking off the Force and Vigour from the Laws of the Kingdom. Thus, as betraying the Administration of the Realm into the Hands of worthless and corrupted Men, they are denounced Rebels, their Persons and Estates proscrib'd. Charge is given to Sir *John Forrester* of *Constorphin* and others the *Dowglasses* their Adherents, to bring all their Moveables to the Use of the Exchequer, demolish their Houses, invade their Friends with Fire and Sword, and all that sided with them. Thus the uncertain Vicissitude of humane Accidents, overturns often them who seem to be raised to the highest Degree of Honour. The Castle of *Barentore* is besieged, taken, thrown down, with other Houses upon the Governour's and Chancellor's Lands, and their Farms and small Villages are plundered and ransacked. In Revenge of which, the Rulers waste the Earl of *Dowglas's* Territories; the Villages of *Straw-Brock*, *Abercorn*, and *Blackness* are burnt, with *Constorphin*. The Ravage begun, continueth with daily Loss to both Parties, and the Overthrow of the Commonwealth.

The Earl wondreth (now having the King's Authority) to find his Enemies so strong, and hold so long out against him, He suspecteth they have secret Support by some not well affected towards him. The most powerful and eminent of which he guesseth to be *James Kennedy* Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, and Cousin-german to the King. He knew him jealous of his sudden Favours at Court, and that he had whispered amongst his Friends, that he feared the Ambition of the Earl's unlimited Heart was now exalted to such Exorbitancy of Height, that becoming top-heavy it would fall by its own Weight, and turn up the Root.

The Earl will have this Prelate less Powerful to assist the Rulers, or do harm unto him. To this effect he instigateth the Earl of *Crawford* his Ally, and *Alexander Ogilvy* of *Innecarthy*, to invade the Bishops Lands, and rife his Vassals in *Fife*, without Order or Declaration of Wrongs done by him. The Bishop, after the burning and spoiling of sundry of his Farms, being weak by Power to resist their Violence and repair his Losses, took him to his Spiritual Arms, and excommunicated the Earl of *Crawford*. Though he made small Account of this verbal Thunder, yet did not this Injustice long escape the revenging Hand of God; who raiseth up ordinarily one Oppressor to execute his Justice against another.

Alexander Lindsay, Son to the Earl of *Crawford*, pretended a Title to the Baylerie of *Aberbrothock*, out of which he was kept by *Alexander Ogilvy*, whose Title was equal to his, if not better. This Enmity kindled to such a Flame, that upon either side they assemble their Friends in Arms: The *Ogilvy* calleth the Lord *Huntly*; the *Lindsay*, the *Hamiltons* to assist their Rights: Frequent Meetings have been to calm Matters, and reconcile them, and nothing agreed upon nor concluded, they resolve at last to decide the Cause by their Swords. The Earl of *Crawford* then remaining at *Dundee*, advertised of the present Danger of his Friends, posteth in all Haste to *Aberbrothock*, and cometh at the very Shock of the Skirmish, and when they were to enter the Fight. Here intending by his Wisdom to take up the Quarrel, and presuming upon the respect due to his Place and Person, the rashly rusheth forwards before his Companies to demand a Parley of *Alexander Ogilvy* with his Son: But ere he could be known, or was heard, he is encountred by a common Soldier, who thrust him in the Mouth with a Spear, and prostrate him dead upon the Ground. This sudden Accident joined the Parties, who fought with great Courage and Resolution. The Victory after much Blood inclined to the Master of *Crawford*. *Alexander Ogilvy* sore wounded, was taken and brought to the Castle of *Finhaven* where he died; the Lord *Huntly* escaped by the swiftness of his Horse. *John Forbes* of *Pitsligo*, *Alexander Barclay* of *Gartley*, *Robert Maxwell* of *Tealling*, *William Gordon* of *Borrowfield*, *Sir John Oliphant* of *Aberdargy*, with others fell on the *Ogilvies* Side. They fought on the 24. of January 1445.

Now by attending Opportunities to increase publick Disorders, turn the Times dangerous and troublesome, and confound the State, the Earl of *Dowglas* kept himself in the absolute Government; by umbragious Ways he nourished Discontentments in all Parts of the Country, amongst the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons of the Realm. *Alexander* Earl of *Crawford* put to Death *John Lynton* at *Dundee*; *Robert Boyd* of *Duchal*, and *Alexander Lyle* slew *James Stewart* of *Auchenmintee*; *Patrick Hepburn* of *Hailes* surpris'd the Castle of *Dumbar*; *Archibald Dumbar*, as if he would but change Places with him, taketh the Castle of *Hailes*, where he was besieged by the Earl of *Dowglas*, and with Conditions of Safety rendred it. *Sir William Creighton* all this Time kept the Castle of *Edinburgh*, and when neither by Intreaties nor Power he could be induced to render it to the King, his Castle of *Creighton* is plundered, a Garrison placed in it, and the Castle of *Edinburgh* by the Earl of *Dowglas* is besieged and blocked up. Nine Month the Assailers lie about it: but it proveth impregnable, and without Loss of many Subjects

Subjects cannot be taken : About the End of which Time, Mens Courage waxing colder, Conditions are offered and received ; which were, That the Chancellor should be restored to Grace, Place, and whatsoever had been withheld from him by his Enemies at Court, an Abolition and Abrogation of all former Discontentments should be granted ; the Besieged should pass out Bag and Baggage free. At a Parliament holden at *Perth*, the Chancellor was purged by an Assize of his Peers, of what was laid against him, his Lands and Goods, seized upon by the King or *Dowglass* are decreed to be restored, as well to his Followers as himself ; he is established in his Dignities and Places of Honour, notwithstanding all Edicts, Proclamations, and Confiscations before, which were declared null ; all Matters past put in Oblivion, as not done. This, considering the Credit of the Earl of *Dowglas*, was thought very strange ; but *James Kennedy* Bishop of *St. Andrews*, whose Respect and Authority was great with the Church-men, perfected this Master-piece of State ; and the Earl of *Dowglas* knew, tho' the Chancellor was unbound, he had not yet escaped.

During these Garboyls in *Scotland*, *Margaret* Sister to King *James*, and Wife to the *Dauphine* of *France*, *Lewis*, died at *Chalons* in *Champaign* ; a vertuous and worthy Lady, beloved of all *France*, but most of *Charles VII* her Father in Law, who for her Respect matched her three Sisters, who remained at his Court, honourably ; *Eleonora* with *Sigismund* Arch-duke of *Austria* ; *Elizabeth* with the Duke of *Bretaign*, and *Mary* with the Earl of *Camperve*. She was buried in the great Church of *Chalons*, but after when the *Dauphine* came to be King, he caused transport and bury her in the Abbey-Church of *Laon* in *Poictou*. Many Elegies were published upon her Death, which are yet extant. Sir *James Stewart* the *Black Knight*, Husband to the Queen, at this Time died also : He had turned a voluntary Exile, to shun the Dangers and Envy of the Factions of the Country, which he had incurr'd by his free Speeches against the Misgovernment and Miseries of the Time ; and, as he was bound towards *Flanders*, by the *Flemings* was taken upon the Seas. The Queen out-lived not long her Daughter and Husband ; she was buried the Fifteenth of *July* in the *Charter-house* of *Perth*, near her First Husband *K. James I.* in the Year 1446. She brought forth to the *Black Knight* of *Lorn* three Sons, *John* Earl of *Arthole*, *James* Earl of *Buchan*, *Andrew* Bishop of *Murray*.

The Chancellor having recovered his Honours and State, to the Disadvantage of the Earl of *Dowglas*, though of good Years, and tyred with the Troubles of a publick Life ; yet findeth not any desired Rest. A Marriage being designed for the King with *Mary*, Daughter of the Duke of *Guelders*, by the Instructions of *Charles VII.* the *French* King ; but secretly by the Procurement of the Earl of *Dowglas*, the Chancellor, as a Man grave, great in Place, and experimented, with the Bishop of *Dunkeld*, and *Nicolas Otterburn*, is sent over the Seas in Embassy. This troublesome and unprofitable Honour abroad is laid upon him, that he might be separate from the King, and suspended from opposing the private Designs of the Earl at home. This Obstacle of his Ambition removed (which had neither Moderation nor Limits) the Earl may exclude such Officers in State or Court who were not agreeable to him, and substitute others of his Creation after his Pleasure ; he hath now Room and Opportunity for his greatest Designs. His Kindred are without pausing preferred to Offices of State, his Brethren to new Honours ; *Archbald* is made Earl of *Murray*, by the Marriage of a Lady of the House of *Dumbar*, who was Heir of the Lands, and the King's Ward : *George* is created Earl of *Ormond* ; *John* made Lord of *Balveny*, and hath his Donation ratified in an Assembly of the three Estates, who were convened at *Edinburgh* for Matters concerning the Marriage of the King, but in Effect that the Earl might pursue his old Enemies. The Commissioners are chosen after his Pleasure, are prepared, instructed, prelimited by him ; and to combine Power with Craft, he entrenches in an offensive and defensive League with many Noblemen, Barons, and Gentlemen of the Kingdom. All the Wheels and Vices of his Clock being right set, *Alexander Livingston* late Governour, *Alexander* his eldest Son, *Robert Livingston* Treasurer, *David Livingston*, *James Dundas*, *Robert Bruce* of *Clackmannan*, Knights, for Peculate and converting the Prince's Treasure to their private Use, are forfeited, taken and committed to sundry Prisons in *December*, 1447. At which Time they were brought to *Edinburgh*. *Alexander* the Governour, *James Dundas* and *Robert Bruce*, after Fines laid upon them, were remitted back to *Dumbarton*, there to be kept Prisoners, during the King's Pleasure. *Alexander* the Governour's Son, a young Man of great Expectation, with *Robert Livingston* Treasurer, and *David Livingston*, not so much for any Crime proved against them, as by the Divine Justice in punishing the Severity of the Governour, for the Execution of the Earl of *Dowglas* in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, had their Heads cut off ; the People much deploring their Misfortune. By this Blow the Earl of *Dowglas* thought he was more terribly avenged, than if he had proved his Power against the old Man ; having thus as it were killed him twice. Though by this strict Justice he pretended the Publick Well, his End was to govern all by his absolute Authority, and make the World see what Credit he had to Help or Harm when he pleased, admire his pompous Attendance, his haughty carrying of all Business, and his Power in State.

The Chancellor having perfected his Embassy, *Mary* Daughter to *Arnold* Duke of *Guelders*, born of the Duke of *Burgundy's* Sister, a Lady young, beautiful, and of a masculine Constitution,

on, arriveth in *Scotland*; and with great Solemnity, accompanied with many Strangers and the Nobility of the Kingdom, is married to the King in the Abbey Church of *Holy-rood-house*. As these Nuptial Rites were finished, the Peace between *Scotland* and *England* expired, and the Borders of both Kingdoms break, and mutually invade others. Amidst much Robbery, Spoil, and Havock upon either side, the Earl of *Salisbury*, Lieutenant and Warden, upon the West, depopulateth the Bordering Villages, and burneth the Town of *Dumfries*; the Earl of *Northumberland* spoiling the East, burneth the Town *Dumbar*: *John Dowglas* Lord of *Balveny*, invadeth the *English* Bounds, and burneth the Town of *Anwick*. The Ravaging and Depredations in a short time turning equal, the Two Kingdoms agree upon a Suspension of Arms, and Place and Day to treat about a general Peace: At the last by an Assembly of the States, 1449, a Truce is condescended unto for Seven Years. At this time *Alexander Seton*, Lord *Gordon*, is created Earl of *Huntly*, and *George Lesly* Baron, Earl of *Rothies*.

This Truce was not long kept by any of the Nations, but, as it had been drawn and plaistered up for the Fashion, they conspire equally to break it. New Incurfions are made, slight Skirmishes began to wound either side and banish Peace, and just Arms were constrained at last to be opposed to injurious Oppressions. The *Scots* having made desolate some parts of *Cumberland*, an Army, under the leading of the Earl of *Northumberland* is raised, commanded by *Magnus Red-beard*, whom the *Scots*, by reason of the length of his Beard named *Magnus* with the red Mane: A Man trained from his Youth in the Wars of *France*; who is said to have required no more, for his Service to the Crown of *England*, than what he might by his own Valour Conquer of *Scotland*. The *English* march from the West Borders, pass the River of *Solway* and *Annamd*, and encamp near the River of *Sark*. The Earl of *Dowglas* declareth his Brother, *George* Earl of *Ormond*, Lieutenant for the King against them; who with the Power of the South and West loseth no Time to encounter: The Earl of *Northumberland*, the Lord *Percy* his Son, *Magnus Red-beard*, Sir *John Pennington*, and Sir *Robert Harrington* led the *English* Battallions: The Earl of *Ormond*, Lord *Maxwel*, Lairds of *Johnston*, and *Craigy Wallace*, the *Scottish*. Here Occasion and Place serving, is it valiantly fought, the Fortune of the Day being long doubtful; till *Magnus*, whose Experience and Direction in War in those Days was deemed unparallel'd, his Courage here turning into Temerity, was beaten from his Horse and slain. After his Fall, many turning their Backs, the Earl of *Northumberland* himself with great Danger escaped; more in the Chase were lost than in the Battel; such who essayed to pass the River, by the Confusion and the Weight of their Arms, were plunged in the Water; others who could not find the Fords, being taken, and brought to the Castle of *Lochmaben*; amongst which were Sir *John Pennington*, Sir *Robert Harrington*, and the Lord *Piercy*, who by saving his Father engaged himself. Few renowned amongst the *Scots* were here lost, except *Craigy Wallace*, a principal Actor, who governing himself by Honour and Courage, died of his Wounds there received, not many Days thereafter. The *English*, to repair their Loss, raised an Army, but by the daily Supplies raised for *France*, and their projected Civil Wars (the Duke of *York*, Earls of *March*, *Warwick* and *Salisbury* beginning to toss the State) it was kept at Home for their own use, and a Truce was agreed upon and concluded with *Scotland* for the space of Three Years, Anno 1450.

This Victory, obtained chiefly by the Valour of the *Dowglasses*, advanced highly their Credit with the young King, and the Court sounded with nothing more then their Praises. But great Fortunes are as hard to bear as to acquire, and ordinarily Prosperity carrieth us into Insolencies, without pondering the Consequence of our Actions. *William Colvil* Knight, upon a private Quarrel, having slain *James Auchinleck*, a Follower of the Earl of *Dowglas*, the Earl revenged his Death, not only with the Slaughter of *William*, but with the Throwing down of his House, and Spoil of all his Lands, which turned cold the Affections of many about the Court towards him, and made him terrible to all of a contrary Faction to his. After this, whether tyred with his working Thoughts, or to shun more Hatred and Envy; or to try what Time would produce, amidst the inward Grudges and Rancours of Court, or that he held his own Country too narrow Lists for his Glory, he leaveth the Kingdom, substituting one of his Brother's Procurator for his Affairs, and in his Absence to govern his Estate, accompanied with his Brother Mr. *James* (a Man learned, and brought up in *Sorbon* Divinity) expectant of the Bishoprick of *Dunkeld*, *James Hamilton* of *Cadyow*, the Lords *Graham*, *Seton*, *Oliphant*, *Salton*, and many Gentlemen, he arriveth in *Flanders*, cometh to *France*, passeth the *Alps*, and, it being the Year of Jubilee, stayeth at *Rome*: Where he was honourably received and welcomed. Envy never leaveth great Actors; he had not been long absent from his Prince, when many are suborned to give up Complaints against the Oppressions, Riots, and Wrongs of his Kindred, Servants and Vassals. The Faults of his governing the King are pryed into; every Oversight and Escape aggravated to the Height. The King at first was loth to lend an Ear to Misreports and Calumnies of a Man lately so well deserving and dearly of him beloved: But overcome by Importunity, and urged by the Numbers of Complainers, he gave Way, that his Brother and Procurators should make Answer for Wrongs suffered by the Complainers. After many Citations, his Brother not appearing, is at last by Force presented to the Council; when he could not answer to such Faults as were laid

laid against the Earl's Vassals and Followers, nor acquit them of violent Oppressions, he was only enjoined to restore to the Complainers their Loss, and make up all Damages. Upon fair Promises of Restitution, the King bringeth him off the Danger, and obtaineth him Liberty to return Home.

There, after long Advise ment with his other Brothers and some haughty Vassals, They declare, old Rapines and Wrongs being joyned to new and recent, with which they were charged, the Restitution was impossible, and like spilt Water which could not be recovered. Not satisfied with his Answer, the Council cited the Earl of *Dowglas* upon some Days to appear before them, and all his Vassals and Followers with his Brothers, to answer according to Law, to such Articles as should be given in against them. The Earl was far off, and they considered it consisted not with their Well to hazard their Persons to the Arbitrement of Judges, many of which had been obnoxious to their Affronts. Thus, for not appearing, they are denounced Rebels, and Warrants granted to invade and spoil their Lands, as publick Enemies to Authority and the present Government. This Decree is followed by open Force; and to facilitate the Execution of it, and to take up the Earl of *Dowglas's* Rents, *William* Earl of *Orkney* cometh to *Galloway*, *Dowglasdale* and *Liddesdale*: But he found Authority, not seconded with Power, against lusty Rebels, to produce weak Effects: For he returned disobeyed, and near spoiled and rifled by the Earl's Tenants and Vassals.

The King, to vindicate his Authority, since he could not prevail by Reason, with competent Forces in Person entreth the same Territories, taketh all the strong Fortresses and Castles where he came, demolisheth the Castle of *Dowglas*, placeth a Garrison in *Lochmaben*, giveth the Custody of such Places as he spared, with the whole Goods and Moveables appertaining to them, to the Complainers and Men interested in Wrongs or Blood, by the Rebels. The Noise of this unexpected Back-blow being heard at *Rome*, perplexed not a little the Earl of *Dowglas*: Many of his Train leave him; that, where lately he represented a Prince, he seemed now scarce a private Gentleman; he was assured he lived under a Sovereign, who maugre all Detractions would hear his own Defences. Upon which Hopes, he resolveth to return, and taketh him to his Journey: And for his greater Haste and safe Progress, he obtaineth a Pass through *England*, and cometh to the Borders of *Scotland*. His Brother *James* is directed to the Court, to understand the King's Mind towards him; and if there were any Possibility, in this Ebb of Favours, to have Access to him.

The King ingenuously promiseth to accept him, and performed it for all that happened by the Misdemeanour of his Friends in his Absence, requesting that he would but live peaceably according to the Order of the State, without hating that which his Prince loved, or disproving that which he approved and authorized; and that, as himself and his Brothers were ever the most able and readiest to repel the Wrongs of Strangers, so they would endeavour to entertain Unity and Concord in the Country itself, and purge their Lands of Thieves and Robbers; if mischievous and wicked Men were not punished, there would be no Surety nor Safety for the Good and Vertuous. Past Wrongs are pardoned, the Garrisons removed from his Castles, and they are rendered unto him. Then, to put him in Assurance of increasing Favours, he is made Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, a Place great, and requiring great Action, being only to be bestowed upon a Man active, great in Power and Friends.

The Earl of *Dowglas* again afloat in the Stream of his Sovereign's Favours, might have continued, if his Miseries had not been decreed from above: Soon after he falls in a new Disgrace; whether upon a Promise of Return, or that he was sent for, or that he would officiously give Thanks for received Courtesies, when he was in his Way homewards, he passeth privately to the Court of *England*, and without his Master's Knowledge or Leave, hath many Days serious Conference with the Nobility of that Kingdom, then many ways distressed by the Rebellion of *Kent*, and the Factions of the Great Men. The pretended Cause of his Journey was given out to be, the repairing of his own and his Vassals Losses, sustained by the Inroads of the *English*, the Time of his Travels abroad, and the redressing of other Disorders on the West-borders. But his Enemies suggested, he intended to enter into a League with some of the *English* to the Disadvantage of his Master, and Trouble of his Country, by changing the Form of Government, or the Officers of State. King *James* took this Meeting with the *English* in an evil Part; but, after great Intercession and many Requests of the Queen and Noblemen, after he had submitted himself to his Clemency, and acknowledged his Error, received him. In the mean Time, he is discharged of all publick Employments, his Offices of State are divided between the Earl of *Orkney* and the Lord *Creighton* his reconciled Enemies.

Removed from publick Employments, he giveth himself to study private Revenge, and the whole secret Council turn distasteful unto him; especially *Orkney* and *Creighton*, Men perfectly abhorring his Ambition, and who greatly feared his unmeasurable Greatness.

Their suspected Affronts and alledged Wrongs towards him were increased daily by Tales of Sycophants. It was told the Earl, that the Lord *Creighton*, in a Conference with the King, had said, "It were expedient for the Peace of the Country, that the Earl of *Dowglas* with all his Friends

“ and Followers were rooted out, and their Memory abolished ; but if that were left undone,
 “ neither should the King rule in due Majesty, nor the Subjects ever give him that Obedience
 “ which they ought. That wise Princes suffered Houses to grow as Men do Spider-webs, not
 “ taking heed of them so long as they were small, but when they were offensively increased,
 “ they swept them wholly away. Irritated by these and many such like Speeches, after much
 Contempt of the Chancellor, one Dawning, as he was early coming from *Edinburgh* to his
 Castle of *Creighton*, the Earl who wanted not his own Intelligence amongst his Followers
 (Hatred being an evil Counsellor) laid an Ambush for him on the High way. But the Clear-
 ness of the Morning discovering it, by the Swiftness of his Horse he escapeth ; some of his
 Company being wounded, and one of the Assailers slain in the Pursuit. A few Days after,
 the Chancellor, to repair his Credit, accompanied with a Number of his Friends and Followers,
 coming in great haste to *Edinburgh*, had unawares surprized the Earl of *Douglas*, then attended
 but with a small Number of his Friends, if he had not speedily shifted himself from the Dan-
 ger. This Contention, now bursting forth into open Hostility, divided into Factions the whole
 Kingdom ; The Earl of *Douglas* maintaining his, by the long continued Grandeur of his
 House ; the Chancellor standing by his Prince's Favour, and a long Practice of the Affairs and
 Course of the World. The Earl fearing the Authority of the King might sway the Ballance and
 make the Party unequal, if he should be brought to call to Remembrance past Actions and
 Attempts of his Predecessors, finding nothing more expedient to curb his Enemies, and strengthen
 his Proceedings, then to renew his old Confederation, and combine with him many others.
 Hereupon the Earls of *Crawford*, *Ross*, *Murray*, *Ormond*, the Lord *Balveny*, Knight of *Cadyow*,
 many Barons, and Gentlemen, with their Allies, Vassals, and Servants, to a great Number, sub-
 scribed and swore solemnly, *Never to desert one another during Life ; That Injuries done to any*
one of them, should be done to them all, and be a common Quarrel ; neither should they desist to
their best Abilities to revenge them : That they should concur indifferently against whatsoever Persons
within or without the Realm, and spend their Lives, Lands, Goods and Fortunes in Defence of their
Debates and Differences whatsoever. This Confederation and Covenant again renewed, turned
 the Earl imperious in his Deportments, presumptuous beyond all Limits, and his Followers
 and Adherents insupportable to their Neighbours : The Lands of such who were not of their
 Party, or refused to think all their Thoughts, and second them in their Enterprizes, were
 plundered ; and Goodness was a Cause to make Men suffer most Pillage and Ranfacking of
 their Goods, and other miserable Calamities. At this Time the Thieves and Robbers of
Liddef-dale and *Annandale* break into the Lands of *John Lord Herries*, a Nobleman, who had
 continued constantly faithful to the King, and drive with them a great Booty of Cattel. Com-
 plaints being given to the Earl of *Douglas* of the Depredations of his Men, and finding no Re-
 dress, the Lord *Herries* essayeth to drive the like Prey in Recompence of the Damage ; but being
 unequal in Power, his Misfortune was to be taken by the Thieves, and brought as Prisoner
 to the Earl, who laid him fast in Irons ; and notwithstanding the King's Letters (full of In-
 treaties and Threatnings) without any Formality of Law, caused hang him as a Felon. The
 like Mischief was practised in other Places. After this Contempt of Sovereignty, it was uni-
 versally blazed, that the Earl of *Douglas*, in respect of this new Covenant, the Power of his
 Kinsmen and Allies, the entertaining of such who were discontent and discountenanc'd at Court,
 the Love and Favour of the Men of Arms in *Scotland* (ever governed by some of his Name) his
 Riches, the Honour of his Ancestors, had resolved to dissemble no longer, but openly to play
 his Game, and essay one Day, if he could set the Crown upon his own Head, being then able to
 raise an Army of Fourty Thousand warlike Persons, Men ready to go with him, whither or a-
 gainst whom they cared not, attending only the Occasion, and his Commandment.

The King, who before but disdained the Pride, after this League became jealous of the Earl of
Douglas (a League giving a Law to a King, breaking all Bonds of Sovereignty, and inviting a
 People to look for a new Master) and tho' his Modesty and Patience served only to turn the Earl
 more insolent, and his Boldness more Active ; yet in a foul Game he bare a fair Countenance ;
 knowing the last Thing which a Sovereign Prince should do, is to show himself male-content
 and offended with any of his Subjects ; for instead of chastising him, he would give him fairer
 Means and greater Power to do him Harm : He would not shew a Token of any prejudicial
 Thought to the Earl's Proceedings till he had first heard himself.

Thus very calmly he desired him to come, and speak with him at *Stirling*, which (he consci-
 ous of his own Misdemeanour) except upon a publick Assurance under the great Seal for his safe
 coming and return, refused to do : A safe Conduct being obtained about the Shrove-Tide, in
 the Year 1452. he came to the Court then remaining at *Stirling* Castle, accompanied with many of
 his Confederates, and a powerful Retinue. The King with a gracious Countenance, and all ap-
 parent Respect received him, endeavouring rather by Kindness and Humanity, than by Rigour to
 reclaim him to his former Obedience. The Day near spent, the Gates of the Castle shut, all re-
 moved, except some of the Council and the Guards ; the King taking the Earl friendly apart, re-
 membred him of Favours received, Wrongs forgotten, the Duties, as a Subject, he owed to his
 Prince,

Prince, his Capitulation before he would come and speak with him; he taxed him with the exorbitant Abuses and Outrages of his Followers: Then he told him, "What Informations he had of a Covenant of mutual Defence and Adherence betwixt him and some of his Nobles and Gentlemen, which he would scarce believe: He prayed him to consider the Murmuring, or rather begun Sedition of his People, his long Patience in tolerating his Proceedings, his Misbelief of evil Reports towards him, until he had heard what he had to say for himself and his Innocency.

The Earl answered the King's Towardness in equal Terms, trusting much to his Confederation; "For his Favours, he should strive with all Obsequiousness to deserve them; That, as he had the Honour to Command others who obeyed him, he knew very well how to be Commanded, and Obey his Prince, and in what Disobedience consisted: That, as none of his Subjects enjoyed more Lands and Honours than himself, there should not one be found who more willingly would engage all his Fortunes, and Person for the Honour of his Prince: That they who laid Snares for his life being so near his Majesty, for the Surety of his Person he could not come to Court, except upon a publick Assurance, and well accompanied: For the Wrongs committed by his Followers and Vassals, he would give what Satisfaction should be required; Concerning the Band of mutual Friendship betwixt him and some Noblemen, they would have adhered together without any writing; they were driven thereunto for their own Safety, not out of mind to offer, but repel Injuries: That he was infinitely oblig'd to his Goodness, in not condemning him before he was heard, and for that he had not lent a credulous Ear to his Enemies mischievous Devices.

The King replied, "Effects, and not Words, make the Affection and Submission of a Subject known; and could there be any greater Surety for him, than to rely on the Laws of the Commonwealth and Country? Especially (*continued he*) in a Country where Laws, and not Faction rule, and where a Man's own Goodness is able to Preserve him: But such Men as you are, raise these Factions, to the Subversion of all Laws and Authority: And for Subjects to make an Offensive and Defensive League against all Persons, is to disclaim all Government, and do what they please without Controlment; commit Treason in the highest Degree, and make your own Swords and Power justify your Proceedings, which, though ye first use against mean Persons, and conceal the Progress of your Actions (for there are Degrees in Evil, and Wicked Men begin at that which seemeth the least of Evils, or not an Evil at all at the first,) your last Aim is likely to be the robbing upon the Crown. Consider (my Lord) ye are born under a Monarchy, which admitteth no Sovereignty but it self, and it is natural to Princes to hold it in highest Esteem, and in no Case to suffer it to be shaken by their Subjects. Take your Prince for your best Protection, and an Innocent Life: Renounce that Union and League with your Peers, which unless commanded, or approved, or permitted by your Prince, subsisteth not in Law nor in Reason, being forbidden under great Pains. And let it not be heard any longer, that ever such an unjust Confederation was, and so wonted Clemency shall be preferred before Deserved Justice.

The Earl replied, "The League being drawn up by the common Consent of many Lords; Barons and Gentlemen, and subscribed, it could not be cancell'd nor renounc'd, but by their common Consent; nor was it profitable for the King, nor to him otherwise to have it done; that being together, they might condescend to the renouncing and cancelling of it. But (*says the King*) you, to show good Example to the rest, shall first begin; Neither (living) shall any Traytor in my Presence disavow and disclaim my Authority, in what is within my Possibility of accomplishing. The Earl requests him to remember, "He came to Court upon a publick Assurance. A publick Assurance cannot so warrant any Man, but that he may fall by his own private Misdemeanor, *answered the King*. Withal, considering a mean Courage in a King to be an Imputation, and that he did neither Wrong towards God nor his Fame, in revenging himself upon the Enemies of the State; The place, a strong Castle; his present Power, all within being his Councillors and Servants; the Danger if he should escape; the easiness of suppressing the Rebellion, the Head taken away. The Earl continuing hot and stubborn, in debating his Points of the League, Wrath banishing other Doubts and Interests) his Dagger performed, what armed Justice scarce dared attempt: The King's Blow (the Noise arising) was seconded by a Number of his Servants, who rushing in the Room left him dead, upon the Eve of *Shrove-Tuesday*, the 22. of February, 1452.

About the last Scene of this Tragedy, a Pair of Spurs between two Platters (an Emblem of speedy Flight) as a Part of the King's Banquet, is directed to Sir *James Hamilton of Cadyow*; This he communicateth to the Lords and Gentlemen of the Union, in which time the News of the Earl's Death is spread abroad. The Leaguers finding themselves weak to carry so strong a Place as the Castle, in hot Blood set on fire divers Quarters of the Town of *Stirling*, make Proclamation against the King and his Council, for violating the Assurance granted to the Earl: Infamous Libels are spread every where, and the safe Conduct of the King and his Council bound to a wooden Truncheon at a Horse's Tail is dragg'd alongst the Streets: In the Market-

place

place, by the Mouth of a Cryer, to the Sound of all their Hunting-horns, they declare the King, and those that abode with him, Faith-breakers, perjured Persons, Enemies to all Goodness and good Men. *James* the next Brother of the House of *Dowglas* (a Church-Man) being proclaimed Earl, in Rage and Madness, committing all sorts of Hostility, they overrun the Lands and Possessions of those whom they suspected would side with the King, and not prove of their Party: *John* Lord of *Dalkeith* their Kinsman, and of the Name of *Dowglas*, they besiege in his Castle of *Dalkeith*, for that he hated their Proceedings; the Tenants and Vassals of the Earl of *Angus* are plundered for the same Cause: The Strength of the Place raised the Siege of *Dalkeith*; and the Earl of *Angus*, by their many Wrongs and Insolencies, remained more constant to the King.

In this Time the King writeth to all the good Towns of the Realm and Church-men, giving Reasons for the taking away the Earl, imputing the Fault to the Earl himself, exhorting the People to make no stir for the just Execution of a Man born for the Ruin of the Kingdom, and who voluntarily had precipitated himself into his own Mis-hap; offering all his Power to keep the Country in Quietness, according to that Authority in which God had placed him. This Blow, as particular Interests made the Hearts of Men incline, and as Passions were various, was variously and in several Manners taken: Some without inquiring of Circumstances, after what Fashion or Occasion soever done, allowing it, thought the King had more clear and evident Inducements for his Deed, than could fall within the Labyrinths of Reasoning. The Majesty of a Prince, hardly falleth from a Height to a Midst, but easily is precipitated from any Midst, to the lowest Degree and Station: The King (said they) hath obviated this Fall, hath set afoot again and raised his Authority threatened with Ruin; he hath vindicated his Liberty almost thrall'd, hath assured the Lives, Honours, and Estates of many loyal Subjects, which were endangered by not adhering to the League of the Earl, and keeping their Oath of Allegiance to the King: He (if he please) now with Honour and Reputation may hold his Parliaments, bring to pass his Designs for the Conservation of his Authority, and the Peace of his Subjects. Others blamed this Deed every where, and in every Circumstance; laying Perjury and Murder against him, and the breaking of the publick Faith and Assurance, the common Bond of humane Society, the common Defence of all, and the Ground of Justice.

To which it was Answered, That the Earl was not taken away for his past Demerits and Misdemeanors, but for what he had recently committed in the King's own Presence, having spoken to him with an insupportable Irreverence; they which have safe Conduct, being obliged to shun all kind of Offence towards him who gives it them, any Enormity being sufficient to annul the Benefit of it.

More, for the Breach of Faith, the Earl and his Confederates were the more perjured, and he the Murderer of himself; they having violated that natural Oath to their King, which all Subjects owe to their Sovereigns, by drawing up a League among his People, to the breaking of the Ties of Sovereignty; giving, by this, Occasion and just Cause to the King to reward them after their Demerits. Most said the killing of the Earl was Evil, but that it was a necessary Evil. That as Nature suffereth not two Suns, so Reason of State suffereth not that in one Kingdom there be two Kings, but that of necessity the one must overthrow the other; and Matters going thus, he who giveth the first Blow hath the Advantage. Thus did Men judge diversly, after their proper Interests, of the Deeds of others.

The Torrent of these Disorders increasing, Laws are neglected, Towns, Villages, Houses, the High-ways are everywhere afflicted with Rapine, Fire and Fury, and save needy Boldness nothing is safe and secure in any Place.

The changing Multitude (like Mad-men limning Pourtaicts with their own Blood) delight in their Proceedings and daily increase the Number of the Rebels. In this Insurrection the King is reduced to many Extremities, and is said to have thought upon an Escape by Sea to *France*, if he had not been diverted by *James Kennedy*, Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, who told him, "That to leave the Kingdom was to give all over to the Insolency of his Rebels, and for fear of burning, to leap into the Fire it self: That besides the high and long continued Title of a King, which the best part of his Subjects yet revered, he had sufficient Friends and Warlike Men, who appearing in the Field with him, would raise a just Fear in the Hearts of those who so hainously dared disobey him; That God would be present to Revenge wronged Majesty, and turn their Hopes in Despair; That the Common People were ever changing and a little time would make them flow to these from whom they did ebb; and all would return again, except such as were guilty of other Offences, or such whose Poverty made them fear a beggerly Peace as their greatest Punishment; That his chiefest and principal City stood good for him, which Example the other Towns would undoubtedly follow; That Rebellion was like Thunder, the Noise of which (if observed duly) was often more terrible than the Blow, and dissolved ordinarily in Tears of Repentance and fair Weather: That here the Prudence of a Prince manifesteth it self, when he cannot suppress and stop all the

“ Evils

“ Evils in his State, to suffer and tolerate the least, and with Leisure and Time abolish and extirpate the greater, and make Vertue of Rebellion.

The King, by the Bishop's Counsel and Assistance, gathereth an Army, but will not try the Hazard of a Battel, before those he had advertised and sent for, should join with these already about him, and his Forces from all the Quarters of the Kingdom be united. In the North, the Earl of *Huntly* had raised a goodly Company to come to his Aid; but the Earl of *Crawford*, a Confederate of the Earl of *Dowglas*, with a Power of the Men of *Angus*, and all who would follow him, guided by some *French* Commanders, essayed to cut off his Passage, and encountereth him at *Brechin*. The Battel is fought, and the Victory inclined where the King's Standard was displayed by the Earl of *Huntly*. The Equity of the Cause laid aside, the Occasion of this Victory was ascribed to *John Colofs* of *Bonnymoon*, who having one of the Wings of the Army to guide, which consisted of Battle-Axes, great Swords, and long Spears, and the best invasive Weapons, in the hottest of the Skirmish, gave Ground, and left the middle Ward naked upon his Side: The Reason of his Revolt is reported, that the Night before the Battel, when every Man was resolving with his Affairs of the World, *Bonnymoon* requested the Earl of *Crawford*, of whom he held his Lands Ward, and Relief, since the next Day he was resolved either to be victorious or die in the Field, to subscribe a Precept (himself falling) for entring his Son to his Lands. This the Superior refusing, the Vassal out of a just Indignation, when he should have charged, retired, and his Company with him. Such Thoughts possessed not the Earl of *Huntly's* Mind; he dealt not so sparingly with his Friends in Hope of their good Service: To the *Forbeses*, *Ogilvies*, *Leslies*, *Grants*, *Irwings*, he freely gave many of his own Lands, which raised their Courage to the Height. In Requital of which, the King after bestowed upon him the Lands of *Badenach* and *Lochaber*. In the Conflict the Earl of *Huntly* lost Two Brothers; the Earl of *Crawford* (Sir *John Lindsay* his Brother being left on the Field) fled to his House of *Finhaven*, where he was heard to say, He would be content to remain Seven Years in Hell, to have in so timely a Season done the King his Master that Service the Earl of *Huntly* had performed, and carry that Applause and Thanks he was to receive from him. This Conflict happened upon the Ascension Day, the 18 Day of May, 1452.

The King by the Confluence and Resort of many worthy Subjects unto him, having Time to breath, and finding himself in a Calm, keepeth a Convention of the States at *Edinburgh*. Here the Earls of *Dowglas*, *Crawford*, *Ormond*, *Murray*, the Lord *Balveny*, Sir *James Hamilton*, and others, are cited to answer according to Law. They, instead of appearing, in the Night, upon the Doors of the principal Churches, and other Places eminent, fix many Placards and Libels, signed with their Hands; which bear, the Earl of *Dowglas*, nor his Followers will never obey Command nor Charge in Time coming, nor answer Citation; for that the King is not a just Master, but a Blood-sucker, a Murderer, a Transgressor of Hospitality, a Surpriser of the Innocent, and such who deserved no Harm at his Hands. Not long after the King levied an Army, which by the approaching Winter did little Service; and the Earl of *Dowglas*, to save the Lands of *Beatrix* his Brother's Widow, unseparated from their House, fought by a Dispensation from the Pope to have her in Marriage, alledging her untouched of his Brother; which being refused him, he kept her in Place of his Wife (the Effect of his *Sorbon* Divinity) and found hereby more Briars than Roses.

The Earl of *Crawford* placing Two Firths of Seas betwixt him and the King, spoileth the Lands of all those who forsook him at *Brechin*, and *Archbald* Earl of *Murray* burneth the Pile of *Strath-Bogy*, pertaining to the Earl of *Huntly*. In revenge of which, the Earl of *Huntly* burneth and herried all the Lands of the Earl of *Murray* beyond the *Spey*: The King too, in this Madness of Mankind, defaceth his own Country, pulling down the Houses of his Rebel-Subjects, and wasting *Annandale*. This Ravage and mutual Overturning of all, having continued almost Two whole Years, the Faction of the Earl, far inferior to the King's, now weakned with such lasting Incursions, sundry of the chief Men and Heads considering the least Faults were the best; “ That it was better to strike Sail in Time, than make a full Shipwrack of their Persons, “ Honours, and the Weal of the Kingdom and State; counsel the Earl, That Fervours growing colder, since it could not be undone which was done, he would not set greater Work on foot, but proceeding with Conveniency, submit himself friendly to the King, who had as much Goodness as Generosity, and sought and required nothing of his Subjects but Obedience: And having now proved how difficult it was to overcome them by Arms, was (perhaps) as much tired as they, and would Pardon these Faults which he could not otherwise amend; Necessity in Affairs of Princes, constraining them to yield to many Things in Government against their first Conclusions, and resolve to grant that which they could not well hinder: That there were many Hours in the Day, and the Hearts of Princes were subject to change in them: That he should not forsake the publick Weal of the Kingdom for his private Considerations: That after this Trouble of State, he might be more esteemed and sought after by the King, as it is ordinarily practised among Princes and great Men, who affect only that which is necessary unto them.

To these the Earl answered, " That they had went too far forwards to think upon any
 " cowardly Retreat and coming back again ; That the only Virtue under a Tyrant, was to die
 " constantly ; That other Virtues did fight, but Constancy alone triumphed ; That for him-
 " self, he would never trust his Life to the Mercy of those who, under colour of Friendship and
 " Banqueting, had first made away his Two Kinsmen, and after his own Brother ; for if
 " they being Innocent, were thus handled, what might he expect who had been the Occasion
 " of such Distraction in the State ? He that had once broken his Faith, except by a Surety, is
 " unable again (in Law) to contract and enter in Bond with any ; Who will be Surety between
 " a King and his Subjects ? That Treaties, Agreements, Covenants, and Bargains of a Prince
 " with rebellious Subjects, engage him no further, no longer then the Term-time or Day which
 " pleaseth him to accept, observe and keep them, as they turn or may turn to his Utility and
 " Advantage : That as in Nature there is no Regrets found from Privation to an Habit, so neither
 " in State, Men once disgraced do return to their former Honours ; That Princes mortally hat-
 " ed all Subjects who had either attempted to over-rule them by Power, or had cast any Terror
 " upon them ; and howsoever by Constraint they bear Sail for a Time, in the End they were
 " fore Pay-Masters : That there was nothing more contrary to a good Agreement, than to ap-
 " pear to be too earnest and busy to seek to obtain it ; he would sue for none : That all his Days
 " he had loved Sincerity, Constancy and Fidelity, and could not unsay and recant what he had
 " promised and practised, nor do against his Heart : His Friends and his own Standing was by
 " their Swords, which should either advance their Enterprizes, and turn them Victors, or they
 " would die honourably like themselves and Men, and not ignobly be murdered like Beasts.

This free and dangerous Resolution of the Earl moved many who heard it, to provide for
 their own Safety, and resolve not to suffer longer Misery for other Mens Folly, finding this War
 was not like to have any End, and that Danger and Death would be the only Reward of their
 Rebellion. Amongst others, the Earl of *Crawford*, after great Adversity, when he could not
 move the Earl of *Dowglas* to submit himself to the King's Clemency, with many Tears and Pro-
 testations of his sincere Love and Counsel to him, left him ; and some Weeks, as the King was in
 Progress in *Angus*, in a sad penitential Manner, accompanied with his best Friends, coming in
 his Way, with much Humility and Sorrow he acknowledged his Fault, pleading rather for Pi-
 ty to his House, which had so long flourished, than to his Person. The King knowing his Ex-
 ample would be no small Occasion to weaken the Power of the Earl of *Dowglas*, and that of all
 the Rebels he was the greatest Object of his Clemency, was content to receive him ; but he
 would have it done by the Mediation of *James Kennedy*, Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, and the Lord
Creighton, once his greatest Enemies, which he refused not to embrace. Thus freely remitted,
 with those who accompanied him, he returned to his own House of *Finhaven*, where within few
 Months he died of a burning Ague.

The three Estates, after assembled at *Edinburgh*, where *James* Earl of *Dowglas*, the Countess
Beatrix, whom he kept by way of a pretended Marriage, *Archibald Dowglas* Earl of *Murray*,
George Earl of *Ormond*, *John Dowglas* Lord of *Balveny*, with others their Adherents, Friends and
 Followers, are attainted of High Treason, and their Lands and Goods are confiscate and decerned
 to be seized on to the King's Use. The Earldom of *Murray* is given to *James Creighton*, who had
 married the eldest Daughter of the Earl of *Murray* ; but he perceiving he could not possess it in
 Peace, returned it back again to the King. At this Time *George Creighton* was created Earl of
Caitness, *William Hay* Constable Earl of *Errol*, *Darnly*, *Hailes*, *Boyd*, *Lyle* and *Lorn*, Lords of
 Parliament ; the King maketh a Road into *Galloway*, reducing every strong Hold and Castle of
 the Country to his Power ; *Dowglasdale* he abandoned to the Spoil of the Soldiers.

Matters at home turning desperate, the Earl of *Dowglas* being brought to that Pass, that he
 knew not what to wish or fear, *James Hamilton* of *Cadyow* is sent to *England* to invite the
 ancient Enemy of the Kingdom to take a Part of her Spoil, and Help to Trouble the King :
 But the *English* had greater Business amongst themselves than could permit them to
 espouse the Quarrel of the Earl. After Sir *James Hamilton* was returned with an Excuse, and
 Regret that some of the *English* Lords could not supply their Confusion, but only by their Coun-
 sel, he advised the Earl of *Dowglas* to trust to his own Power and Forces, which were suffi-
 cient, measuring their Courage, and not counting their Heads, to hold good against the King.
 There was no humane Affair where Men were not necessitated to run some Danger, nor any
 Business taken in Hand with such a Certainty, which by unknown Causes, and even light ones,
 might not run a Hazard of some Mis-hap ; that he should study to embrace and accept of what
 was most honourable and least dangerous : It was better once to try the worst than ever to be in
 Fear of it : It was fit for him to commit something to Fortune, and Wisdom could counsel no-
 thing, but to shun the greatest Evil. This lingering War would not only tire, but overcome and
 vanquish them, when one fair Day of Battel, either by Death or Victory would crown their De-
 sires. Others advised him not to hazard upon a Battel, except upon seen and approved Advan-
 tage, and to time it out a while : In this lingering War a Truce might be agreed upon, which e're
 long might turn to a Peace, in which every thing past might be forgotten and pardoned ; That
 Wars

Wars were managed more by Occasions and Times than by Arms : That the King could not be now but tired, since he had learned, that by essaying by Arms to overcome them, he had gained nothing but trained up his Subjects, whom he called Rebels, in all warlike Discipline, and had his Country spoiled, and the Policy defaced. Should they once enter in Blood, all Hopes were gone of any Conditions of Peace.

At this Time the King besieging the Castle of *Abercorn*; to relieve the Besieged, hither marcheth with all his Forces the Earl of *Dowglas*. Being come within View of the King's Army, he observeth their March slow, the Countenances of his Soldiers altered, much whispering, and their Spirits in a Manner dejected. Countrymen were to fight against Countrymen, Friends against Friends, and all against their Prince. Interpreting this rather to proceed from their Weariness, than Want of good Will to enter the Lists, as well to refresh and cherish them to be more prompt and lusty of Courage the next Morning, as to take Counsel what Course to follow, and how to dispose of their Game, he stayeth that Afternoon and pitcheth his Tents. To Men unfortunate every thing turneth an Enemy. Whether Sir *James Hamilton* gave Way to this, or not, is uncertain : But after, it is said, that in a Chase he told the Earl, " He had neglected the Opportunity of Fight, and should never see so fair a Day again, in which he might have hazarded one Cast of a Dye for a whole Kingdom. But his Fortune was now declined, and (perhaps) would never stand upright; that by giving that Night to his Soldiers to pause and deliberate on the Matter, they would (perchance) take the safest Way, be more advised what to enterprize the next Morning, readily not fight at all, consisting of a Number of bold young Gentlemen, Volunteers, who for the most part out of Bravery and Compassion followed him; That the King's Army, by his lingering and lying off, was encouraged, finding they were to cope with Men who would advise ere they fought. After which Speeches he bade the Earl farewell : And now knowing that the Way lay open both for Pardon and Favour to him that would first seek it, he in the Night breaketh out with some Friends, and having got over the Field betwixt the Two Camps, was brought safely to the King, who graciously received, and freely pardoned him. The Army having understood the clandestine Revolt and Escape of Sir *James Hamilton*, disbanded, every Man slipping away by secret Passages to his own Habitation, that on the Morrow there was nothing to be seen but the solitary Field upon which they had encamped. The King out of Joy of this bloodless Victory, caused proclaim in all his chief Towns, " That since Sovereign Authority had no less Splendor by the Actions of Clemency, than by these of Justice, all those who had followed the Earl of *Dowglas*, and been of his Party, rather by Misfortune and unadvised Rashness, than any evil Will against him, should be freely pardoned : Those who would abandon the Earl, and come to the King's Camp, whosoever they were, no Justice, no Law, should trouble them, but they should be received to Mercy, and have all Pardon. After this Proclamation, many submitted themselves to the King and were pardoned; tho' Sir *James Hamilton* was remitted, yet that under Colour of Reconciliation worse Mischief might not be plotted, the King sent him, with the Earl of *Orkney*, to the Castle of *Roslin* during his Pleasure, and the taking in of the Castle of *Abercorn*; remembering also it was some Prejudice to a Prince to be obliged to any Rebel.

The Earl of *Dowglas* gathering together the split Pieces of his Shipwrack, with his Brothers, and so many of his Confederates as would not forsake him, flieth to *England*. Here with much Travel, by many Promises of Rewards, great Hopes of Spoil, gathering unto him a Power of Outlaws, Felons, Bankrupts, and such as lived by Rapine, as well of his own Nation, as of the *English*, he maketh an Inroad upon the West Borders of *Scotland*; some Villages being burnt, many Preys, and much Spoil driven into *England* : At last he meeteth with the valiant Men who were appointed to defend the Marches, the *Maxwells* and *Scots*. Here in a furious Skirmish his Companies are discomfited, *Archbald* Earl of *Murray* his Brother is slain, and his Head sent to the King; the Earl of *Ormond* is taken Prisoner; himself with the Lord *Balveny* with great Difficulty escapeth into a Forrest. When he sought to return again into *England*, he findeth all Passages stopped up, the Ways laid for him, and beginning to feel much Want, he is constrained in a disguised Habit to lurk meanly in the inmost Parts of *Scotland*, till he wandered toward the far High-lands, where finding *Donald* Earl of *Ross*, Lord of the *Isles*, one of his League, a Man cruel, arrogant, and unpolishd; after many Discourses and long Conference with him (being no less eloquent than active) he possesseth him with great Hopes (after a Division of the Kingdom between them two) of an absolute Power and Government of all the High-lands, besides the Wealth and Treasure which he would purchase by the Spoil : He requireth only he would break in upon the more civil Countries, bring all the Fire-brands he could, to kindle and trouble them, and cut Work for the King, whilst he with new Supplies, and a great Army to be raised in *England*, should invade the *Marches* and bordering Countries. The Earl of *Ross*, who thought nothing impossible to him (being to himself in these barbarous Parts by Phantasy a King) and was used to vaunt of a long Pedigree from *Fergus*, relisheth the Profit and Possibility of this Enterprize, sweareth to leave nothing undone for the accomplishing of it; and parting with him upon mutual Assurance, intreateth only Celerity and swift Performance of what they had concluded:

Scarce was the Earl of *Dowglas* in *England*, when the Earl of *Ross*, the Two Pillars of his Designs being Injustice and Violence, supported by fair Hopes from the South with his wild Mountainers and Islanders (like an Inundation) over-runne the Neighbour Bounds. *Argile* suffereth the first Effects of their Fury; the Isle of *Arran* is taken, and the Castle made a Bonfire (as if they were the Sacrifice for the Sins of the rest) the Bishop of the Isles saveth himself by Flight, and taketh Sanctuary; *Lochaber* and *Murray-land* are spoiled, the Town of *Innerness* is set on Fire, the Castle surpris'd, Murders, Ravishings, Robberies, with what Intolency the barbarous Canibals could commit, are every where, and the sad Image of Death ravageth amongst the common People. The Earl of *Dowglas* now at his last Shifts and Efforts, leaveth no Means nor Helps unsought out: Such who lived upon Prey and Spoil resort unto him; he maketh hot Incurfions, and after a most hostile Manner, which purchas'd him the Hatred of all his Country-men, and turned those who were indifferent in his Quarrel, his professed Enemies. This Ravage continuing, *Henry* Earl of *Northumberland* (after slain at *Caxton-Field*) whom Love of the Valour of the House of *Dowglas*, and true Commiseration, had brought to take Arms with him, invadeth one Quarter of the *Merse*, and the Earl of *Dowglas* turneth towards another. But whilst they are dispers'd, and more eager and intentive to carry away Spoil, than to look to their own Safety and Military Discipline, the Earl of *Angus*, with Sir *James Hamilton* of *Cad-yow*, put them both (with Number and Confusion overborn) to Flight, slaying many, and taking more Prisoners. After this Overthrow, during the King's Reign, the Earl of *Dowglas* deliberating not to oppose longer to Necessity, but to bestill till better Times, never attempted to invade his Country.

Amidst these Incurfions, the Earl of *Ormond* at *Edinburgh* is beheaded; the Countess of *Dowglas*, *Beatrice* (all Hopes being lost of restoring her Husband) despoiled of her Lands and fair Heritage, turned now a Monster of Fortune, the Blame of her unlawful Wedlock laid upon the Earl, consented to by her out of a certain Fear of her Life, submitteth her self to the King's Clemency. The King who denied not Mercy to any sought it of him, that the less guilty amongst the seditious might withdraw themselves, and the obstinate remain the less powerful and weak, receiveth her; and giveth her in Marriage to his Brother *John*, Earl of *Atbole*, Son to the Black Knight of *Lorn*, designing for her Dowry the Lordship of *Balveny*.

By her Example the Countess of *Ross*, abhorring the Fierceness and Cruelties (as she gave out) of her barbarous Husband, but rather out of Policy to be Agent for him, flyeth to the King, and hath Revenues allowed her for the Maintenance of her Estate. Not long after the Earl of *Ross* himself, the Misadventure of his Confederates having taught him now some Wisdom, having seen the King's Clemency towards others equal to him in Treason and Rebellion, by many humble Supplications craved Pardon, and begged Peace. The King by his great Prudence, and the Course of the Affairs of his Kingdom, knew that it was necessary sometimes to condescend to the Imperfections and Faults of some Subjects, and having Compassion, to apply and accommodate himself to that, which tho' according to the Strictness of Equity was not due, yet for the present Occasion and Reason of State, was convenient, answered, "He would neither altogether pardon him, nor flatly reject him, there being many Signs of his Wickedness, and few of his changed Mind; when honestly without Fraud or Guile, he should crave a Pardon, and give Satisfaction to those whom by Blood and Pillage he had wronged, and by some noble Action deface the Remembrance of his former Crimes, then should it be good Time to receive him. Notwithstanding this should not discourage him, but he should know he had a Desire to make him relish the Effects of his Bounty, so he himself would find the Means and Subject. In the Interim he wished him to keep the common Peace of the Country, and not oppress any of his Neighbours. About this time the University of *Glasgow* was founded by *William Turnbull* Bishop of that See. *William Hay* Earl of *Errol*, *George Creighton* Earl of *Caithness*, *William Lord Creighton*, died 1455, and the Bishop of *St. Andrew's* is made Chancellor.

The King partly having loosed, partly cut in pieces that Gordian Knot of the League of his Nobility, began to reobtain again the ancient Authority of the Kings his Predecessors, giving and imposing Laws to his Subjects, according to Reason and greatest Conveniencies. Shortly progressing through the Quarters of the Kingdom, by the sound Counsel and Instructions of the Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, *James Kennedy*, and *William Sinclair* Earl of *Orkney*, he used such Clemency, that in a short Time he reclaimed all his turbulent Subjects. In the Year 1455 he held a Parliament, where he ratified what was resolved upon to be done for the Peace and Weal of his People, establishing many profitable Laws for Posterity. After this time Ambassadors came from *England* and *France* unto him.

Henry VI. King of *England*, a soft facile Prince, and more fit to Obey than Command, having restored in Blood, and allowed the Descent of *Richard Plantagenet* Duke of *York*; the Duke under Pretence and Countenance of reforming the State and removing of bad Counsellors from the Court (the Umbrage of all Rebellions) by one *Jack Cade* an *Irish*, a bold Man, and who had a Spirit which did not correspond with his low Condition, who feigned himself to be a Cousin of his, of the House of *Mortimer*, and other his Instruments, raised a Rebellion;

bellion; which began amongst the *Kentish* Men, and was after continued by his Confederacy with the Duke of *Northfolk*, Earls of *Warwick*, *Salisbury*, *Devon*, and others; and notwithstanding he had sworn Fealty to King *Henry* at *Blackbeath*, again openly took Arms against him at *St. Albans*; where, in pitched Field, *Edmond* Duke of *Somerset*, his greatest Competitor, and who had been preferred to his Place in the Regency of *France*, was killed, the King wounded, taken and committed in the Tower of *London*. At a Parliament after, the Duke is made Protector of the Kingdom: At another Parliament he maketh Claim for the Crown as in his own Right, laying down thus his Title. The Son of *Anne Mortimer*, Daughter and Heir to *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*, Son and Heir of *Philip*, the Daughter and sole Heir of *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*, the Third Son of King *Edward III.* and elder Brother to *John* of *Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaster*; is to be preferred by very good Right in Succession of the Crown, before the Children of *John* of *Gaunt*, the Fourth Son of the said *Edward III.* But *Richard Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, is come of *Philip*, the Daughter and sole Heir of *Lionel*, Third Son to King *Edward III.* then to be preferred to the Children of the Fourth Son, who was *John* of *Gaunt*, and so to *Henry IV.* the Usurper his Son, to *Henry* styling himself *Henry V.* his Son, and *Henry VI.* now wrongfully calling himself King of *England*. This Parliament chosen to the Duke of *York*'s own Mind, at first various, at last unanimously enacted, that *Henry* during his Life should retain the Name and Honour of a King, but that the Duke of *York* should be continued Protector of the Country, and be declared Heir Apparent, and Successor of the Crown after the Death of *Henry*. *Margaret* the Queen, Daughter to *Remy* King of *Sicily*, more courageous than her Husband, disclaimeth the Parliamentary Authority, and this Agreement of her King with the Duke of *York*, as a Matter done to the Prejudice of her Son, and against the Laws of Nations, which admit not a forced Contract, and done by a Prisoner.

The Crown of *England* hanging at this Point, the Queen to her Defence imploring the Aid and Assistance of her best and greatest Friends and Allies, sendeth Ambassadors to King *James*. These remembring the Duties one King oweth to another against Rebels, and the Usurpers of their Crowns, the Correspondence and Amity of King *Henry* with King *James* during his Prosperity, expostulating the Cruelty of the Rebels against *Edmond* the late Duke of *Somerset*, Uncle to King *James*, slain by them in Defence of his Prince, promise in their King's Name, Queen's and their Son's, with the Approbation of the Noblemen of their Party, "To restore to the Kings of *Scotland*, the Lands of *Northumberland*, *Cumberland* and Bishoprick of *Durham*, after the manner the Kings of *Scotland* in former times had held these Territories of the Kings of *England*; so he would raise an Army, and advance to their Aid and Supply.

The Duke of *York* sent hither also his Ambassadors, giving in many Complaints against King *Henry*; "He had oppressed the People with Taxations, and all Kind of Exactions; He had preferred to Places of State and Government new Men, by whose Counsel, and his Queen, he governed only; He despised the old Nobility, he had lost *Normandy* and *Gascony*; as *France* had been lost by him, *England* was likely to run the same Danger. They could no longer suffer his dull Sluggishness, and his Wife's exorbitant Pride; He was courageless in War, and base in Peace. For the Duke of *York*, if Justice did not warrant his Claim, except his Descent were undisputable, and his Title without all Exception, he would not desire the Possession nor Succession of the Crown. King *James* should remember, it was King *Henry* who entertained the late Dissensions and Civil Discords of *Scotland*; he supported the banished *Scots* in *England*. And after they had much enlarged their Discourse with Reasons of a just War against King *Henry*, if King *James* will arise in Arms against him, and assist them, They promise to restore and render all the Forts and Places of Importance taken in the old Wars from the Kingdom of *Scotland*, to him and his Successors. King *James* answered the *English* Ambassadors, "That he was not ignorant of the State of their Kingdom, neither to whom their Crown did appertain, but that he would not take upon him to be Umpire of their Strife; for the raising an Army, he would think upon it, though he had small Assurance for the Performance of their promised Conditions: He had long projected the recovering of the lost Fortresses of *Scotland* in their Hands, and now he would try whom he might trust. The Ambassadors dismissed, the King raised an Army, but left to the Divination of Posterity, with which of the Parties he was to side. The *English* and *French* Writers affirm, he was to aid King *Henry*, and revenge the Death of the Duke of *Somerset* his Mother's Brother, the *Scottish*, to assist the Duke of *York*, and that by a counterfeit Legate from the Pope after he had been upon his March, he was moved to return. It seemeth that being perswaded by the *French* King (the ancient Confederate of *Scotland*, and who for that End had sent his Ambassadors) to keep the *English* within their own Country, and disable them in their Conquest of *France*, he intended upon the Advantage of this civil Discord to make a Road into *England*, as the *French* made an Al-garad by Sea upon *Kent*.

The King's Army being gathered, that it should not loiter in Idleness, attending greater Intelligence from the Event of the *English* Factions, having passed the *Tweed*, invadeth the Town

of *Roxburgh*, which, with little Travel, is taken and equalled with the Ground; and the Castle, a strong Fortref, is besieged. Whilst the King here passeth the Time, inviting it more by Courtesies and Blandishments, than Ammunition and Warlike Engines to be rendred to him, Commissioners came from the Duke of *Tork*, requiring him to leave his Siege, and contain himself within his own Kingdom, unless he would run the hazard to engage himself in a War against the whole Body of the Kingdom of *England*; they give him thanks for his Forwardness to their Supply; all Things succeeding after their Desires now, and as they could have wished, they request him to return home, when their Necessity required his Aid, they would implore it, and not prove forgetful for what he should do towards him. King *James* asked the Commissioners, if the Duke of *Tork* and his Associates had sent any Direction concerning the keeping of their Promises to him, when he should appear with an Army; they assuring him they had no such Commission; I (answered the King) before their Embassy came, had resolved to take in and throw down this Castle built upon my Bounds, and being by no Benefit obliged to any of your Factions, will not for Words leave off what I am about by Arms to perform. The Commissioners departing, the King caused apply his Battery against the Castle, which courageously defended it self, and holding good beyond Expectation, bred an Opinion that Famine would be the only Engine to make it render.

The King's Army daily at this Siege increased, and amongst all the Companies none were more forward and prompt to discharge their Duties in this Service, than those of the late League with the Earl of *Dowglas*; above others the Earl of *Ross*, to testify his Remembrance of the King's Clemency in his Behalf, with a great Company of his *Irish* came to the Camp, Men only fit for tumultuous Fights and Spoil. *Alexander* Earl of *Huntly* coming, the King with the Earl of *Angus* would take a View of the Trenches, and as to welcome a Man, whose Presence seemed to preface good Fortune, caused discharge a Pale of Ordnance together; but his coming to this Place was as fatal, as at *Stirling* prosperous; for at this *Salvo*, by the Slices of an overcharged Piece or Wedge, the King, his Thigh-bone being broken, was stricken immediately dead, and the Earl of *Angus* was fore bruised. This Misfortune happened the Third of *August*, 1640, the 29, or as others, the 30 Year of the King's Life, and of his Reign the 24.

Who will take a fair View of this Prince, shall find him to have been endowed with what Conditions and Qualities are to be desired or wished in a Monarch, both for Mind and Body; of an excellent Feature and pleasant Aspect, a strong vigorous Complexion, given to all Knightly Exercises: He is said to have had a broad red Spot upon one of his Cheeks, from which by his Country-men he was named *James with the fiery Face*, which would make Physiognomists conceive, he was of an hot, active, violent Disposition, and one who had more Need of Restraint than Encouragement in all Difficulties; yet in his Actions we find him temperate, stayed, and of a well settled Humour, proceeding upon sound Grounds, and after mature Deliberation, being much given to follow the Advice and Counsel of grave Men about him. He was upright, sincere, affable, courteous, loving to his Domesticks, humane towards his Enemies, gracious and benign to all Men, a Lover of Justice, liberal, but without Oppression of his loyal Subjects; wise, in Adversity industrious and diligent, politick in Affairs of State; having always raised up one Faction to relieve him from the Hazard and Burthen of another, and expose the Faction he most feared to the nearest Hazard: He was wisely diffident, and put on a judicial Distrust, often to be governed as Occasions should vary, and could dissimulate according to the Fashions and Changes of the Time: He seemeth to have been indifferent in keeping his Favourites, and that he could ever as well transfer his Fancy, as he had settled his Affection; for, like the Sun, he would make a Round, and not always shine upon one Horizon.

The Death of the Two Earls of *Dowglas* were fatal to him; and though he was innocent of the First, the Second chanced deservedly in his Hand. Courageous Princes are not to be provoked by any Subject how great soever: Confederations and Leagues are fearful Attempts against Sovereignty, and for the most part end with the Ruine of their Authors. The Extermination of the Earls of *Dowglas* in the Person of *James* (a Church-man) proceeded rather from his own Stubbornness, than any Hatred the King had against him. In all Nations it is observed, that there are some Families fatal to the Ruin of their Commonwealths, and some Persons fatal to the Ruine of the Houses and Race of which they are descended: Since in Kingdoms some have no Compassion of their Prince, nor the Loss of his Honour, a Prince should not much regret their Loss, nor the Ruine of their Persons and Estates. His great Clemency appeared in this, That, the Heads taken away of that long Rebellion, he followed no particular Revenge upon their Followers, not only granting Pardons, but forgetting the Offences; knowing it was better to heal and cure the Faulty and Sick Members of a State, than to abolish and cut them away; and more Valour for a Prince to overcome his own Passions and just Wrath, than to vanquish and subdue his proudest Enemies; yet was not his Clemency a soft Weakness,

Weakness, it being no less Cruelty to Forgive all than to Spare none, but an Order and Discretion in Justice, temper'd with Severity towards some more than towards others, according to their Demerits. He was very sensible of the Afflictions of such as were distressed, as witness the Countesses of *Douglas* and *Ross*. His Life having set in the Orient of his Age and Hopes, he deserveth, in the Records of Memory and Fame, a Place amongst the Best but Unfortunate Princes.

He had Issue of his Queen, *James*, who succeeded, *Alexander* Duke of *Albany*, *John* Earl of *Mar*, *Margaret* Countess of *Arran* by the *Boyd*, and after *Lady Hamilton*; and *Cecily*. He was buried with all Funeral pomp, within the Monastery of *Holy-rood-house* at *Edinburgh*.

I.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Reign of *JAMES* the Third,
KING of *SCOTLAND*.

THE Queen having Tidings of the Disaster of her Husband, full of Grief and Cares; with her Son, came to the Army at *Roxburgh*; and the publick Loss being revealed (for till then it was but whispered) with more than a Masculine Courage caused give new and desperate Assaults to the Castle; many Turrets being shaken, some Gates broken, Parcels of Walls beaten down, the Mines ready in diverse Quarters to spring, the besieged ignorant of the Assailers Misfortune, and by the Dissension of their Country-men fallen from all Hopes of Relief, treat upon a Surrender. Conditions being obtained peaceably to depart with their Lives and Goods, the Fortress is given up: And shortly after, that it should not be a Residence of Oppression in following Times, is demolished and equal'd with the Ground.

Many of the Three Estates being here assembled, the Times not suiting with other Solemnities, at *Kelfo* the Peers of the Kingdom, in a Military Pomp, set the Crown upon the Head of the King, then some Seven Years old, and give him their Oath of Fidelity. At their coming to *Edinburgh* the Education and Governance of him and the other Children is committed to the Queen their Mother; The Credence of what could make for Peace at Home, or War abroad, is trusted to *Andrew Stuart* Lord *Evandale*, the Lord *Kennedy*, Earl of *Orkney*, the Lord *Boyd* Chancellor, the Lord *Grahame*, the Bishops of *St. Andrew's*, *Glasgow* and *Dunkeld*. The Civil Wars increasing in *England*, the Governours of *Scotland*, under colour of preserving the bordering Countries, sent forth some Companies, which upon Occasions made Roads into *Northumberland*, and threw down all the Fortresses out of which Incursions were wont to be made upon the *Scotish* Bounds, most especially the Castle of *Wark*: After which ravaging, the Winter recalled them home.

The milder Parts of the Kingdom reduced to Order, some turbulent Chiefs of the Mountaineers taking the Occasion of the Non-age of the King, and of Rumors of Dissensions amongst the Governours, essay to trouble the Peace of their far and wild Countries: *Allan Macdougall* of *Nether-Lorn*, throweth his eldest Brother in close Prison, with Intention to rob him of his Life and Estate; but he after is surpris'd by the Earl of *Argile*: *Donald* of the *Isles* taketh the Castle of *Innerneß*, and placing there a Garison, proclaimeth himself King of the *Isles*, compelling the neighbour Towns and simpler sort of People to pay him Taxes. At the Rumor of this Insolence, all wicked Out-Laws resort unto him; by whose Power he invadeth the Castle of *Blair* in *Arbole*, out of which the Earl, the King's Uncle, with his Lady (once Countess of *Dowglas*) fly and take Sanctuary in the Church of *St. Bride*, where the Church about them being set on Fire, they were irreligiously taken, and transported to the Island of *Ila*. Whilst the Governours were raising an Army, and advancing such Forces as were in Readiness against the Author of these Mischiefs, they were ascertained, that, as these Savages were lanching forth of that *Ila*, in their Wherries and small Vessels made of Boards and Wickers, by a violent Tempest from Heaven, the most Part of them were dashed against the Rocks and drowned; and that those who had escaped, were struck with a Pannick Fear, and deprived of their right Judgment and Understanding: An ordinary Accident to Men blinded with Superstition, and guilty of Murder and Sacrilege: Amidst which Distractions, the Earl *Arbole* with his Lady, was safely returned to his own Castle.

MARGARET Queen of *England*, after the Second Overthrow, and Taking of her Husband at *Northampton*, with the Prince her Son, and the new Duke of *Somerset*, having fled to the Bishoprick of *Durham* (whilst *Richard* Duke of *York* was establishing his Title and Right to

the Crown at *London*) raised in the North, of *Scots* and *Engliſh*, a ſtrong Army, which marched towards *York*; the Duke of *York* leaving the King in the Cuſtody of the Duke of *Norfolk* and the Earl of *Warwick*, tho' he knew himſelf inferiour in Power and Number to his Enemies, by the Pride of his former Victories and the overweening of his Soldiers Valour, with *Edmund* Earl of *Rutland* his younger Son, the Earl of *Salisbury* and others, rencountreth her at *Wakefield-Geen*, and here by his own Raſhneſs, with his Son young *Rutland*, he is killed.

The Earl of *Salisbury* is taken, and with other Priſoners beheaded at *Pomfret* Caſtle; their Heads were fixed upon Poles about the Walls of the City of *York*; that of the Duke's was mocked with a Paper Crown, and expoſed to the barbarous Mirth of the Beholders. The Queen encouraged by this Victory, deſiring to diſannul all Acts made lately in Prejudice of her Husband, marcheth courageouſly towards *London*: In which time *Edward* Earl of *March*, Son to the late Duke of *York*, overthrew the Earls of *Pembroke* and *Ormond*, both of the Queen's Faction: At *Mortimer-Croſs* in her way to *London*, the Queen meeting the Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke of *Norfolk* at *St. Albans* (who carried King *Henry* her Husband along with them) overthrew them, and recovered the Perſon of her King. It is obſerved that Victory always fled from where this King was preſent: The Citizens of *London*, at the Approach of the Queen's Army fearing Hoſtility, ſhut their Gates againſt her, and armed for Reſiſtance. At this time *Edward* Earl of *March* having joined his Victorious Army with the Remainder of the Earl of *Warwick's*, entred in Triumph the City of *London*, and with great Applauſe and Acclamations of the People, was proclaimed King. Queen *Margaret* and her Faction retiring to the North, wan ſo the Hearts of that People, that they gathered an Army able to ſtand for her Defence, conſiſting of Threeſcore Thouſand fighting Men. *Edward* Earl of *March*, chooſing rather to provoke than expect his Enemies, advanced towards them; the Place of their Meeting was between *Caxton* and *Tewton*. In this Fight the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, the Lords *Beaumont* and *Dacres*, *Grey* and *Wells* were ſlain, and above Thirty ſix Thouſand *Engliſh* ſtruck down: The Dukes of *Somerſet* and *Exceter* fly to *York* to carry the News to the unfortunate King, leaving the Victory to *Edward* who is again ſaluted King.

King *Henry* after this Overthrow, perceiving how deſperate his Hopes were in his own Country, with his Queen, his Son, and the Remainder of his diſperſed Friends, ſecured himſelf by Flight into *Scotland*; *James Kennedy* Biſhop of *St. Andrew's*, to whole Perſon the Authority of the State was then reduced, received him with Magnificence and Honour, and put him in Hopes, by the Aſſiſtance of *Scotland*, to reſtore his Fortune. King *Henry*, as well to reſerve ſome Refuge and Sanctuary for himſelf, as to win the Hearts, and inſinuate himſelf into the Favour of the People of *Scotland*, cauſed render the Town of *Berwick* to them, which the *Engliſh* had violently poſſeſſed ſince the Days of *Edw. I.* For which Favour the *Scottiſh* Nobility vowed at all Times to come to his Supply, and defend him to their uttermoſt: And that the Friendſhip begun might continue without all Vacillation, the Queens of *Scotland* and *England*, both deſcended of the *French* Race, began to treat of an Alliance, promiſing *Edward* Prince of *Wales* ſhould be married with the Lady *Margaret*, the King of *Scotland's* Siſter, none of them then having attained the Years of Marriage.

The Miſeries of King *Henry* increaſing, ſuffered not theſe Two Queens to ſtay long together; *Margaret* with her Son *Edward*, to implore the Aid of her Friends, maketh a Voyage towards *France* to her Father *Reny* King of *Sicily*, *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*, Duke of *Anjou*, a Prince large of Titles, ſhort of Power. Theſe who had followed King *Henry* into *Scotland*, whiſt he is left only intentive to Devotion in the Cloyſter of the Gray-Friers at *Edinburgh*, return back again to ſolicit their Friends in *England* for a Second encounter. Upon the Arrival of Queen *Margaret* in *France*, ſhe obtaineth of her Couſin *Lewis XI.* that thoſe who favoured and aſſiſted the Duke of *York*, were prohibited Traffick, and commanded to remove out of the *French* Dominions, and that Five Hundred Soldiers ſhould come to her Aid; a Number ſo ſmall and ſo unworthy the Name of an Army, that it was but a competent Retinue for ſo great a Princeſs. With theſe ſhe came to the Coaſt of *Scotland*, and from thence ſailed to *Tinmouth*, where being repulſed by the Inhabitants, and forced again to put to Sea, ſhe was by a furious Tempeſt driven to *Berwick*,

Here leaving the Prince her Son, *Edward*, with the Increaſe and Supply of ſome *Scots*, taking the King her Husband with her, ſhe advanced into the Biſhoprick of *Durham*: In her March through *Northumberland*, her Army increaſed to a great Number; the Duke of *Somerſet*, Sir *Ralph Percy*, and divers of King *Henry's* Well-wiſhers having reſorted unto her. King *Edward*, finding King *Henry* by the freſh Air of the North to have acquired new Spirits, prepareth to oppoſe him, and having ſent down the Lord *Montague*, Brother to the Earl of *Warwick*, he himſelf with greater Forces ſhortly followed: *Montague* having through the Shires where he went, and the Biſhoprick of *Durham*, gathered a convenient Army, marched directly againſt King *Henry*. In the mean Time *Henry Beaufort* Duke of *Somerſet*, the Lords *Hungerford*, *Rofs*, *Moulines*, Sir *Ralph Percy*, preſent themſelves to hinder his further Progreſs; they are overthrown, and King *Henry* with great Difficulty eſcapeth to *Berwick*. At the News of this Overthrow,

throw, King *Edward*, being in his March towards *Durham*, finding the Presence of his Person, or Army needless, turned towards *Tork*, and gave the *Earl of Warwick* Command to take in all the Castles and Fortresses which as yet held good for King *Henry* in the North.

Amongst the Garrisons, placed in *Northumberland* by the Queen, there was a Garrison of the *French* in the Castle of *Anwick*, under the Command of *Peter Bruce*, otherwise named *le Seigneur de la Varoune* Seneschal of *Normandy*, which held long good against the *English*. This *Peter Bruce* was in great Account with *Charles VII*, Father to *Lewis XI*, and for this was not much liked of *Lewis*, but sent over with Queen *Margaret* to make Wrack upon apparent Dangers. Having escaped Tempests at Sea, he took the Castles of *Bambrough* and *Dunstanbrough*, which he demolished. After he essayed to keep the Castle of *Anwick*; but the *Earl of Warwick*, King *Edward* lying near to *Durham*, there beleaguered him: Whether this Man came from the Race of the *Bruces* of *Scotland*, or no, is uncertain; for the vulgar Writers in this detract him, naming him *Bryce* and a *Bretone*, or that the *Scots* would give a proof of their friendship to the Queen of *England*, and of their Valour to the *French*; whilst he is every where beset, and near past Hope of Relief, the *Earl of Angus*, then Warden of the Marches, raised a Power of Twenty Three Thousand Men and approached the Borders, out of which Number he made Choice of Five Thousand Horse-men, remarkable for their Valour. These, about the Midst of the Day, coming near the Castle of *Anwick*, and by their Colours and Arms being known afar to Captain *Bruce*, he taketh a Resolution to sally out and meet them; the strongest of the *Scottish* Horsemen receiving them, convoy them safely to their Borders; some of the Besiegers would have fought in the Pursuit, but the *English* General gave them fair Passage.

King *Edward* having taken all the Castles and Forts which in the North held out against him, placing Garrisons in them, returned to *London*: As King *Henry*, void both of Counsel and Courage, came back to *Edinburgh*. Here he had not long stayed, when tired with the Tedioufness of his Exile, the prolonging of a wretched Life being more grievous to him than Death it self, and allured by false Hopes of his Friends, he resolveth to hazard upon a Return to his own Kingdom; his Crown lost, all his Favourers and Well-wishers almost slaughtered, he cometh into *England*; then disguised, and by Night-journeys shifting from Place to Place, at last betrayed by some of his Servants, he is found out. It is recorded that a Son of *Sir Edward Talbot's* apprehended him as he sat at Dinner at *Wadding-Town-hall*; and like a common Malefactor, with his Legs under the Horse's Belly, guarded him up towards *London*. By the Way the *Earl of Warwick* met him, who led him Prisoner to the Tower. *Margaret* his desolate Queen with her Son is driven once again to fly to their Father *Reny* into *France*.

King *Edward*, his Competitors being all dead or suppressed, finding a Cessation of Arms expedient, and a breathing Time from War; to settle and make sure his new Government, as to other his Neighbour Princes for Peace, so sendeth Ambassadors to *Scotland*, to treat for a Truce for some Years.

The *Earl of Argyle*, Bishop of *Glasgow*, Abbot of *Holy-rood-house*, *Sir Alexander Boyd*, and *Sir William Cranston*, being chosen to this Effect Commissioners, come to *Tork*, and the *English* Commissioners there attending them, a Truce for Fifteen Years is agreed upon, and solemnly by both Kings after confirmed.

Mary Queen of *Scotland*, Daughter to *Arnold* Duke of *Guelders*, and Mother to King *James*, the projected Marriage of her Daughter with *Edward* Prince of *Wales*, by the Miseries of King *Henry* and Queen *Margaret* her Kinswoman proving desperate; her Son *Alexander*, either as he went to the *Low Countries* to see his Grandfather, or returned from him, being by the *English* taken upon the Seas; limited in Credence of governing her Children by the Insolence of a proud Nobility, and her Reputation branded, after a long Languishing with inward Discontentments, turned, as it were recluse, and began to bid farewell to this World. Her Melancholy growing incurable, amidst her last Trances, when her Son had come to visit her, she is said to have spoken to him almost to this Sense.

" That Providence which brought me upon the Earth, and set a Crown on my Head, doth
 " now recal and remove me to a better Kingdom; and my Happiness is not in this little,
 " that I leave this Life without Change of that Estate in which I peaceably lived. Death
 " now sheweth me as in a Mirrour the Frailty of all Worldly Pomp and Glory, which before
 " by the marble Colours of false Greatness was overshadowed and covered from me. My
 " Grievs have been many, few my Contentments; the most eminent of which was the Hopes
 " I conceived of you and my other Children: And now my greatest Regret is, that I leave
 " you before I could see my Wishes accomplished towards you. My only Care was to have
 " you brought up in all Vertue, and Goodness: But Heaven shall bestow that Charge to more
 " prudent Governours: However take these Motherly Directions from me, who can leave you
 " no better Legacy. Be earnest to observe these Commandments which are prescribed unto
 " you by Religion, for this supporteth the Scepters of Princes: And a Religious King cannot

“ but have obedient Subjects. What an unreasonable thing is it, that a King will have a Peo-
 “ ple to acknowledge him for their Sovereign Prince upon Earth, and will not acknowledge
 “ God for his Supream Lord in Heaven? A King who rebelleth against God, all subordinate
 “ Creatures will rebel against him. Love my Children, and laying aside the Port and Stateli-
 “ ness of a King, receive them with the Affection of a Brother. Endeavour to make your Subjects
 “ obey you more out of Love than Fear: Or make your self beloved and feared both together,
 “ seeing Love alone of it self is often the Cause of Contempt, and Fear alone begets Hatred.
 “ Remember ye Govern not the soft effeminate People of the *South*, but a fierce Warlike Nati-
 “ on of the *North*, which oftner use to be intreated than commanded by their Princes. Be
 “ sparing to lay Subsidies on them, which maketh many Male-contents; and live upon your
 “ own, suffering others to enjoy what is theirs. Beware of Flatterers, and exalting undeser-
 “ ving Persons above your ancient Nobility. Suffer not your Prerogative to come in Questi-
 “ on; but foreseeing the Danger, rather give Way to all that with Reason is demanded of you.
 “ Moderate your Passions; He shall never govern a Kingdom, who cannot govern himself, and
 “ bring his Affections within the Circle of Reason. It fears me, Envy and Malice arm them-
 “ selves against you, which to overcome, endeavour to be Martial in your self; for a Prince
 “ that is not Martial in himself, shall never be freed of Rebellion amongst his Subjects: A strong
 “ Arm should hold the Ballance of Justice. When Dissention ariseth, be not a Loiterer and
 “ Sluggard, but with all Celerity suppress it in the Infancy. Rebellion is like Fire in a City,
 “ which should be quenched, tho’ with the pulling down of the Neighbouring Houses. Others
 “ will instruct you in the Art of governing, with greater Curiosity and Wisdom, but not with
 “ the like Love and Affection. I wish this Counsel be ingraven in your Heart and Conscience
 “ after my Death, for a perpetual Testimony of my Sincerity in your Education. And if, by the
 “ unjust Counsels of others, ye be brought to practise ought contrary to these Instructions, re-
 “ member ye cannot shun inevitable Dangers both to your State and Person. But now I am war-
 “ ned from above to deliver this Grief-full Body to the Rest of a desired Grave.

After she had thus counselled and blessed her Son, not living many Days, she was buried with
 all Solemnities and Funeral Rites at *Edinburgh* in the College of the Trinity, which she her self
 had founded in the Year 1466.

The King as he increased in Years, increasing in Strength and Ability for Exercises either of
 Recreation or Valour, by the Regents is given to a Brother of the Lord *Boyd* to be bred in
 Knightly Prowess, a Man singular for his Education abroad and Demeanour at home. The
Kennedies were now aged, and become tired to give such assiduous Attendance at Court as they
 were wont, and the Times required. The Lord *Boyd* by the Weakness of his Co-partners go-
 verned the State alone, as Sir *Alexander* his Brother did the young King; to whose natural In-
 clination he did so comply and conform himself, that he had the whole Trust of his Affairs,
 and the King had no Thoughts but his. So soon as the King began to know himself, he turned
 impatient of being subject to the Laws of Minority, that he himself should be restrained by that
 Authority which did derive it self from him; to loath the Superintendency and Government of
 others, and to affect an unreasonable Privilege to be at his own Disposal and the governing
 himself. Many Things are done without the Advice of the Governours, and Occasion is sought
 to be disburdened of their Authority. The Lord *Boyd* and his Brother in a little Time increasing
 in Greatness, and having an Intention to transfer the Power of the State and Glory of the Court
 to their Family, fail not to find Opportunity to free the King from the Severity and Rigour of
 the Governour’s Schooling, and to frame him an Escape. Whilst the King remained at *Linlith-
 gow*, the Lord *Hailes*, Lord *Sommervail*, Sir *Andrew Carr* of *Cesford*, and Sir *Alexander Boyd*,
 agree upon a Match of Hunting, and will have the King Umpire of the Game. Early the Morn-
 ing following, the Gentlemen who were upon the Plot failed not in their Attendance. The
 King being a Mile off the Town, and holding the Way towards *Edinburgh*, the Lord *Kennedy*,
 whose Quarter then was to attend, and who had leisurely followed, suspecting this Hunting to
 be a Game of State, the King continuing his Progress, laying his Hands upon the Reins of his
 Bridle, requested him to turn again to *Linlithgow*; for that he perceived the Time was not con-
 venient for him to go further, neither was he at a convenient Match in Absence of his best de-
 serving Followers. Sir *Alexander Boyd* impatient that the King should have been thus stayed,
 after injurious Words, struck the reverend Governour with a Hunting-staff upon the Head, and
 took the King along with him to *Edinburgh*. At a frequent Meeting of the States, the *Kennedies*
 urged to have the King continue under Minority, the *Boyd*s to take the Government in his own
 Person. After long Contestations, Wisdom being overcome by Boldness, the Authority of the
 better Party was forced to give Place, and yield to the Will of the greater. Thus the Faction of
 the *Boyd*s prevailed.

After this the *Kennedies* full of Indignation, and breathing Revenge, leave the Court; Cares,
 Grief and Age, about this Time, brought *James Kennedy*, Bishop of *St. Andrew’s* to his
 Tomb, which in great Magnificence he had raised in a Church built by himself in the City
 of

of St. *Andrew's*; where also he founded a College of Philosophy, and endowed it with many Privileges, and sufficient Rents to entertain Professors. By the Death of this Prelate, venerable for his Wisdom, singular for his Justice and the Tranquillity following his Government, and magnificent in all his Actions, the Glory of the Court and Country suffered a great Eclipse.

For, he being taken away, the *Boys* laying Foundation for their Power and Greatness, began to turn all to their own Advantage. The first Mark of their Envy was *Patrick Graham*, the Brother of Bishop *James Kennedy* by the Mother, who was Sister to King *James I.* After this Man had been chosen Bishop of St. *Andrew's*, as the Custom then was, by the Chapter appointed for that Election, he was barred from his Place, and violently repulsed by the Faction at Court. To repair which Indignity, he made a Journey to *Rome*; where, being a Man noble by Birth, above others for his Learning and many Virtues, in a little Time, by Pope *Sixtus the IV.* he was re-established and confirmed in his Place.

During his abode at *Rome*, the old Question, concerning the Liberty of the Church of *Scotland*, began to be exagitated.

The Archbishop of *York* contested, that he was Metropolitan of *Scotland*, and that the Twelve Bishops of that Kingdom were subject to his Jurisdiction. *Patrick Graham* remonstrated, how the Archbishop of *York*, considering the usual Wars between the Two Kingdoms, was often inaccessible to the Church-men of *Scotland*, especially in Causes of Appellation. The Pope, after the hearing of both Parties, erected the See of St. *Andrew's* to the Dignity of an Archbishop's See; and *Patrick Graham*, not only was made Primate and Metropolitan of *Scotland*, and ordained to have the other Bishops under him, but for the Space of Three Years designed Legate for the Pope, with full Power to Correct and Restore the Ecclesiastical Discipline, and examine the Manners and Conversation of the Clergy. Notwithstanding these Favours of the Bishop of *Rome*, and the Worth and Excellencies of the Man himself, he dared not return home to his own Country before the declining of the Fortunes of the *Boys*.

This Family seemed now in the Zenith and Vertical Point of its Greatness. No Imputation could be laid to the *Boys* in the Time of their Government, except that they brought the young King by their private Working, without the Consent and Approbation of the other Regents, to *Edinburgh*, for the assuming the Government in his Minority. In Approbation of their Innocency, and to Warrant them from this Danger, the King in a Parliament declareth publicly, "That the *Boys* were not the Authors, nor Projectors of that Business, but only the Assistors of him and his Followers, being not Formal but Instrumentary Causes of his coming to the Helm of the State himself: That they were so far from being obnoxious to any Blame or Reproach for this Deed, that they deserved immortal Thanks, and an honourable Guerdon in all time to come, having obeyed him in that which was most just, honest and expedient for the Weal of the Kingdom. Upon this Declaration of the King, the Lord *Boyd* required the present Action might be registred amongst the Acts of Parliament, and he obtained what was desired, but not with that Success was hoped for.

In this Parliament, the other Regents are rid of their Charge, the Lord *Boyd* being made only Governour of the Kingdom, and the Object of all Men's Respects; having the whole Power and Authority to minister Justice of all Kinds to the Subjects during the King's Nonage, and till he had fully compleated One and Twenty Years: The Defence of the King's Person, and of his Brothers, and the keeping of the Two Ladies his Sisters, are trusted unto him: He hath all the Towns, Castles, Fortresses, Sea-ports, and Places of Importance at his Command. These Proceedings of the Parliament seemed to some very strange, in advancing Men already great enough, and bestowing upon them all Offices of State, and adding Power to such who wanted only Will to do Mischief, except that they knew well how to abase and pull them down again, making their Fall the more sudden. Robert Lord *Boyd*, having the Reins of Government in his Hands, and the Custody of the King's Sisters, dazz'd with the golden Sun of Honour, to lay more sure the Foundation of his Greatness, joineth in Marriage *Thomas* his Eldest Son, a Youth of extraordinary Endowments, both of Mind and Body, with *Margaret* the King's eldest Sister, not long before design'd by her Mother to have been given in Marriage to *Edward* Prince of *Wales*; and he is created Earl of *Arran*. The Father knowing how easily the Conversation of young Persons breedeth a liking, had brought them up together, which turning in a Love and Delight of others Company, concluded at last in Marriage. This Match, though Royal, Great and Rich, instead of supporting the Fortunes of the *Boys*, much weakned them, turning them the Objects of Envy. The Nobles repined at it, and the common People (lighter than the Wind, and more variable than the Rain-bow) made it the Subject of their foolish Discourses. Now (said they) the *Boys* aspire to the Crown; for the King with his Brothers being removed, it appertaineth to them, a Kingdom being the Dowry often of a Wife of the Blood Royal. The *Kennedies*, and such who disliked the present Government, take the Occasion of the Discontentment of the Nobility, and the Rumours of the People to shake the King's towards the Governour, and change the Brawl of State. To this End, they give Way to great and universal Oppressions, most of which were hatched and occasioned by

themselves. By these in a short Time, the Commons turn licentious and dissolute, contemning all Government, every Man doing what seemed best in his own Eyes, and the Gentry divide in Factions. Such who wont to live upon Rapine and Theft, return to their wonted Trades: Honest Men are spoiled of their Goods; the Seditious and Wicked are maintained and defended against all Laws and Justice by their Parties. The State thus troubled, and all Order confounded by sly and crafty Men, who at first pretended great Friendship and Interest towards the *Boys*, the King's Affection towards them is assailed, and his Resolutions tried. Many Times having been plausibly listened unto, at last pulling off their Masks, they lay Imputations against them. They remonstrated to him, "What great Disparagement was between the King of *Scotland's* eldest Sister and the Son of the Lord *Boyd*; that by this Match he was robbed of one of the fairest Jewels of his Crown; The *Boys* should not have appropriated that to themselves, of which they had only the keeping; She should have been reserved for some Neighbour Prince, by which Alliance the State of the Kingdom, and the Person of the King might have been in greater Safety: For if the King should chance to be infested by some insolent Nobility, the Name and Power of a Neighbour Prince were sufficient to keep him safe on his Throne, which by this Match was endangered. They suggested that the *Boys* built their Estimation in the Air of popular Applause, and endeavoured to endear themselves in the Opinion of the Multitude. A Prince is not a Lord of that People that loveth another better than him. Should the *Boys* be accused of Peculate and robbing the King and the common Treasure, the King might make a Prey of their unlawfull Conquest, and by their Attenders reward the Services of many of his necessitous Friends, it being acquired for the most Part by Spoils, and the taxing of the Subjects unlawfully. The Height to which their Riches was increased should be feared. The Faults of all the Disorders of the Common-wealth are laid upon the *Boys*, as the Authors of every Breaking-out and Sedition, that they might the more securely possess the Places near the King. At this Time Complaints from all Parts of the Kingdom, and by all Sorts of Persons, incessantly being given unto him, advance the Intentions of their Enemies: And the King's Mind naturally inclined to Fears and Superstition, being long tossed and perplexed, began to turn away from the *Boys*, and with their Power in some Degrees brought lower and lessened, (Preambles of Ruine :) But he would go leisurely to produce this Effect, and make one Change bring forth another.

The King increasing in Years and youthful Perturbations, is counselled for the continuing of his Race and Succession, and the keeping his Person without the common Disorders of the World, to think upon some March profitable for his Country, and honourable for himself. He is courted by many, and courteth others; the Duke of *Burgundy* had offered him his Daughter, as he had done to other Princes his Friends and Neighbours; but his Mind was not to have her married at all during his Lifetime.

Andrew Stewart Lord *Evandale*, then Chancellor of the Kingdom, with the Bishops of *Glasgow* and *Orkney* being sent Ambassadors to *Christiern* King of *Denmark* for an Accommodation, and taking up some Business concerning the Isles of *Orkney* and *Sbetland* 1469. the Quarrel was taken away by a Marriage to be celebrated between the King and Lady *Margaret*, King *Christiern's* Daughter; a Lady thought worthy of his Bed, in respect of the Excellency of her Beauty, her Royal Descent, and Greatness of her Birth. All Matters being agreed upon, these Isles engaged for her Dowry, there wanted only an honourable Retinue and Convoy to bring home the Lady. To this Negotiation, by the Craft of some about the King, and Vanity of others who gloried to see their Friend promoted to such great Honour, *Thomas* Earl of *Arran*, as a Man flourishing in Fame and Riches, and able to maintain and discharge all Magnificence, is deputed as the fittest Person. Thus by the Ambition and Unattentiveness of his Friends, his Worth was made the Scaffold of his Ruine, the lamentable Condition of Men of high Descent. In the Beginning of the Harvest, accompanied with some young Noblemen and Gallants, most of which were his select Friends and Well-wishers, he ascendeth his Ships. Whilst, as the King of *Scotland's* Brother in Law, he is some Months riotously entertained at the *Danish* Court, the Rigour of that Northern Climate, by the congealing of the Ocean moored up his Ships, and barred all Return till the following Spring. In this Absence of a Man so near unto the King, his Father and Uncle, by Age, Sicknes, and their private Affairs, not so frequently haunting the Court as they were accustomed, the *Kennedies* and they of the contrary Faction, having shaken the King's Affection, and broken these Bands (his Pleasures, Idleness, and Vacancy from the publick Affairs of the State) by which the *Boys* thought they had kept him sure, move him, now a little delighting in Action, to proceed to the Consideration of such Matters as might be objected against the Government of the *Boys*. But that this might not appear to be an Act of Faction, but the universal Consent of the Kingdom, a Parliament was summoned to beholden in November at *Edinburgh*. Here *Robert* Lord *Boyd*, with his Brother *Sir Alexander*, are summoned to answer in Judgment to such Points as should be exhibited against them. At the appointed Day the Lord *Boyd* appeared, but accompanied with such a Multitude of the common People, and Numbers of his Friends, Vassals, and Followers all in Arms, with such Ostentation

and

and Boasting, that the King and Courtiers were well pleased to suffer them to dissolve and scatter of their own free Wills. At this Insolence and Malapertness (yet to our own Time an usual Custom in Scotland) the King conceived such Indignation, that he raised a strong Guard to attend Justice and his Commandments, and laid secretly Forces to assist these, if the *Boys* should oppose his Laws by Convocation of the Lieges. The Lord *Boyd* after private Intelligence of the Minds of the Court to blow him up, rather amazed than in Choler at the Change of his Master's Mind, fled into *England*; his Brother Sir *Alexander* arrested by Sicknes, and relying upon his own Integrity more than he ought to have done, considering the Malice of his Enemies, was brought before the Parliament. His Brother and he were challenged, *That upon the Tenth of July 1446. they laid Hands upon the King's Person, and against his Purpose brought him off the high Way to the Castle of Callendar; and that by their private Power and Consent, contrary to the established Order of the State, and the other Regents Advice they brought the King to Edinburgh.* When Sir *Alexander* sought to produce an Act of Parliament for Abolition or Approbation of this Deed as good Service, it was kept up, and he being condemned, had his Head cut off. Their other Accusations contained the Topical Faults of Favourites, *That they had enriched themselves out of the King's Treasure, monopolized Things belonging to the Crown, diminished the Revenues thereof, and removed worthy Men from the Council, placing such in their Room as had Dependency upon them.* Thomas Earl of *Arran* employed in a publick Charge by the Kingdom, absent, and unheard, is declared Rebel with his Father, and his Moveables escheated to the King. To his original Faults was added, that he dared marry the King's Sister without Consent of the States, the King being of Non-age. At the Noise of this Thunder-clap, Robert Lord *Boyd* left this World at *Anwick*. No sooner had the Spring rendred the *Baltick* Seas navigable, when the *Danish* Lady with her Fleet anchored in the *Forth*: The Earl of *Arran* who was the Paranymp and her Convoy, in that general Gladness, by the Perswasions of some of his Friends, was preparing to come a Shore, and to submit himself to the King's Clemency. But his Lady, who had afar discerned his Danger, coming aboard disguised, and giving him particular Information of the Calamity of his House, the Weakness of his Friends at Court, and the many Snares, Envy and Malice had laid to surprize him, he hoisted Sails, and with her, who would be Partaker of all his Misfortunes, returned to *Denmark*; from *Denmark* by *Germany* he came to King *Lewis* in *France*, who interposed his Requests to King *James* for his Regrets and Restoring. But the Letters in his Favours producing no Effects, *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy* making War against his Rebel Subjects, he was graciously received by him, and entertained as his Ally: His Lady remained at *Antwerp*, where she bore him Two Children, *James* and *Gracile*.

Lady *Margaret* the 10 of *July* 1469, or after others 1470. maketh her Entry into *Edinburgh*, and scarce having attained the Sixteenth Year of her Age, is married to King *James* in the Abbey Church of *Holy-rood-house*; and in the Month of *November* following, by a Convention of the three Estates, was crowned Queen.

The King inexorable in the Behalf of the Earl of *Arran*, and breathing his total Ruine, sendeth Letters to *Antwerp*, filled with Promises and Threatnings, to move his Sister to return to *Scotland*. These at first prevailed nothing with this Lady to make her forsake the Husband of her Youth; many Letters, and from several Friends and Well-wishers in several Fashions and Stiles, coming to her, at last she was brought to believe her Presence would mollify the Mind of her Enemies, and work her Husband a Re-establishment of his former Favours with the King her Brother, and restore him to all his Possessions and Dignities. Upon which Hopes she comes to *Scotland*. But these Hopes proved all false; for instead of having Access to her Brother, she is kept at *Kilmarnock*, the chief House of the *Boys*, as in a free Prison; and her Husband is summoned within threescore Days to adhere to his Wife under Pain of Divorce. The Unfortunate Earl, for Fear of his Head, not appearing, his Marriage is declared null; his Wife is divorced from him, and is constrained by her Brother to marry *James* Lord *Hamilton*, to whom also the Earldom of *Arran* was given for a Dowry. Not long after, her Two Children to Earl *Thomas*, *James* and *Gracile*, are brought to *Scotland*, who in process of Time proved little more Fortunate than their Father; for *James* was slain by *Hugh Montgomery* of *Eglinton*, and *Gracile*, tho' first married to the Earl of *Cassils*, and after to the Lord *Forbes*, was barren. Some have recorded, that the Earl *Thomas*, after this violent bereaving him of his Wife, died of Displeasure at *Antwerp*, and had a Tomb raised over him, with an honourable Inscription, by *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*: Others, who hate the *Boys*, tell, he died not at *Antwerp* but at *Florence*, and that he was killed by a Merchant out of Jealousy of having abused his Wife.

Queen *Margaret*, the Third Year after her Marriage, in the Month of *March*, brought forth a Son, who was named *James*; and *Christiern* King of *Denmark*, to congratulate the happy Delivery of his Daughter, and of Expectation of a continued Succession to the Crown of *Scotland* of his Race, released all the Right, Title, and Claim, which he or his Successors might have to the Isles of *Orkney* and *Scotland*. The King calleth afterwards a Parliament at *Edinburgh*, wherein, though the Reformation of Abuses, as wearing of Silk and other Foreign Trifles, the Building of Ships, and enacting Laws for the present Time were pretended, a liberal Subsidy

was the greatest Aim. His Exchequer being empty, and many of his best Friends turning necessitous and needy, *John* Lord of the *Isles* was attainted for his own and his Father's Misdemeanour; the King raiseth Forces to pursue him; the Earl of *Crawford* being made Admiral, the Earl of *Atbole* the King's Uncle Lieutenant of the Regiments by Land, such Means in short Time was used by the Earl of *Atbole*, that the Lord of the *Isles* submitted himself to the King's Clemency, and in a Convention of the Estates at *Edinburgh*, he resigned all the Right he had to the Earldom of *Ross*, and the Lands of *Knapdale* and *Kintyre*, which the King annexed to the Crown.

Patrick Graham Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, having at *Rome* understood the Fall of the *Boys*, returneth to his own Country; where first amongst his Friends, and the most peaceable Sort of the Clergy, he divulgeth the Pope's Bull for his Supremacy over the other Churchmen of the Kingdom, and his Power of their Trial and promoting to Benefices; and after caused proclaim it at all publick Places. The laudable Elections anciently used about the Places and Offices of Churchmen, by the Corruption of the Times, being taken away, and that Power altogether assumed by the King; the Courtiers, who were accustomed to sell Benefices, and the Churchmen who were wont to buy them, reject the Bull, and set themselves against him; by their Traffick he is discharged to take the Place or Ornaments of an Archbishop, or carry any other Cross or Cap than what the former Bishops used to have. But here they set not up their Rest, *William Schevez*, a Man in those Times admired for his Skill in Astrology, and promoted to be Arch-Dean of *St. Andrew's*, seconded by *John Lock* the Rector of that University, a better Grammarian than Christian, excommunicates this Archbishop for his Presumption, and that he sought to bear Rule over his Brethren Bishops. When this Censure had passed upon him, he is degraded and shut up in Prison. *William Schevez* is after promoted to his Place, and consecrated upon the Passion Sunday in *Lent* at *Holy-rood-house*, the King being present: He likewise received the Title and Faculty of Legate, and is confirmed Primate of the Realm; notwithstanding the Impediments objected to *Patrick Graham* by the Churchmen concerning that same Dignity and Preheminence: *So various and deceitful are the Ways of Men.*

The King being slow to Action, and more inclined to a solitary Form of Life, than to Travel and Business; his Brothers being Princes of unquiet and restless Spirits, to whom publick Employments were Recreations, and withal being Ambitious, Prodigal, desirous of Rule, and to be Governours of the People themselves, and Kings in Fact, however their elder Brother was in Title; they set themselves altogether to study Novations, and bring the King in Contempt with his Subjects, and divert their Minds and Love towards him. To this effect, they had drawn, by their Towardness and Familiarity, many of the young Nobles and Gentlemen to follow them. The King was obnoxious to some publick Scandals, for by his too great Frugality, Care to increase his Treasure, and Study of Purchasing, by Taxations, Sale of Church Benefices, and too exact taking up of Fines, and Supervaluation of Wards, he had gotten the Name of Covetous, and was in no small Distaste among the Commons. *Edward* King of *England*, that the Scots by the Instigation of the *French*, should not trouble his new and scarce settled Government, imploying all his Counsels and Diligence to divide them amongst themselves, wrought not a little on the unquiet Spirits of these young Men. The Duke of *Albany* having been taken upon the Seas by the *English*, was honourably intertained by him, and with great Hopes sent home; after which time King *Edward* and he kept always private Intelligence together. The Duke being promoted to the keeping of the Castle of *Dumbar* and Town of *Berwick*; the King of *England*, to insinuate himself into his Affection, was wont to whisper unto such who loved him, that if his Brother kept not fair with *England*, he would one Day set him in his Place upon his Royal Throne.

At this Time the King was served by Men, whom his Opinion of their Worth and Love towards him had advanced to Places, and whose Fortunes and Estates wholly depended upon his Safety, and who were less apt to do him Harm. His Council was likewise of Men approved for their Affection to him; and thus secluding great Men from his Familiarity and Affairs, he gave them Cause of Offence. His Brothers long masking their Ambition under Discontentment, stir the Malecontents to complain against the Government, which ordinarily falleth forth, not because a People is not well governed, but because Great Ones would govern themselves. These upbraided the King with inglorious Sloth, and endeavour by his Dishonour to increase the Credit of his Brothers. These spared not to speak Evil of him every where, and what they pleased of his Ministers and Favourites: They said, "He neither used Rule nor Moderation in his Proceedings; That his Council was base, and of Men of no great Account, who consulted only to humour him; That a Mason swayed a Kingdom (this was *Robert Cochran*, a Man Courageous and Bold, first known to the King by his Valour in a single Combat, and after from an Architect, or Surveyor of his Buildings, preferred to be of his Council) "a silly Wretch sway'd the Soul of a great King, and curbed it, as it were interdicted or charmed to his Pleasure. His Contributions were the Rewards of Parasites, to whom Fortune, not Merit

“ rit gave Growth and Augmentation; That Honours wept over such base Men who had not
 “ deserved them, and the stately Frames of ancient Houses upbraided with Reproaches the slender Merits of those new Up-starts who enjoyed them; That he began to look downwards
 “ into every sordid Way of enriching himself; That his Privadoes abused him in every Thing,
 “ but in nothing more than in making him believe, what was plotting against them, was against his Person and Authority; and that it was not them his Brothers and the Nobility
 “ fought to pull down, but his Sovereignty.

His Counsellors, Servants, and such who loved him, having long busied their Wits to save their Master's Reputation, and that no Shadow of his Weakness should appear to the Common People, understanding by whom these Rumours were first spread abroad, and observing many of the Nobility and Gentry to favour the Proceedings of his Brothers, not daring disclose themselves to the King what their Suspicions made them fear would come to pass, knowing him naturally Superstitious, and an Admirer and Believer of Divinations, suborn an aged Woman, one Morning as he went a Hunting, to approach him, and tell, she had by Divination, *That he should beware of his nearest Kinsmen; that from them his Ruine was likely to come.* This was no sooner told when the Woman was shifted, and some who were upon the Plot began to comment the Prophecy of his Brothers. A Professor of Physick, for his Skill of Divination brought from *Germany*, and promoted to some Church-benefice, about that same time told the King, *That in Scotland a Lyon should be devoured by his Whelps.* William Schevez, then Archbishop of *St. Andrew's*, by way of Astrological Predictions, put him in a fear of imminent Dangers from his Kindred, though truly he had his Knowledge by Geomancy and good Informations upon Earth, by the Intelligence between the Nobility and Church-men.

Many such like Aspersions being laid upon the King, the People cried out, that he had only for his Fellow-companions Astrologers and Sooth-sayers, whom, as Occasion served, he preferred to Church-benefices and Bishopricks. *Patrick Graham*, then Prisoner in *Dumfermling*, a Man desolate and forgotten, as if there had not been such a Man in the World, taking the Opportunity of the Rumours of the Time, sent a Letter to the King, which contained;

“ That the Misery of his Imprisonment was not so grievous unto him as the sad Reports
 “ which he heard of his Majesty's Estate; he was hardly brought to believe them, but by his
 “ long Detention and Imprisonment, he was assured his great Enemy was in great Credit with
 “ him. That he had brought the King very low in making him jealous of his Brothers, by giving Trust to his vain Divinations; and no wonder these Arts bring forth Dissentions, which
 “ have their Precepts from the Father of Lyes and Discord. To foment Discord among Brothers, was reproachful to Religion, and outrageous to Policy; to seek to know Things to come
 “ by the Stars, was great Ignorance, and that Oracles leave a Man in a Wilderness of Folly.
 “ That there was no other Difference betwixt Necromancy and Astrology, saving that in the
 “ one, Men run voluntarily to the Devil, and in the other ignorantly. Humanity attains not
 “ to the Secrets above; and if it did, it is not wise enough to divert the Wisdom of Heaven,
 “ which is not to be resisted, but submitted unto; That never any had Recourse to these Arts,
 “ but they had fatal Ends; That Almighty Providence permitting that to befall them out of
 “ his Justice of Necessity, which before the Oracle was sought, was scarce Contingent; That
 “ he should rest upon the Almighty's Providence, and then all Things would succeed well
 “ with him, whose Favours would waite him out of the Surges of Uncertainties.

After this free opening of his Mind, *Patrick Graham* was removed out of *Dumfermling* to the Castle of *Loch-levin* (a Place renowned long after by the Imprisonment of *Mary Queen of Scotland*) where in a short time he left the Miseries of this World.

The People now thoroughly deceived and incensed against their King, the most audacious of the Nobility had brought his Brothers on the Way of taking the Government to themselves, their Power being able to perform what their Ambition projected; and the Murmuring of the People seeming to applaud any Insurrections. The Earl of *Mar*, young and rash, purblind in foreseeing the Events of Things, is stirred up to begin the Tragedy; some of the Nobility of his Faction being present, with more Liberty than Wisdom, he broke out in menacing and undecent Speeches, as, *That his Brother did wrong to Majesty in keeping near him, and being so familiar with such contemptible Fellows, as these of his Bed-chamber and Officers*; withal railing against the Government of the State and Court. The King passionately resenting his Words, caused remove him from his Presence and he persevering in his Railing, was committed to the Castle of *Craigmillar*, where surmising that he was in a Prison, his Anger turned into a Rage, his Rage kindled a Fever, and his Fever advanced to a Phrensy. This Sickness increasing, that he might be more near to the Court and his Friends, in the Night he is transported to the *Canon's Gate* in *Edinburgh*. The King compassionate of his Disease, sendeth his Physicians to attend him; they, to restore his Understanding, which was molested, open some Veins of his Head and Arms; in which Time, whether by his own Disorder and Misgovernment in his Sickness, the Bands being

loosed which tyed the lancing; or, that they took too great a Quantity of Blood from him, he fainted, and after swooning, died unawares amongst the Hands of his best Friends and Servants. These who hated the King, gave out that he was taken away by his Command, and some Writers have recorded the same; but no such Faith should be given unto them, as to *William Elphinston* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, who was living in that Time, and whose Records we have followed, who for his Place could not but know, and for his Profession would not but deliver the very Truth. Certain Witches and Sorcerers being taken and examined, and convicted of Sorcery at this Time, and being suborned, they confessed that the Earl of *Mar* had dealt with them in Prejudice of the King, and to have him taken away by Incantation. For the King's Image being framed in Wax, and with many Spels and Incantations baptized, and set unto a Fire, they persuaded themselves the King's Person should fall away as that Image consumed by the Fire; and by the Death of the King, the Brothers should reach the Government of the State; with such Vanities was the common People amused.

Alexander Duke of *Albany* imputing the Death of his Brother to the Favourites of the King, and avouching them to have been the Occasion of his Distraction, stirred the Nobility and People to revenge so foul a Deed. But whilst he keeps private Meetings with them of his Faction in the Night to facilitate their Enterprize, betrayed by some of his Followers, he is surprised, and imprisoned in the Castle of *Edinburgh*. Out of which, about the appointed Time of his Tryal, by the killing of his Keeper he escaped, and in a Ship which to that Effect was hired, sailing to the Castle of *Dumbar*, of which he had the keeping, he passed to *France*. After the Escape of the Duke of *Albany*, the Lord *Evangdale* Chancellor of the Kingdom, raising the Power of the nearest Shires beleaguered the Castle of *Dumbar*: The Besieged unprovided of Victuals, as Men expecting no such Alterations, betake themselves in small Boats to the Sea, and came safe towards the Coasts of *England*. The Castle having none to defend it, is taken; some Gentlemen in Pursuit of the flying Souldiers, by their own Rashness perished.

The Kings of *Scotland* and *England* tossed along with civil Troubles, and affecting Peace with all their Neighbours, by an equal and mutual Consent of Thoughts, send at one Time Ambassadors to one another, who first conclude a Peace between the Two Nations; and that Posterity might be Partakers of this Accord, contract afterwards an Alliance between the Two Kings. It was agreed, that the Princess *Cecilia* youngest Daughter to King *Edward*, should marry with *James* Duke of *Rothsay*, when they came to Years of Discretion. A Motion heard with great Acceptance; but it was thought by some familiar with King *Edward*, and in his most inward Councils, that really he never intended this Marriage, and that this Negotiation aimed only to temporize with *Scotland*, in Case that *Lewis* of *France* should stir up an Invasion of *England* by the King of *Scotland*. King *Lewis* at this Time had sent one Doctor *Ireland* a *Sorbonist*, to move King *James* to trouble the Kingdom of *England*, and to give over the projected Marriage; which when King *Edward* understood, knowing what a Distance was between Things promised and performed, to oblige King *James*, and ty him more strongly to the Bargain, that this Marriage might have more Sway, he caused for the present Maintenance of the Prince, and as it were a Part of the Dowry of Lady *Cecilia*, deliver certain Sums of Money to King *James*. Notwithstanding which Benevolence, the witty *Lewis* wrought so with the *Scottish* Nobility, that King *James* sent Ambassadors to the King of *England*, entreating him not to assist the Duke of *Burgundy* his Brother in Law against King *Lewis*, which if he refused to do, the Nobility of *Scotland*, who were now turned insolent, would constrain him by Reason of the ancient League between the *French* and the *Scots*, to assist the *French*.

The Duke of *Albany*, during his Abode in *France*, had married a Daughter of the Earl of *Bullogne* (she was his Second Wife, his first having been a Daughter of the Earl of *Orkney*, a Lady of great Parentage and many Friends) who incessantly importuned King *Lewis* to aid the Duke for the recovery of his Inheritance and Places in the State of *Scotland*, out of which he was kept by the evil Counsellors of his Brother. *Lewis* minding to make good use of his Brother, and under-hand increasing Discords and Jealousies between him and the King of *England*, slighting his Suits, told him, *He could not justify his taking of Arms to settle a Subject in his Inheritance; That Princes ought to be wrought upon by Perswasion, not Violence, and he should not trouble a King otherways than by Prayers and Petitions, which he would be earnest to perform.* Upon this Refusal the Duke of *Albany* (having buried his Dutches) troubled with new Thoughts, came to *England*. King *Edward* with accustomed Courtesies receiving him, giveth him Hopes of Assistance, entring often in Communication with him how to divert the Kingdom of *Scotland* from the Invasion of his Dominions at the Desire of the *French*, the Agents and Traffickers of *Lewis* lying still in *Scotland*, and daily bribing and soliciting the *Scots* Nobility to oblige the *English* to stay at Home. The Duke freely, and in the worst Sense revealed the Weakness of his Kingdom, "That his King was opinionative, and had
" nothing of a Prince in him but the Name: His ungoverned Spirit disdained to listen to the
" temperate Counsel of sober Men, obeying only his own Judgment. Such who govern'd under
" him, were mean Persons and of no Account, Great only by his Favour and endowed with
" little

“ little Virtue; who ruling as they listed, and excluding all others, made Use of his
 “ Authority for their own Profit and Advantage. The Nobility were Malecontents,
 “ and affected a Change in the Government; which might be easily brought to pass
 “ by the Assistance of King *Edward*. If he would help to raise some civil Broils and Dissention
 “ in the Nation it self, he needed not to be in Fear that they could or would trouble his Coun-
 “ try by any Invasion. The King hearing the Duke manifest what he most affected, approving
 his Judgment, promised him all Necessaries, and what he could desire to accomplish the De-
 sign: And he undertaketh by some fair Way to traffick with the Nobility of *Scotland* for an
 Alteration of the present Form of Government. After a Dangerous Intelligence, the Lords of
Scotland, who under the shadow of the publick Good, but really out of their Disdain and par-
 ticular Interests, conspired against the King, sent the Duke Word, “ *The Golden Age could not be*
 “ *fram’d, nor Arms taken for the Good of the Common-wealth, nor the State alter’d, without the*
 “ *sequestering of those from the King who misgovern’d him.* And these could not be remov’d by
 “ that Power which was amongst themselves, without great Danger and Trouble, considering
 “ the King’s Faction and the Malignant Party. If King *Edward* would agree to the raising of an
 “ Army in *England*, in Favour of the Duke of *Albany*, and for restoring him to his Places and
 “ Inheritance, out of which he was most unjustly ejected: And other Pretences, of which they
 “ should afford the Occasions; which no way should do Harm to the Kingdom of *Scotland*, dis-
 “ order’d already, and laid waste, more by the Licence of a Tyrant in Peace, then it could have
 “ been by War; and at this Time bestow upon them Favours, as they might one Day hereafter
 “ challenge to receive the like; the Nobility of *Scotland* should be ready with another Army, not
 “ to Fight, but to seize upon the King’s Favourites, and Misgovernours of the State: For which
 “ the *English* should have many Thanks. That this Enterprize could not but prove most successful,
 “ the Hatred of the Commons considered against such violent Oppressions. The King was fal-
 “ len into so low Esteem, that assaulted by the *English*, he would be constrain’d by the Sub-
 “ mission of his Crown to intreat for Safety. The King of *England*, understanding this was
 to touch the finest String of State and Dominion (for it is a Matter of much Consequence and
 main Importance to defend the Subjects of another Prince; for under this Mask and Pretence
 of protecting the Liberties of a People, of Assistance and Aid, an Usurpation and Oppression of
 all Liberty might be hidden; and many have established and settled themselves in those King-
 doms, which they came to relieve from Tyranny, and the Oppression of their Rulers, keep-
 ing by Force what was granted to them at first by way of Trust, and under the Colour of
 Helping, usurped a Sovereignty;) agreeth easily to what was demanded and resolved upon.

The Lords of the Association to play more covertly their Game, and mask their Intentions
 (the Commons ever suffering and paying for the Faults and Errors of the great Ones) give way
 for the breaking loose of the Borderers. Fierce Incursions by the *English* are made upon *Scotland*,
 and by the *Scots* upon *England*; some Villages on either Side are burnt. The Secrecy to this
 Business, which was inviolably observed, was of great Importance, which is the principal
 Knot and Tye of great Affairs. Rumours are spread, that the Dukes of *Glocester* and *Albany*,
 with *James* late Earl of *Douglas*, and *Alexander Jerdan* and *Patrick Halyburton*, Men pro-
 scrib’d, and upon whose Heads a Price was set, were at *Anwick* with a powerful Army; and
 in their March towards *Kelfo*. The King awaked out of his Trances by the Alarms of his No-
 bility and Clamours of the People, maketh Proclamations to all between Sixty Years and Six-
 teen to meet him at *Edinburgh*; and to be in Readiness to oppose their old Enemies of *England*
 now come upon the Borders.

After many Delays and much loytering, an Army is assembled by the Nobility, which
 consisted of _____, and a Number of Carts charged with small Ordinance. New
 Incursions being blazed to have been made by the *English*; the King amidst these Troops marched
 to *Lawder*. The Army was encamped, and all Things ordered the best Way the Occasion could
 suffer them, little or nothing being left to Fortune, if the *English* should invade, whom the
 Lords knew were not at all yet gathered, and though gathered, and in a Body, and upon the
 Borders, or nearer, would never invade them.

The King at this time is marvellously perplexed, and become suspicious of the Intentions of
 his Nobility in this Army: In this Confusion of Thoughts, he fell upon Two Extreams.
 In his Demeanor and Conversation too familiar and inward with his old Domestick Servants
 and Favourites, which rendred them insolent (believing the bare Name of King to be sufficient,
 whilst Weakness and Simplicity had made him despised, and them hated) and too retired,
 reserved, and estranged from his Nobility, which made them malicious.

This he did, as his Pensiveness conjectured, that his Nobles should not attempt any Thing
 to the Prejudice of his Royal Authority, independent of any Council. But what he most feared
 came to pass; he resolved and dispatched all Matters by his Cabinet-Council; where the Sur-
 veyor of his Buildings was better acquainted with the Affairs of the State than the gravest of his
 Nobility. This preposterous Course of Favour made the great Men of the Kingdom to fall head-
 long upon their rash, tho’ long projected, Attempt. After many private Conferences in their Pa-
 villions,

vilions, the Chiefs of the Insurrection, as the Earls of *Angus*, *Lennox*, *Huntley*, the Lords *Gray*, *Lile* and others, about Midnight come together in the Church of *Lawder*, with many Barons and Gentlemen. Here every one of them urging the Necessity of the Times, and the Dangers the Common-wealth was like to fall into, requireth speedy Resolutions; and having before premeditated, deliberated and concluded what to follow, they draw up a League and Confederation of mutual Adherence in this Order.

“ Forasmuch as the King suffereth himself to be governed by mean Persons, and Men of no Account, to the Contempt of the Nobility, and his best Subjects, and to the great Loss of the Commons: The Confederates considering the imminent Dangers of the Kingdom, shall endeavour to separate the King’s Majesty from these naughty Upstarts, who abuse his Name and Authority, and despise all good Men; and have a Care that the Common-wealth receive no Damage. And in this Quarrel they shall all stand mutually every one to the Defence of another.

The Plot agreed upon, and the Confederacy sworn, the Chiefs of them in Arms enter the King’s Pavilion, where, after they had challenged him of many Disorders in his Government, contrary to his Honour, the Laws and Good of his Kingdom, they took Sir *William Rogers*, a Man, from a Musician, promoted to be a Knight, *James Hommil*, *Robert Cochran*, who of a Surveyor of his Works was made Earl of *Mar*, or as some mitigate that Title, Intramittor with, and Taker up of the Rents of that Earldom, by whose Device (some Authors have alledged) Copper-money had been coined, by which a Dearth was brought amongst the Commons; which (as others have recorded) was an unjust Imputation, for that Copper-money was coined in the Minority of the King, in the Time of the Government of the *Boys*, with others. All these being convicted by the Clamours of the Army, were immediately hanged upon the River *Lidder*. *John Ramsay* a Youth of Eighteen Years of Age, by the Intreaties, Prayers and Embraces of the King was preserved. Thus they, the late Objects of Envy, were turn’d and become the Objects of Pity and Compassion. The Body of the Commons and the Gentry of the Kingdom, by this notorious Act at *Lawder*, being engaged, and being made Partakers of the Quarrel of the discontented Noblemen, and for their own Safety tyed to second and assist all their Intentions, and to advance their Ends, the King is conveyed to *Edinburgh*, and shortly after he either inclosed himself in the *Maiden Castle*, as his Lodging, or, which is more probable, was there, by the contrary Faction committed as into his Prison, the Earl of *Atbole*, and some other Lords being appointed to attend him.

During this Time, the general Humour of the Kingdom being ripe for Mischief, *Alexander Duke of Albany* (every Thing falling right as it was plotted) prevailed so with King *Edward*, that the Duke of *Glocester*, the King of *England*’s Brother, with the Title of Lieutenant-General for him, set forwards toward *Scotland*. The Army consisted of Two and Twenty Thousand and Five Hundred. In his Retinue there went of the Nobility, *Henry Earl of Northumberland*, *Thomas Lord Stanely*, and with them was the Duke of *Albany*. The Earl of *Dowglas* came not, being reserved for an After-game. The Duke of *Albany* having been before Commander of *Berwick*, and a Man who was still in his Absence beloved of that Garrison, diverted the Duke of *Glocester* from *Anwick*, where he had incamped in *June*, to assail the Town of *Berwick*. By his Intelligence they enter the Town without great Opposition, and it is given up to their Discretion. The Castle by the Lord *Hailes*, then Captain, was made good against their Assaults. The Duke of *Glocester* foreseeing that this Siege would spend much Time, considering the Uncertainty of Events, and being invited to march forward by the Lords of the Association of *Scotland*, committing the Charge of assailing the Castle to the Lord *Stanely*, Sir *John Elrington*, and Sir *William Parr*, with the Body of the Army marched directly to *Edinburgh*.

The Country lay open to their Invasion, and no Army taking the Field to oppose them, they came into *Scotland* the Twentieth Day of *August* 1482. The Army encamped at *Restalrig*, the Duke himself entered the Town of *Edinburgh*, which at the Intreaty of the Duke of *Albany*, who was his Harbinger, he spar’d, receiving such Presents as the Citizens offer’d unto him: His Entry seeming rather a Triumph than hostile Invasion. The King being shut up from him and immured in the Castle, the Duke by a publick Writing at the Market Places gave out high Demands; “ That King *James* should perform what he had covenanted with his Brother King *Edward*; that he should give Satisfaction for the Damage done the *English*, during the last Inroads of the Borderers, which if he refused to accomplish, he as Lieutenant to his Brother, was to exact of him, and take Satisfaction of his Country, denouncing open War, and proclaiming all Hostility against him. King *James* forsaken of his People, and wrong’d by his Lords, laying aside his Passions, and taking to him more moderate and discreet Thoughts, as a Man in Prison, answered nothing to his Demands.

The Lords, who by their King’s Misfortune had reckoned their Felicity, having obtain’d what they chiefly desir’d, to obviate the common and last Danger, the Thralldom of their Kingdom

dom by these Strangers whom they had drawn into the Country for the Recovery of their Liberties, assemble themselves together at *Haddington* with some Companies, not to fight but to supplicate. They sent the Lord *Darnley* and the elected Bishop of *Murray*, to intreat a Suspension of Arms, and require a firm and lasting Peace for the Time to come. "The beginning of the War, and taking of Arms was for the Safety of this the Neighbour Country of *England*, miserably thral'd by a licentious Prince: There was nothing more unworthy of a King or Republick, than not to keep their promis'd Faith. The *English* could have no Colour for executing their Indignation further upon this Country, which already by the Rape of their own Men was impoverish'd and unmanur'd: Only now to be recovered by entertaining Peace with their Neighbours, and amongst themselves. They require "That the Marriage contracted between the Prince of *Rothsay* and Lady *Cecilia* King *Edward's* Daughter might be accomplish'd, when it should please the King of *England*, and the Age of the Two Princes might suffer it. For any Spoil taken in these last Incurfions, the Interest consider'd upon both Sides, Satisfaction should be given out of the publick Contributions. The Duke of *Glocester*, as forgetting and seeming not to know the Grounds of their coming into the Country, and looking to nothing more than his own Fame and Glory, Answer'd, "His coming into *Scotland*, was to right the Honour of his Country so often violated; and to restore the Duke of *Albany*, unjustly commanded to Exile, to his own native Soil, and the Dignity of his Birth. As concerning the Marriage of the Prince of *Scotland* with the Daughter of *England*, he knew not how his Brother's Resolution stood at the present; whereupon he requir'd Repayment of the Moneys lent to their King upon the first Agreement; and withal a Delivery of the Castle of *Berwick* up into his Hands: Or if they could not make the Castle to be render'd, they should give their Oaths upon the Holy Evangelists, that they should neither assist the Besieged, nor harm the Besiegers, till the Castle were either by Force taken, or upon fair Conditions rendred.

The Lords having received this Answer, yielded freely to all the Conditions, except that they found themselves perplexed in the rendring of *Berwick*; it being a Town of old appertaining to the Crown of *Scotland*: Though by Force and Violence the *English* had a long Time kept it, that did not take away their Right and Title. After much contending, agreeing to the surrender of *Berwick*, they desired that the Walls of the Town should be demolished, that it might not be a Place of Tyranny and Incurfion over their bordering Countries. No Arguments could prevail against the Duke of *Glocester's* Resolutions, and being stronger in Power, he persever'd in his Demands, and in all Likelihood this was agreed upon between the Duke of *Albany* and the Confederate Lords, and the *English*, before their entring *Scotland*. Thus the Castle and Town of *Berwick* returned to the *English* the 24. of August 1482. after it had been delivered by Queen *Margaret*, to gain Sanctuary for her Husband King *Henry*, (when expelled *England*) and remained in the Possession of the *Scots* Twenty and One Years.

They likewise appointed a Day for Restitution of all the Money, lent by King *Edward*, and promised upon a full Discussion to make Satisfaction for all Damages done the *English* by any In-road of the *Scottish* Borderers. For the Duke of *Albany's* Provision, whose Safety was principally pretended in this Expedition, a general Pardon was promised for him and all his Followers, together with an Abolition of all Discontents: Whereby he had given unto him the Castle of *Dumbar*, with the Earldoms of *Mar* and *March*; he should be reinvested in all his former Dignities and Places, and by Consent of the Nobility of *Scotland*, he was proclaim'd Lieutenant of the Kingdom.

The Peace being proclaimed, the Duke of *Glocester* in all Solemnity of Greatness returned towards *London*, being welcomed by the King with many Demonstrations of great Joy. He to show how much he approved the Conditions of this Peace, went solemnly in Procession from *St. Steven's* Chappel, now the Parliament House, accompanied with the Queen his Sister, and a mighty Retinue of the greatest Lords into *Westminster* Hall. Where in Presence of the Earl of *Angus*, the Lord *Gray*, and Sir *James Liddale*, Ambassadors extraordinary from *Scotland*, the Peace was ratified. At the Return of the *Scots* Ambassadors to their Country, King *Edward* sent an Herald with them, who in his Master's Name gave over the Marriage contracted between the Lady *Cecilia* and the Prince of *Rothsay*, and required the Money, which had been delivered upon Hopes of Consummation, to his King. The Citizens of *Edinburgh* had given their Bond for the Redelivery, and a Day being granted to them for the Payment, they at the appointed Day intirely delivered the Sum. Some thought King *Edward* recalled this Marriage of a Suspicion he conceived, that the Ambition of the Duke of *Albany*, and the Hatred of the Subjects against their King, amidst the manifold Distractions of the Realm, might hazard the Succession of the Prince of *Rothsay* to the Crown. But King *Edward* having gained what he had endeavoured most to acquire, a Division amongst the Nobles of *Scotland*, and by this a Security from their Assisting the *French*, rejected the Match. Besides the Duke of *Glocester*, who, after his coming into *Scotland*, was laying the Foundations of usurping the Crown of *England*, his Brother once dead, thought the Alliance of his Brother's Daughter with a King of *Scotland*, too strong a Support to that Race,

which he was to declare Bastards, and a Rock upon which he was confident, he should make a fearful Shipwrack. Neither, his Brother's Daughter being married to a King of such Martial and turbulent Subjects as the People of *Scotland*, durst he ever attempt the taking away of her Brothers: And King *Edward* in Neglect of this Match committed a greater Errour of State than he did in his marrying the Lady *Elizabeth Gray*, and forsaking the Lady *Bona* Daughter to the Duke of *Savoy*.

According to the Records of some Authors whilst the King is kept Nine Months in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, the Duke of *Albany*, the Lord *Evandale* Chancellor, the Earl of *Argile*, the Arch-bishop of *St. Andrew's*, the Earl of *Atbole* his Uncle (who for the Preservation of his Person, and Honour of his Office, accepted the Charge to attend him in that Fortrefs) governed the State.

The King (say the honest Records) had all Honour which appertained to a Prince, save that he could not come abroad, and none was permitted to speak unto him, except in the Audience of some one of his Lords Keepers; and that his Chamber Doors were shut before the setting of the Sun, and long after the rising opened. Proclamations are publish'd in his Name and Authority, and other publick Writings. Such who only heard of him could not but take him to be a free and absolute Prince; when nearly view'd, he was but a King in Phantasy, and his Throne but a Picture; the Regal Authority being turned into a Cloak to cover the Passions of those who did govern.

The Duke of *Albany* daily importuned by the Solicitations, Prayers and Tears of the Queen (a calm and temperate Lady) for her Husband's Liberty; finding himself not so respected by the other Governours as his Birth and Merits did deserve; being a Man who delighted in nothing more than in Changes and Novations of Court and State; after so many Scorns and Rebukes offered to his Brother and King, commiserating his long Sufferings, and believing that good Turns would make past Offences be forgotten, and that recent Benefits were sufficient to blot away old Injuries, with all Remembrance of former Discontents, whilst the other Governours at *Stirling* securely passed the Time, posted in the Night to *Edinburgh*. Here a Meeting being appointed of some of his Friends and Vassals, who knew nothing of his Intentions, by the Assistance of the Citizens of *Edinburgh* (Men intirely loving their King, and devoted to him all the Time of the Insurrection of his Nobles) who gave the first Assault, (yet was it rather their Intelligence than Force) the Castle is surpris'd, and the King and all his Servants set at Liberty. This unexpected and noble Act of the Duke of *Albany*, having so fortunate a Success, brought a mighty Change on the Court and State. The King is now again reinstall'd, and hath his Residence in his own Palace, to which many Noblemen and Gentlemen have frequent Concourse; rejoicing to see such evident Tokens of Love pass between the Two Brothers, if their Affection could have continued. The Provost and Baillies of *Edinburgh*, in Recompence of their Service, were made Sheriffs within all the Bounds of their own Territories, and rewarded with other Privileges contained in that Patent, which they call their *Golden Charter* 1482. The Lords of the contrary Faction, who remained at *Stirling*, by this new Accident, betook themselves to new Thoughts and Considerations, every Man full of Fears and Repinings flying to his own Dwelling-place, and conceiving a great Hatred against the Duke of *Albany*. They said, *he was inconstant, rash, mad, in setting at Liberty the Man who would prove his Executioner, and one who would never forget any profer'd Injury: That if he perished before them, it was but his own just Deserving and Procurement.* The Duke contemning those Reproaches, and answering their Calumnies and evil Words with Patience and good Deeds, by the Mediation of the Earl of *Angus*, studied a Reconciliation between the King and his discontented Lords. And his Endeavours had such good Success, that in a short Time after this Atonement, some of them turned so familiar and intimate with the King, that, like the Ivy, they began to sap the Wall by which they had been supported: They made the Wound of the King's old Jealousies rankle again, and added Poison to former Discontents; remembering him of the Unnaturalness of his Brother's first Rebellion, and assuring him, "That his ancient Ambition had yet more Power over him than his new Fears had of Honesty and Respect. That howsoever he shewed outwardly the Arguments of a reconciled Brother, he loved yet to govern, and aimed at the Crown. That he had wrought his Liberty to bring a greater Confusion in the State than he had ever done before. The King who ever had a watchful Eye over his reconciled Enemies, and who desired to be freed and fairly quitted of them all, gave Way to their Calumnies. And they after long Deliberation resolved upon a Plot, to bring the Duke within the Compass of Law, and summoned him to answer upon Treason. And this was the rendring of the Town of *Berwick* to the *English*; which they undertook to prove was only by his Intelligence, Procuration, and being in Company with the Duke of *Glocester*, in that Expedition. Tho' the Duke had an absolute and general Pardon and an Abolition for all was past, and the King's Hand at it, they doubted not to annul and make it void. All being done by a King constrained by a powerful Army, and a close Prisoner, which Writing could not oblige any private Man, far less a King; what he then bargained was upon Constraint, and yielded unto upon Hopes of saving his Life, and an Act exacted by Force. The Duke of *Albany*,

Albany finding by the Malice and Detraction of a Malignant Faction, his Brother's Countenance altered towards him; and that Danger was the Requital of his late setting him at Liberty, the established Reconciliation being shaken by Suspicions and Fancy of Revenge, obeying Necessity, fled to his Castle of *Dumbar*, out of which he came to *England*, to present to King *Edward* and the Duke of *Glocester* the Consideration of his Grievances.

In his Absence he is convicted of many Points of Treason, besides the being accessory to the taking of *Berwick* by the *English*. As, *His dangerous and long Intelligence with the King of England; his sending of many Messengers at all Occasions unto him. That without any Safe-conduct or Pass from his Brother, and not so much as acquainting him, he had left the Country, and come into England to devise Conspiracies against his King and native Kingdom.* The Lord *Creighton* as his Friend, Associate and Accomplice, is forfeited with him, against whom Informations were given, *That often and divers Times, under the Pretence of Hunting, secretly with the Duke of Albany he rode into England, and there meeting with Commissioners sent by King Edward, he deliberated of Matters concerning Novations and of the altering the State; That there he kept Appointments with James Earl of Dowglas, the often quenched Fire-brand of his Country: That in Spite of the King's Forces sent there to lie in Garrison, he kept the Castle of Creighton.* The greatest Discontent the King conceived against him was Love to one of his Sisters, and some Feminine Jealousies. When the Duke understood the Procedure against himself, and the Lord *Creighton*, and that for their Contumacy and not appearing to answer, and give in their Defences, they were convicted of Treason, and their Lands to be seized upon; he caused give up the Castle of *Dumbar*, of which he was Lieutenant, to King *Edward*, who immediately placed by Sea a Garrison in it.

About this Time *Edward* King of *England* left this World 1483, and his Brother *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*, did first take the Name of Protector and Governour of the Kingdom of *England*, and after his Brother's Sons being put in the Tower, and their Mother the Queen taking Sanctuary, in the Month of *June*, possessed himself of the Crown.

The Duke of *Albany* finding that *Richard* by his Change of Fortune had not changed his Affection towards him, implored his Aid in restoring him to his own, and repairing not his Wrongs alone, but a Wrong done in his Sufferings to the King of *England*, since there was now an open Breach of the Truce and Peace so solemnly by him set down, and confirmed by his Brother. If he could be furnished but with a few Number of choice Men of Reputation and Power to pass into *Scotland*, and take a Trial of the Minds and good Will of his Friends and Confederates, he doubted not, at his entering the Country, to find Numbers, who, by his Presence, would hazard upon the most desperate Dangers.

Richard finding the Man his Suppliant, with whom he endeavoured once an intire Friendship, and whose Advancement in Authority he had most studied, condescended that Five Hundred Men and Horses should be chosen upon the Borders, with others who were Outlaws, and necessitated sometime to make Incursions, and with *James* the old Earl of *Dowglas*, a Man well known and renowned in the West-borders, should make an In-road into *Scotland*.

The Two and Twenty Day of *July*, the banished Champions, having chosen a good Number of their Borderers, put forward towards *Lochmaben* to surprize a Fair, spoil a publick Mercat, seize upon all the Buyers and Sellers, which here meet and traffick every St. *Magdalen's* Festival. Under Pretence of Devotion and the Liberty of Trading many *English* had hither resorted: At the Twelfth Hour of the Day, when the Merchants and Country People were in greatest Security, the Bursè is invaded, and not Blood but Wares fought after. The Laird of *Johnston* who was Warden, and the Laird of *Cock-pool*, with many stout Borderers, having surveyed and ridden through the Places where the People were met, to prevent and hinder all Disorders and Dangers, at the Noise of an Incursion of the *English*, dispatch Posts to the adjacent Bounds for Supply; and in the mean Time rencounter the Plunderers of the Fair. Here it is fought with greater Courage than Force, and in a long continued Skirmish, the Danger of the Loss stirring up and inciting the Parties, as much as Fame and Glory.

The Day was near spent, leaving the Advantage to either side disputable, when the Supply of fresh Men come to defend their Country and Friends, turned the Fortune of the Fight, and put the *English* Borderers all to the Rout. The Duke of *Albany*, by the Swiftnes of his Horse, and the good Attendance of his Servants, winneth *English* Ground; but the Earl of *Dowglas* loaden and heavy with Years and Arms, is taken by *Robert Kirkenpatrick* (who for that Service got the Lands of *Kirk-michael*) and brought as in Triumph to *Edinburgh*. It is recorded, that when the Earl was come into the King's Presence, he turn'd his Back and refused to look him in the Face, considering the many Outrages he had perpetrated against his Father, and this late Offence. The King taken with the goodly Personage, Gravity and great Age of the Man, commiserating his long Patience and cross Fortune, being in his young Days designed to be a Church-man, confined him as in a free Prison in the Abbacy of *Lundores*.

Besides he considered, that when Occasion served, he might bring him out of this Solitarness, and in these turbulent Times, by his Counsel and Presence, play more advantageously

his Game of State, being a Man of long Experience in the Affairs of the World, and the most learned of all his Nobility. He was now become tired of the Earl of *Angus*, the Remembrance of his first Offence remaining deeply ingraven in his Heart, and to counterpoise his Greatness, this was the only Weight. The Duke of *Albany* found little better Entertainment in *England*, the Battle being lost, some Men taken and killed (this being the first Road upon *Scotland* under the Reign of *Richard*, who had been formerly so fortunate in his own Person) his Fame injur'd, and Reputation by this diminished, the Duke began to be disliked of him, and was not received with that Kindness he was wont; whereupon by the Assistance and Convoy of *John Liddale*, he secretly retired to *France*.

After the Road of *Lockmaben* sundry Incursions are made by the *Scots* upon the *English* Borders, and by the *English* upon the *Scottish*: The Champaign Ground is scoured, Houses are burnt, Booties taken, with great Loss to both, and little Advantage to any of the Parties. *Richard* having his Reign in the Infancy, and not yet settled nor come to any Growth and Maturity, being obnoxious to the Scandal of the Murther of his Brother's Sons, and possessed with Fears of *Henry* Earl of *Richmond* then remaining in *France*, who by all honest and good Men was earnestly invited to come Home, and hazard one Day of Battel for a whole Kingdom, knowing it necessary for the Advancement of his Designs to have Peace with all his Neighbour Princes, to render himself more secure and safe at Home, and terrible to his Enemies Abroad, sendeth Ambassadors to *Scotland* to treat a Peace, or a Suspension of Arms for some Years. King *James* no more softly rocked in the Cradle of State than *Richard*, cheerfully accepteth this Embassy; for by a Peace he may a little calm the stormy and wild Minds of his tumultuous Subjects, reducing them to a more quiet Fashion of Living, and exclude his Rebels and banisht Subjects from Entertainment in *England*, and all Places of Refuge and Sanctuary. The Two Kings agreeing in Substance, Commissioners are appointed to meet at *Nottingham* the Seventeenth Day of *September*. For the King of *Scotland* appeared the Earl of *Argile*, *William Elphinston* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, the Lord *Drummond* of *Stobhall*, the Lord *Oliphant*, *Archibald Whitelaw* Secretary, and *Duncan Dundas* Lyon King of Arms. For *Richard* of *England* appeared the Duke of *Norfolk*, the Earl of *Northumberland*, the Lord *Stanley*, the Lord *Gray*, the Lord *Fitz-bugh*, *John Gunthrope* Privy-Seal, *Thomas Barrow* Master of the Rolls, and Sir *Thomas Bryan* Chief Justice.

In the latter End of *September* these conclude a Peace between both Realms for the Space of Three Years: The same to begin at the rising of the Sun *Sept. 29.* in the Year 1484. and to continue unto the setting of the Sun on the 29 of *Sept.* in the Year 1487. During which Time, it was agreed, that not only all Hostility and War should cease between the Two Realms, but that also all Aid and Assistance against Enemies should be afforded.

It was agreed, *The Town and Castle of Berwick should remain in the Hands of the English for the Space of the foresaid Term, with the same Bounds the English possessed.*

That all other Castles, Holds and Fortresses, during the Term of Three Years, should remain in the Hands of those that held them at that present, the Castle of Dumbarton only excepted, which the Duke of Albany delivered to the English when he left his Country. Which Castle, for the Space of Six Months, should be exposed to the Invasion of the Scots, if they could obtain it, and during the assaulting of this Castle, the Truce should not be broken. Neither should the English within the Castle do any Harm to the Scots dwelling thereabouts, except to those who invade the Castle, and at that Time. And that it should be lawful to any of the Parties to use all Stratagems, and extend their Power either for winning or defending the said Castle.

It was agreed, *That no Traitor of either Realm should be received by any of the Princes of the other Realm; and if any Traitor or Rebel chance to arrive in either Realm, the Prince thereof should deliver him upon Demand made.*

Scots abiding within the Realm of England, and sworn there to the King, may remain still, so their Names be made known to the King of Scotland within Fourty Days.

If any Warden of either Realm shall invade the other's Subjects, he to whom such a Warden is subject shall within six Days, proclaim him Traitor, and certify the other Prince thereof within Twelve Days.

In every safe Conduict this Clause shall be contained, Providing always that the Obtainer of the safe Conduict be no Traitor.

If any of the Subjects of either Prince, do presume to aid and help, maintain and serve any other Prince, against any of the Contractors of this Truce, then it shall be lawful for him to whom he shewed himself Enemy, to apprehend and attack the said Subject coming or tarrying within any of their Dominions.

The Collegues comprehended in the Truce, (if they would assent thereunto) on the English Part, were the King of Castile, the King of Arragon, the King of Portugal, the Arch-Duke of Austria and Burgundy, the Duke of Bretaign. Upon the Scottish Part, Charles King of France, the King of Denmark and Norway, and the Duke of Guelderland. This Treaty was appointed to be published the First of October, in all the great and notable Towns of both Realms.

It was agreed, That Commissioners should meet at Lochmaben the 18 of November, as well for Redress of Wrongs done on the West Marches, as for declaring and publishing the Peace, where the greatest Difficulty was to have it observed.

Richard after this Truce, intreated a Marriage between the Prince of *Rothsay*, eldest Son to King *James*, and Lady *Anne de la Pool*, Daughter to *John Duke of Suffolk* by his Sister. To this Effect Ambassadors meet at *Nottingham*, others say at *York*, and it is concluded. Writings thereupon being drawn up, ingrossed and seal'd, and Affiances made and taken up by Proctors and Deputies of both Parts, Lady *Anne* thereafter was stiled the Princess of *Rothsay*. But by the Death of her Uncle she enjoyed not long that Title.

After the League and intended Marriage, King *James* wrote friendly Letters to *Richard* concerning the Castle of *Dumbar*, Whether he could be content that the same should remain only Six Months in the Power of the *English*, or during the whole space of the Truce? That he was not minded to seek it by Arms during the Term of the whole Truce. Notwithstanding he earnestly required it out of the Bond of Love and Friendship between them, since it was given unto the *English* by Treason, and neither surpris'd nor taken in lawful War, it might be friendly rendred. *Richard* dally'd with him, and pass'd away that Purpose with complementing Letters all the Time of his Government, which was not long. For in the Year 1486 *Henry Earl of Richmond* came with some Companies out of *France* (of which that famous Warrior *Bernard Stuart Lord Aubigny*, Brother to the Lord *Darnley* in *Scotland*, had the leading) which by the resort of his Country-men turned into an Army, and rencountred *Richard* at *Bosworth*, where he was killed, and *Henry* proclaimed King of *England*: To which Victory it was uncertain whether Virtue or Fortune did more contribute.

Alexander Duke of Albany before this Disaster of *Richard*, at a Titling with *Lewis Duke of Orleans*, by the Splinter of a Spear in his Head, had received his Death-wound, 1483. He was a Man of great Courage, an Enemy to Rest and Peace, delighting in constant Changes and Novations. He left behind him two Sons, *John Duke of Albany*, begotten of his second Marriage upon the Earl of *Bulloigne's* Daughter, who was Tutor to King *James V.* and Governour of *Scotland*, and *Alexander* born of the Earl of *Orkney's* Daughter his first Wife, Bishop of *Murray* and Abbot of *Scoon*: Into which Places he was intruded, to make the Government of his other Brother more peaceable.

Margaret the Queen about these Times, a good and vertuous Lady, died 1486. and was buried at *Cambuskenneth*, the 29. of *February*.

The Overthrow and Death of *Richard* being known abroad, King *James*, taking the Advantage of the Time, besieged the Castle of *Dumbar*. The garrison'd Soldiers finding no Relief nor Assistance from their Country, and ascertained of the Change of their Master, render'd up the Fort into the Hands of the *Scots*; it was of no great Importance to the *English*, and only served to be a fair Bridge of Treason for *Scottish* Rebels, and a Citadel of Conspiracies.

Henry King of England after his Victory and Coronation, sent *Richard Fox* Bishop of *Exeter*, and Sir *Richard Edgecomb* Ambassadors to King *James*, for renewing the Truce, and if it were possible, to agree upon a stable and lasting Peace between the Realms. King *James* taking a Promise of the Secrecy of the Ambassadors, that what he imparted to them, should not be laid open to his Nobility, told, He earnestly affected a Peace with all his Neighbours, but above all others with their King, as much for his own Valour, as for the Honour and Interests of the Two Kingdoms: But he knew his People so stubborn and opposite to all his Designs, that if they understood his Mind and Resolutions, they would endeavour to cross his Intentions; wherefore publicly he could only condescend to Seven Years Truce, a long Peace being hardly obtained from Men brought up in the free Licence of War, who disdained to be restrained within the narrow Limits of Laws. Notwithstanding, they should undertake for him to King *Henry*, in the Word of a Prince, that this Truce, before the expiring of it should be renewed, and with all Solemnities again confirmed.

The Ambassadors respecting his Good-will towards their King, accepted the Conditions. Thus was there a Truce or Peace covenanted and confirmed for Seven Years to come between the Two Realms.

After so many Back-blows of Fortune and such Canvassing, the King enjoying a Peace with all his Neighbours Abroad, became exceeding Religious; the Miseries of Life drawing the Mind to the Contemplations of what shall be after it. During his Residence at *Edinburgh* he was wont to come in Procession from the Abby of *Holy-rood-house* to the Churches in the High-Town every *Wednesday* and *Friday*. By which Devotion he became beloved of his People: Nothing more winning their Hearts than the Opinion they have of the Sanctity of a Person. And that he did not this for the Fashion, nor Hypocritically, the Application of his Wit and Power to the Administration of strict Justice did prove: For he began to suppress the Insolencies of strong Oppressors, defend and maintain the Rights of the Poor, against Tyrants and Abusers of their Neighbours. He sitteth himself in Council daily, and disposeth Affairs of most Weight in his own Person.

In the Month of *October*, following the Peace with *England*, 1487. a Parliament was called, in which many Acts were made against Oppressors: Justices were appointed to pass through the whole Kingdom, and see Malefactors deservedly punished. Acts were made that no Convention of Friends should be suffered for the Accompanying and Defence of criminal Persons: But that every one attainted should appear at the most with Six Proctors; that, if found guilty, they should not be rest from Justice by strong Hand. Such of the Nobility who feared and consequently hated him, finding how he had acquired the Love of his People by his Piety in the Observance of Religion, and his Severity in executing Justice, were driven unto new Meditations. They began to suspect he would one Day free himself from these turbulent Spirits, who could not suffer him to enjoy a Peace, nor reign. He had advanced at this Time to Offices of State and Places, Men whose Fortunes did wholly depend upon his Safety and Welfare: At which some Noblemen, whose Ambition was to be in publick Charge and of the Council, pretending to that out of Right, which was only due unto them by Favour, did highly storm and look upon those others with envious Eyes. The King thus falling again into his old Sickness, they bethought them how to renew their old Remedy. They were also jealous of the Remembrance of the Disservice they had done him, and that he would never forget old Quarrels; They were prepared and ready to make a Revolution of the State, but had not yet found their Center to begin Motion, nor a Ground for Rebellion. All this while there was not Matter enough for an Insurrection, nor to dispose the People's Hearts to a Mutiny.

The King delighted with his Buildings of the Castle of *Stirling*, and the Amenity of the Place, for he had raised there a fair and spacious Hall, and founded a College for Divine Service, which he named the Chappel Royal; and beginning to be posselt and taken up with the Religion of these Times, endeavoured to endow this Foundation with constant Rents and ample Revenues, and make this Rock the choice Sanctuary of his Devotions. The Priory of *Coldingham*, then vacant and fallen in his Hands, he annexed the same to his Chappel Royal, and procured an Act of Parliament that none of the Lieges should attempt to do contrary to this Union and Annexation, or to make any Impetration thereof at the Court of *Rome* under the Pain of Treason. The Priors of this Convent having been many Years of the Name of *Hume*, it was by the Gentlemen of that Name surmis'd, that they should be interested, and wronged in their Estates, by Reason of the Tithes, and other Casualties appertaining to this Benefice, if a Prior of any other Sirname were promoted to this Place. The King being often petitioned and implored, that he should not alter the accustomed Form of the Election of that Prior, nor remove it from their Name, nor suffer the Revenues to be otherways bestowed than they were wont to be of old; and he continuing in his Resolution of annexing them to the Chappel, after long Pausing and Deliberation amongst themselves, as Men stirred up by the Malecontents and a proud Faction, fit for any the most dangerous Enterprize, they proceed upon stronger Grounds to overturn his Intentions and divert his Purpose. The Lord *Hailes* and others of the Sirname of *Hepburn*, had been their constant Friends, Allies and Neighbours; with them they enter into a Combination, that they should mutually stand to the Defence of one another, and not suffer any Prior to be received for *Coldingham*, if he were not one of their Two Sirnames. This Covenant is first privately by some mean Gentlemen sworn, who after draw on their Chiefs to be of the Party. Of how small Beginnings doth a great Mischiefe arise! The Male-contented Lords knowing these Two Sirnames to be numerous, active and powerful in those Parts of the Country where they remained, lay hold upon this Overture, and beginning from their Particulars, they make the Cause to be general; they spread Rumors abroad, "That the King was become terrible and not to be trusted; notwithstanding all his Protestations and outward Demeanour, that he yet meditated Revenge, and had begun to invade and shake the ancient Privileges of the *Humes*, more out of Spite and Discontent against them for having assisted and followed the Lords of the Reformation of the State, than any Intention of the increasing the Rents of his new erected Chappel. That ere long he would be avenged upon all whom he either knew were accessory, or suspected to have been upon the Plot of *Lawder Bridge*, or his Commitment in the Castle of *Edinburgh*; that it was sometime better to commit a Fault unpardonable, than venture under the Pardon; that the King had taken a Resolution to live upon the People's Contributions, and give his own Revenues to particular Men. The Faults of his Counsellors are highly exaggerated; they were base Persons, and he himself given to Dissimulation, Misdevotion and Revenge; as Occasion served he would remember old Wrongs: It was good to obey a King, but not to lay the Head upon a Block to him, if a Man could save himself.

After a long Smother of Discontent and Hatred of the Nobility and People, Rancour breaking daily forth into Seditions and Alterations; the Lord *Hume* and *Hailes* being the Ring-Leaders, many Noblemen and Gentlemen under feigned Pretences, especially the Courses of swift Horses, keep frequent Meetings: Where they renew their Covenant agreed upon at *Lawder Church*, the Necessity of the Times and the Danger of the Common-wealth requiring it, and gave their Oaths, that at what Time soever the King should challenge them directly or indirectly, or wrong them in their Rights, Possessions, Places, or Persons, they should abide together

gether as if they were all one body, espouse each other's Quarrels, and the Wrongs done to any one of them should be done to them all.

When the King understood the Confederacy of the Lords, to anticipate the Danger, he made Choice of a Guard for the Preservation of his Person and Servants, of which he made *John Ramsay of Balmain*, a Man whom he had preserved at *Lawder*, and advanced to be Master of his Household at Court, Captain; giving him him a Warrant not to suffer any Man in Arms to approach the Court by some Miles. This, in stead of cooling, exasperated the Choler of the Male-contents, and stirr'd them to assemble with numerous Retinues all in Arms. The King scarce believing the Minds of so many were corrupted, and perswading himself the Authority of the publick Name of a King would supply the want of some Power, summoned certain of them upon Forty Days to answer according to Law.

Of those some rent his Summons, and beat shamefully his Heralds and Messengers for discharging their Offices: Others appeared, but with Numbers of their Adherents, Friends, Allies and Vassals. And here he found, that the Faults of great Delinquents are not without great Danger taken Notice of, and reprehended; he used some Stratagems to surprisè the Heads and Chiefs of their Faction: But unadvisedly giving Trust to the Promises of those who lent their Ears, but not their Hearts to his Words, his Designs were discovered before they produced any Effect; His Secrets all laid open to his great Hatred and Disadvantage, the Discoverers taking themselves to the factious Rebels, and cherishing unkind Thoughts in all whom they saw distastèd with his Government. Perceiving himself betrayed, and his Intentions divulged, he remained in great Doubt to whom he should give Credit. The Nature and Manner of all Things changed by the League of the Confederates, he thought it high Time to remove a little further from that Torrent which might have overwhelmed him, and made them Masters of his Person. To temporize and win Time, he caus'd furnish the Castles of *Edinburgh* and *Stirling*, with Provision of Victual, Ammunition, and Garrisons to defend them from the Dangers of War; he resolv'd to make his Abode beyond the River of *Forth*, and to leave the *South* Parts of the Kingdom. After which Deliberation, he enter'd a Ship of Sir *Andrew Wood* (a famous Navigator and stout Commander at Sea) which pretended to make Sail for the *Low Countries*, and was lying at Anchor in the *Forth*. These who saw him aboard, spread a Rumour that he was flying to *Flanders*. The Lords of the Insurrection making Use of this false Report, seiz'd on his Carriage in the Passages towards the *North*, rifled his Coffers, spoil'd his Servants of their Stuff and Baggage. And then after Certainty that he was but landed in *Fyfe*, and from that was in Progress to the *North-ern* Parts, preparing and directing his good Subjects to be in Readiness to attend him at his Return, they surpris'd the Castle of *Dumbar*. The Money found in his Coffers hire Souldiers against him, and the Harness and Weapons of his Magazines arm them. Having gathered some Companies together, tumultuously they overrun the Countries upon the South of the *Forth*, rifling and plundering all Men who went not with them, or whom they suspected not to favour their desperate and seditious Ends. In his Progress the King held Justice Courts at *Aberdeen* and *Inverness*, where *William Lord Creighton*, not long before forfeited with the Duke of *Albany*, submitted himself to his Clemency, and was received into Favour and pardoned: After which Grace he shortly left this World. Whilst the King in the North, the Lords in the South are making their Preparations; When they were assembled at *Linlithgow*, they find themselves many in Number and strong in Power, the Success of their Proceedings being above their Hopes. There only wanted a Man eminently in Esteem with the People, and Noble of Birth, to give Lustre to their Actions, shadow their Rebellion, and be the Titular and painted Head of their Arms. When they had long deliberated upon this great Man, they assented all that there was none to be parallel'd to the Prince of *Rothsay*, the King's own Son. So strongly Providence befools all humane Wisdom and Foresight; his Keepers being corrupted by Gifts, Pensions, and Promises of divers Rewards, he is deliver'd into their Hands; and by Threats, that they would otherwise give up the Kingdom to the King of *England*, he is constrained to go with them. To heighten the Hatred against the King, and the closer to deceive the People (for the Love of Subjects is such towards their natural Kings, that except they be first deceived by some Pretence and notable Sophism, they will not arise altogether in Arms and rebell) they make Proclamations, and by their Deputies, by Way of Remonstrances, spread abroad seditious Papers, (in what a Sea of Blood would these Men launch into!) "That all true Subjects should come in Defence of
" the Prince, and take Arms; because his Father's Jealousies and superstitious Fears were risen to
" that Height, that nothing but his Son's Death or Imprisonment could temperate them. That
" he was raising an Army to take his Son out of their Hands, that he might do with him as he
" had done with his own Brothers; that Force was the only Means to work his Safety, and keep
" the Plotters of this Mischiefe within Bounds. They also should take Arms to reduce the Government to a better Form, for that the Kingdom was oppress'd with insupportable Grievances; the King being altogether given to follow the Advice, Projects and Counsels of base Men;
" to amass and gather great Sums of Money from his People, upon which he studied to
" maintain his Court and State, and give away his own.

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When this Engine was prepared for the People, and spread abroad, they sent to the Earl of *Douglas*, then closely as a Monk shut up in the Abbey of *Lindores*, to come out, be of the Party, and assist them with his Counsel and Friends, promising, if their Attempt had happy Success, to restore him again to his ancient Possessions and Heritage, former Dignities and the Places of Honour of his Ancestors. The Earl, whom Time and long Experience had made wary and circumspect, having a Suspicion, that the Earl of *Angus*, who possessed the greatest Part of his Estate, had been the chief Motioner of this Liberty, and that rather to try what he would do, than that he minded really to set him free, refused to come out of his Cloister. And by his Letters dissuaded them from their bold Enterprize against their Prince; wishing they would set his House and himself for a Pattern and President of Rebellion. He sent to all such of his Friends, whom his Disasters had left unruined, to take Arms for the King, as the *Douglases* of *Cavers* and others.

The King neither losing Courage nor Counsel, for the Greatness of the Danger of the Rebellion, trusting much to his good Fortune, with such Forces as came with him from the North, in Captain *Wood's* Ships, and other Boats and Vessels prepared to that End, passeth the *Forth* near *Blackness*, an old Fortress and Sea-port in *West-Lothian*, not far from the Castle of *Abercorn*, and that Place where the Forces of the Earl of *Douglas* left him, and the King his Father obtained so harmless a Victory. Before the Arrival of the King at this Place, the Earl of *Glencairn*, Lords *Graham*, *Maxwell* and *Ruthven*, with others, advertised by Letters of the Rendezvous, had come to the Place, had encamped, and were attending him. And he mustered a sufficient Army to rencounter the Lords of the Association, who from all Quarters were assembled, having with them the Prince to add Authority to their Quarrel. The Two Armies being in Readiness to decide their Differences by a Battel, the Earl of *Arbore* the King's Uncle so travelled between the Lords of either Party and the King, that a Suspension of Arms and Reconcilement was agreed upon: And the Earl of *Arbore* rendered himself a Pledge for the accomplishing of the King's Part of the Reconcilement, to the Lord *Hailes*, and was sent to be kept in the Castle of *Dumbar*.

This was not a small Fault of this Prince: The Confederate Forces were not at this time equal to his, neither had they essayed to hinder the landing of his Army, being but in gathering; the Castle of *Blackness* was for his Defence, and his Ships traversing up and down the *Forth*, in case of Necessity for Succour. That if he had hazarded a Battel, he had been near to have recovered all that Reputation he had before lost. Now upon either side some common Souldiers are disbanded, some Gentlemen licensed to return to their own Dwelling-places. The King in a peaceable Manner retireth to the Castle of *Edinburgh*. The Earl of *Arbore* was now removed from him, and many of the other Lords who loved him returned to their Houses; the Counsel of Man not being able to resist the Determinations of God. The Lords suspecting still the King to be implacable in their Behalf, and unaccessible in his Castle, keeping the Prince always with them, entring upon new Meditations, hold sundry Meetings how to have his Person in their Power, and make him a Prey to their ambitious Designs. The Town of *Edinburgh* is pestered with Troops of armed Men, and the Villages about replenished with Souldiers. The King warned of his Danger, fortifies of new the Castle of *Edinburgh* for his Defence, and is brought to such a Tameness, that resolving to do that with the Love of every Man, which he feared in end he should be constrained unto with the universal Hatred of all, and his own Damage and Danger, out of a passive Fortitude sent Commissioners, indifferent Noblemen, to the Lords and his Son to understand their Intentions, and what they meant: "Why his Son was kept from him, and continued the Head of their Faction? Why his Uncle was so closely imprison'd, and himself as it were blocked up by their tumultuous Meetings in Arms? He was content they should have an Abolition of all that was past, that their Punishments should not be infinitely extended, and that they should think upon a general Agreement after the best and fittest Manner they could devise and set down. They finding their Offence flew higher than Hopes of Pardon could ascend unto, their Suspicions, and the Conscience of their Crime committed, breeding such a Distrust out of an Apprehension of Fear, answered, That they found no true Meaning. Open War was to be preferred to a Peace full of Deceit, Danger and Fears; that being assured he would weave out his begun Projects against them, they could not think of any Safety, nor have Assurance of their Lives nor Fortunes, unless he freely resigned the Title of his Crown and Realm in Favours of his Son, and voluntarily deposed himself, leaving the Government of his People and Kingdom to the Lords of his Parliament, divesting himself wholly of his Royal Dignity. Neither would they come to any Submission or Capitulation, until he consented to this main Point, and granted it submissively.

King *James*, notwithstanding of this Answer, after a clear Prospect of the Inconveniences and Mischiefs which were growing, and the many Injuries, Indignities, and Affronts put upon him, yet really affecting a Peace, sought unto *Henry* King of *England*, as also to the *Pope*, and King of *France* to make an Atonement between him and his Subjects. The Kings accordingly interposed their Mediation in a round and Princely Manner, not only by Way of Request and Per-

Perswasion; but also by way of Protestation and Menace, declaring, "That they thought it
 "to be the common Cause of all Kings, if Subjects should be suffered to give Laws unto their
 "Sovereign; a legitimate King, though a Tyrant, was not subordinate to the Authority of
 "Subjects. *James* was not a Tyrant, his Errors proceeding most part from Youth and evil
 "Counsel; that, suppose the King had done them Wrong, it was not wisely done, for a De-
 "sire of Revenge, to endanger their Particular Estates, and the Peace and Standing of the
 "whole Kingdom. What State was there ever so pure, but some Corruption might creep
 "into it? That they should be very cautious how they shook the Frame of Monarchical Go-
 "vernment too far; That they would accordingly resent and revenge it. Rage prevailing a-
 "gainst Reason and Fears, the Lords made that same Answer to these Ambassadors which they
 had sent to the King himself before. As for the Pope's Embassy, which, being sent by *Adrian de*
Castello an Italian Legate, was coming, the Lords fearing the Danger of it (for in those Times
 it might have drawn the most Part of all the Towns and the Commons, for Fear of Ecclesiastical
 Censures, to have adhered to the King, or stood in an Indifferency) made all possible Haste
 before it should have been delivered, to make Head against their Sovereign, and decide their
 Quarrel in a Battel: *Urban IV.* armed *Henry III.* King of *England* against all those that would
 not return to their due and old Obedience to him, and against all his disloyal Subjects.

The King was in a strong Fort, and if he had remained still there, Matters in a little Time
 had fallen forth more to his Wishes, and his Enemies might have been brought to a Submission:
 For his good Subjects of the North, as the *Forbesses*, *Ogilvies*, the *Grants*, *Frazers*, *Meldrums*,
 many of the *Gordons*, *Keiths*, and others who adhered to him out of Affection and Duty, were
 advancing towards him. But whether misinformed or betrayed by some of his own, who made
 him believe that unless he could command the Country about *Edinburgh*, the Castle was of no
 such Importance as was the Castle of *Stirling* for him, in Consideration of the Passage over the
 River of *Forth* at a Bridge for those who were coming to his Aid: The Lords of the Association
 counterfeiting a Retreat, and dispersing themselves in the Country, that they might draw him
 from that Hold, he rashly and unadvisedly issued out of the Castle, and left his beloved Town
 of *Edinburgh*. The Earl of *Glencairn*, Lord *Graham*, *Maxwell* and *Ruthven* accompanied him
 to *Blackness*; his Forces here encreasing, he marched towards *Stirling*, the Rendezvous and
 destinated Place of Meeting for all his loyal Subjects, there he displayed his Royal Standard.
 Here the perfidious Constable (an unparallel'd Example of Ingratitude) who had betrayed the
 Son, in an hostile Manner, kept the Father out of his own Castle, Cannons mounted, Pistols
 cockt, and levell'd at him, and exposed him a Prey to his Rebels. In the Amazement and
 Deliberation what next to go about, being thus shut out of his Castle, Tidings came to him, that
 the Confederates were come near to *Falkirk*, a little Town Six Miles Eastward from *Stirling*.
 That his Army should not be discouraged by this unexpected Accident, trusting to his Right
 and present Power, being more Stout than Prudent, he resolveth to set all upon the hazard
 of a Battel. The Confederates had passed the *Carron*, a River under *Falkirk*, and were encamp-
 ed above the Bridge near the *Torwood*: The King set forward with his Army upon the other
 Side of the *Torwood*, near a small Brook named *Sawchy-Burn*. This Field is a Plain not far di-
 stant from that of *Bannock-Burn*, where King *Robert the Bruce* overthrew the great Army of
Edward of Caernarvan. Here both Armies advance forward in Battel array.

The Lords rang'd their Host in Three Squadrons; the Vant-guard was led by the Lords
Hume and *Hailes*, and their Friends, consisting of East *Lothian* and *Merse*-men; The middle
 Ward was composed of the *Liddesdale*, *Annandale*, *Emsdale*, *Teviotdale*, *Tweddale*, and *Gal-
 loway*-men: The main Battel was of West *Lothian*-men, where most of the Lords were, and
 amongst whom the Prince was kept. In the King's Army, the Earl of *Monteith*, Lords *Eyskine*,
Graham, *Ruthven*, and *Maxwell* commanded the Vant-guard. The left Wing, which consisted
 of Westland and Highland Men, was committed to the Earl of *Glencairn*. The Lords
Boyd and *Lyndesay*, the Earl of *Crawford* commanded in the Rear or great Battel, amongst
 whom was the King arm'd from Head to Foot upon a great Courser, easy to be known and
 discern'd from the rest. The first Charge is valiantly given, and Launce meeting with Launce,
 the Vant-guard of the Lords began to yield Ground, and was strongly repulsed. But the next
 Charge being given by the *Annandale* Men and the rank Riders of the Borders, the middle
 Ward of the King's Army is beaten back to the main Battel. Notwithstanding which it is
 fought a while with marvellous Obstinacy and great Hardiness and Assurance, until the
 Standard Royal was beaten down, and those who defended it were slain, the Violence of the
 Bickering being mostly where it was planted. The King's Army now beginning to bow, nor be-
 ing sufficient to resist the Numbers of fresh Assailers, the Horse-men obeying no Direction, turned
 their Backs. In this Rout and Confusion of Horse and Foot, the King seeking to retire towards
 the River of *Forth*, where not far off some Boats and the Ships of Sir *Andrew Wood* attended the
 Fortune of Battel, by the Fall of his Horse, in leaping a Ditch, being sore bruised, was carried
 by such who knew him not, to a Mill at *Bannock-Burn*. The Day was now the Confederates,
 and Wrong had prevailed against Right, when the Prince of *Rothsay*, amazed at the Noise and

Clamours of the flying and following Souldiers, and in Suspicion of the worst, gave out express and strait Commandment, with Threatnings to the Disobeyers, that none should presume to pursue his Father, nor others in the Chase. Notwithstanding which, he was followed and kill'd in a Mill in cold Blood. These who followed him were the Lord *Gray*, *Robert Stirling* of *Keir*, and Sir *Andrew Borthwick* a Priest, whom Fame reporteth, after Shrivings, to have stab'd him with a Dagger.

The Ensigns taken, the Army dissipated and put to Flight, and the Baggage rifled, the Death of the King being rumoured through the Armies, the Victors turned slow in the Chase, and gave Field-room to all that would fly, no Severity being used against any found unarmed; for the Lords of the Association pursued the King, not the People. The Discomfited fled towards *Stirling*; the Victorious retired to their Camp, and the next Morning to *Linlithgow*. On the King's Side, *Alexander Cuninghame* Earl of *Glencairn* was slain, and, as some have recorded, the Lords *Erskin*, *Semple* and *Ruthven*, *John Ramsay* of *Balmain*, created Earl of *Borthwel*, and his chief Favourite, with their Friends and Vassals; the Laird of *Innes*, *Alexander Scot* Director of the Chancery, with some Noblemen's Friends and Vassals. Many were hurt, who recovered of their Wounds; and this Battel seemed rather a brave Encounter and Meeting of Launces in some Lists, than a Field of great Deeds of Arms; and the Victory was obtained rather by Disorder, and the Rashness of the Vanquished, than by the Valour of the Victorious. This Battel was fought the Year 1488. the Eleventh Day of *June*, which is the Festival of *St. Barnabas*, the 29th Year of the Reign, and 35th of the Age of this King. He had Issue *James IV.* who succeeded, *Alexander* Arch-bishop of *St. Andrew's*, and *John* Earl of *Marr*. The Conspirators with all Funeral Rites and Royal Pomp, as in Expiation of the Wrongs they had done him living, near his Queen in the Abbey Church of *Cambuskenneth*, buried his Body.

This King, as to his Personage, was of a Stature somewhat higher than ordinary, well proportioned; his Hair was black, his Visage was rather long than round, approaching in Colour more to those in the Southern than Northern Climates. As to his Conditions, he was a Prince of an haughty and towering Spirit, loved to govern alone, affecting an absolute Power and Royal Prerogative over his People. He knew that Noblemen were of his Predecessors making, as the Coin, and why he might not put his Stamp upon the same Metal, or when these old Medalls were defaced, that he might not refund them, and give them a new Print, he thought no sufficient Reason could be given. His Reign seemeth a Theatre spread over with Mourning, and stain'd with Blood, where in a Revolution many Tragedies were acted. Neither were the Neighbour Kingdoms about in a calmer Estate during his Reign. *France* under *Lewis XI.*; *England* under *Henry VI.* *Edward IV.*, and *Richard* the Usurper; *Flanders* and *Holland* under *Charles* the Warlike; *Arnold* Duke of *Guelders* was imprisoned by his own Son. As if the heavenly Influences were sometimes altogether set to produce upon this Ball of the Earth nothing but Conspiracies, Treasons and Troubles, and, for the Wickedness of the Inhabitants, to deprive them of all Rest and Contentment.

This King is by the most condemned, as a Rash, Imprudent, Dangerous Prince: Good People make good Kings; when a People run directly to oppose the Authority of their Sovereign, and assume Rebellion and Arrogancy for Obedience, resisting his fairest Motions and most profitable Commandments: If a King be Martial, in a short Time they are beaten and brought under: If he be Politick, Prudent and Foreseeing in a longer Time (as wild Deer) they are surprized, and either brought back to their first Order and Condition, or thral'd to greater Miseries. If he be Weak and suffer in his Reputation or State or Person by them, the Prince who succeedeth is ordinarily the Revenger of his Wrongs. And all Conspiracies of Subjects, if they prosper not in a high Degree, advance the Sovereignty. This Prince seemeth not to have been naturally evil inclined, but to have been constrained to leave his natural Inclination, and necessitated to run upon Precipices and Dangers; his turbulent Subjects never suffering him to have rest. Many Princes who in the beginning of their Reigns have been admired for their fair Actions, by the Ingratitude of their Subjects have turn'd from one Extremity to another, and become their rebellious Subjects Executioners. He was provoked to do many Things by the Insolence of private Men: And what some call Tyranny and Fierceness in a Prince, is but just Severity. He fought to be feared, believing it to be the only way to Obedience. It is true, Injuries took such deep Impressions in his Mind, that no After-service could blot them away. The taking away of his Favourites, made him study Revenge, which if he had not done, he had had too much of the Stoical Virtues, little of the Heroical.

These who blame Princes, under a pure and absolute Monarchy, for having Favourites, would have them inhumane, base and contemptible, and would deprive them of Power to confer Favours according to the distinguishing Power of their Understanding and Conceptions. The Choice a Prince maketh of Men whom he advanceth to great Employments, is not subject to any Man's Censure. And were it bad, yet ought it to be pass'd over, if not approv'd; lest the Discretion and Judgment of the Prince be questioned, and his Reputation wounded: Favourites are Shrines to shadow Princes from their People. Why should a People not allow a Prince

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some to whom he may unmask himself, and discover the Secrets of his Heart? If his Secrets should be imparted to many, they would be no longer Secrets. Why should it be imposed on a Prince to love all his Subjects alike, since he is not beloved of them all alike? This is a Desire to tyrannize over the Affections of Princes, whom Men should reverence.

He seemeth too much to have delighted in Retiredness, and to have been a Hater of Business; and, that he troubled not himself with any but for Formality's sake, more desirous of Quietness than Honour. This was the Fault of the Governours of his Youth, who put him off Business of State, that they might the more easily reach their own Ends, and by making him their Shadow, govern after their Pleasure. Of this Delight in Solitariness, his Brothers took their Advantage, and won the People to their Observance.

He was much given to Buildings and trimming up of Chappels, Halls and Gardens, as usually are the Lovers of Idleness; and the rarest Frames of Churches and Palaces in *Scotland* were mostly raised about his Time: An Humor, which tho' it be allowable in Men which have not much to do, yet it is harmful in Princes; as to be taken with Admiration of Watches, Clocks, Dials, Automates, Pictures and Statues. For the Art of Princes is to give Laws, and govern their People with Wisdom in Peace, and Glory in War; to spare the Humble, and prostrate the Proud.

He is blam'd of Avarice, yet there is no great Matters recorded of it, save the encroaching upon the Dealing, and taking the Giving to whom he pleased of Church Benefices, which, if he had liv'd in our Times, would have been held a Virtue. He was of a credulous Disposition, and therefore easy to be abused, which hath moved some to record, he was given to Divination, and to inquire of future Accidents; which, if it be credible, was the Fault of those Times. *Edward IV. of England* is said to have had that same Fault, and that by the Misinterpretation of a Prophecy of a Necromancer, which foretold that one, the first Letter of whose Name was G, should usurp the Kingdom, and dispossess the Children of King *Edward*, he took away his Brother *George Duke of Clarence*; which being really practised in *England*, some *Scottish* Writers (that a King of *Scotland* should not be inferior in Wickedness to any of his Neighbour Princes) without Grounds have recorded the same to have been done by this King. His Love was great to learned Men, he used as Counsellors in his important Affairs *John Ireland* a Doctor of Divinity, and one of the *Sorbon* in *Paris*, made Arch-deacon of *St. Andrew's*, Mr. *Robert Blackader*, whom he promoted to be Bishop of *Glasgow*, Mr. *William Elphinston*, whom of an Official or Commissary of *Lothian*, he surrogated in the Place of Mr. *Robert Blackader*, and made Bishop of *Aberdeen*; and his Faults either in Religion or Policy may be attributed to these and his other Counsellors.

Many have thought that the fatal Chariot of his Precipice was, that he had equally offended Kindred, Clergy, Nobility and People. But suppose this had been true, why should such an horrible Mischief have been devised, as to arm his own Son against him? And that neither the fear of Divine Justice, nor the respect of Infamy with the Present or After-times, nor the Danger of the Example, had Power to divert the Minds of Men from such a cruel Design! This was really to teeth the Kid in the Mother's Milk, and to make an innocent Youth obnoxious to the most hainous Crime that could be committed. What ever Courtains could be spread to overshadow and cover this Mischief, the Horror of this Fact possess this Prince to his last Hour, and God out of his Justice executed the Revenge of this Cruelty upon the Nobles, Commons, and the Prince himself at the Field of *Flowden*; where some of the chief Actors of this Parricide were in their own Persons, others in the Persons of their Successors, sacrificed to the Ghost of this King.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE and REIGN
OF
JAMES the Fourth,
King of Scotland.

THE Lords, who had chosen rather to be reputed famous Rebels than contemn'd Subjects, by their Boldness of Enterprising, Skill of Managing the publick Affairs, and continued Purchases, swelling to that Greatness of Power, that they found none to counterpoise, few to oppose their Designs: To make their Rebellion lawful, and show the World they intended not the Subversion of their Country, but of their Opinionative King, nor that they did dislike Sovereignty, so they might have a Prince who would be ruled by their Directions, take the Name, and leave to them the Majesty and Authority of his Place: After the killing of the Father, call a Parliament for the installing of the Son in the Royal Throne. Few of the Three Estates here meeting, except themselves, and the Commissioners of Burroughs, in the Month of *June*, the Year 1488, at *Edinburgh* the Prince is crowned, then having not attained the Sixteenth Year of his Age. Tho' these Men had assumed the Government, yet in divers Parts of the Country they had but doubtful Obedience, nor was their Authority universally acknowledged, the Flames of Dissension seeming yet neither to be extinguished, nor altogether smothered with the Life of the late King. On the Sea, Sir *Andrew Wood*, who had attended the Event of the last Battel, maintained resolutely the Quarrel of his dead Master. Five tall Ships sent by the King of *England* to his Confederate's Aid (but which came too late) pretending a Revenge upon his disloyal Subjects, pillaged the Maritime Towns, and foraged the adjacent Parts of the Country, shut up the Mouth of the River of *Forth*, and interrupted the Commerce of Merchants. To repel which Violence, the Ships gathered by the Lords struggled in vain, being every way inferiour and weak to suppress their Incursions and Algarads. On the Land, the Forces of those who had stood out for the late King, had rather been by the last Conflict scatter'd, than thoroughly broken and brought under. The ablest and most convenient Companies which were gathered to his Assistance, having never assembled and join'd in one Body, the Fight being inconsiderately precipitated, and the Dye thrown before they could descend from the far Mountains, and cross the Fordless Rivers: And of those who were in the Fray not many being taken Prisoners, and fewer killed, falling under the Weight of friendly Arms.

The prime Men of those who had chosen rather justly to follow the King, than profitably his Rebels, finding themselves for their Loyalty, and that Good-will which they had carried to their Sovereign, persecuted and proscrib'd in their Fortunes and Persons, inflamed with Indignation and Shame, resolve to oppose Wisdom to Fortune, Courage to Strength, and to hazard some one Day more for the repairing the Losses of former. The Pillage begun upon the Seas by the *English* animating them: And being desirous to make as many Fellows of their Danger as they could, they send Letters through all the Quarters of the Kingdom to their Friends, Familiars and Confederates, encouraging them to ply the Business generously, opposing their Valour and Courage to the Strength and Power of the Abusers of the Prince. By publick Writings they cast Aspersions on the present Government. After that Battel of *Stirling*, and since the Coronation of the King, they had not fallen in the Power and Mercy of a Monarch, but under

an Oligarchy, the most depraved Form of all Governments, the Name and Title of a King, a young Man scarce Sixteen Years of Age enjoyed, but he governed not, but was by the Killers of his Father misgoverned, who under false Pretences intended the Ruin of the State. "What Reproach and Shame would it be, not only with all Men now living, but also with Posterity, to suffer these who had hazarded what they had dearest for the Honour and Preservation of their Prince, to be branded with the Name of Traitors, be banished and followed to Death. Whilst the Transgressors and Abusers of all Laws, Divine and Human, sit Judges over them, as Revengers of general Wrongs, usurping the Titles of Deliverers of the Country, and Restorers of the Commonwealth, amongst whose Paws the present King could not be assured and safe; they being the Men, who, to justify their Injustice, and make their Fact meritorious, brought him in Arms, not knowing whither, against his King and Father, most woefully taken away: Besides the abusing of his Name and Authority in every civil Matter. The late King had lost the Day and Himself by his own Errors, not by their Power and Designs. Now they should oppose their Proceedings: And though they might be esteemed inferior in Number to them; yet (if they met together) they might be found equal to them in Worth and Courage, being put up by the last Misfortune, and only putting their Confidence in that they obtained their Designs.

Much being projected and designed for their meeting in Arms, in the North *Alexander Lord Forbes*, a Man born neither to rest himself, nor suffer others, in *Aberdeen* and other Towns, on the Point of a Lance displayed the Shirt of the slaughtered King purpled with his Blood, inviting the Country, as by an Herald, to the Revenge of his Murther. In the West, the Earl of *Lennox*, a Man eminent by his Birth and Fortune hath the same Resolution; the Earl *Marishal*, Lords *Gordon* and *Lyle*, with their Confederates in other Parts of the Kingdom, where their Power or Eloquence could prevail, move all their Engines to advance the Enterprize, and put every Thing in Readiness.

The Lords of the Insurrection having the young King in their Hands to countenance their Proceedings, joining Discretion to their good Success, determine, except upon Necessity, not to spill more civil Blood. And to disperse the Clouds of that appearing Storm, they encourage Sir *Andrew Wood*, now received in Favour and brought not only to be no Enemy, but to be their Friend and Fellow-helper (having obtained from them the Barony of *Largow*, disposed to him hereditarily, of which before he had only a Lease of the late King for his First Service) with his Ships to clear the *Forth*, and scour the Seas of the *English*. And they launch out to his Assistance the Vessels and Boats of the Havens near adjacent. At that same Time *John Lord Drummond* Steward of *Strathern*, a Nobleman, courageous and adventurous, is directed to wait upon the Earl of *Lennox*, stop his ravaging and wasting the Country, and keep him back from joining with his Confederates of the North, and infesting the more civil Parts; being the greatest, ablest and nearest Man of that Faction. The Earl had raised many High-land and West-land Men, recorded to be Two Thousand; but when he could not pass the River of *Forth* at the Bridge of *Stirling*, the Lords having invested the Town, he essayeth to pass among the Fens and Marishes at a Ford not far from the Head of the River, where other his Confederates had appointed to meet him. Whilst he is encamped at *Tilly-moss*, far from all Appearance of Suspicion of Danger, the Lord *Drummond*, by the Advertisement of *Alexander Mackealp* (who had taken Arms with the Earl only to find out his Ways) in the Night invadeth his Camp, the Sentinels and these of the foremost Guard seized upon, or killed, or driven back, they in the nearest Cabines amazed with the sudden Mischief, rise to arm themselves and think of Fight; but finding the Danger to be on all Sides and through the whole Camp, neither seeing before them, nor hearing any Directions given them, for the great Noise of the Invaders, it being impossible to put themselves in Array, confusedly each overthrowing another, take themselves to a hopeless and disordered Flight. Sleep here to some is continued in Death, many disburdening themselves of their Arms, seek Sanctuary amongst the winding Paths of these Marishes. Others are taken, but by their Acquaintance and Friends suffered after to escape. Revenge is only followed against such who in Malice had enterprised any Thing against the present Government, and persevered in their Attempts.

This Defeat of the Earl of *Lennox* by the Lord *Drummond*, is seconded with the Rumour of a Sea-Victory obtained by Sir *Andrew Wood* against *Stephen Bull*, a Man excelling in Maritime Affairs, who had come upon the *Scottish* Seas to revenge the Quarrel of his Master's Ships not long before taken and spoiled by Sir *Andrew*. They had met near the Island of the *May* at the Mouth of the River of *Forth*, and ranging themselves for Fight, had been Two Days by the Waves and Winds carried along the Coast of *Fife*, driven at last amongst the Mounts of Sand where the *Tay* loseth his Name in the Sea, the *English* Ships taller, and of a greater Burthen than the *Scottish*, by Ignorance or Negligence of their Mariners embanked, and stuck moor'd upon the Shelves; and being forc'd by Necessity to render, were brought as Prizes to *Dundee*. The Rumour of these Victories spread abroad, so amaz'd the Companies raised in the North by the Lord *Forbes*, and other his Confederates, that they changing their Opinions with the Event of the Actions,

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gave over further Prosecution or Desire of War, and every Man retired to his own Home. After which, by indifferent Friends, having sought a Reconciliation (it being more expedient to take them in by Policy than by Force) they were easily received into Favour : Amongst which was the Earl of *Lennox* and the Lord *Forbes*.

The Governours to ingratiate themselves more with the People, by calming the present Troubles, and uniting the divided Members of the Commonwealth, that every Man might have a publick Assurance for the Freedom of his Person and private Estate and Fortune, call a Parliament, and it is held at *Edinburgh* in *February*. Having the Law in their own Hands, that the Insurrection might be thought just, here it was adjudged, that those who were slain in the Field of *Stirling* had fallen by their own Deservings, and justly suffered the Punishment of their Rashness ; that the Victors were innocently guiltless of the Blood there shed, and fairly acquitted of any Pursuit : The Three Estates testifying the same by their Subscriptions and Signets.

It was Ordained, *That they who came against the present King in Aid of his Father, should take Remissions or Pardons, and so many of them as were in hereditary Offices, as Wardens, Justices, Sheriffs, Stewards, Baillies, Lieutenants, or in other publick Charges, should be suspended from them for the space of Three Years ; that such who had Offices for Term of Life, should be dispossessed and denuded of them altogether.*

All which, though done under a Colour of Punishment, was only to invest Places, and to turn some of themselves rich by their Spoils. The Punishment of mean Men challenged of these Garboyls, is either made little or passed over. All Donations howsoever made by Patent from the King or by Parliaments in prejudice of the Crown, beginning from the Month of *September* before, till the Day of his Decease, are repelled and annihilated. All Honours, bestowed on such as the late King sought to oblige unto him, were recalled. The Earl of *Crawford* was divested of his Title of being Duke of *Montrose*, as the L. of *Balmain* was of his, of being Earl of *Bothwell*. Ambassadors are directed to the Emperor, Pope, Kings of *France* and *Denmark*, and other Princes, to renew the Leagues, ancient Confederacies and Alliances, as in Times past had been the Custom of the Kings of *Scotland* to their Neighbour Princes, but especially to take away the Blame of their King's Slaughter from the Governours, and manifest to all the World the Candor of their Minds, and Justice of their Proceedings. For that some few *English* Ships had shut up the narrow Seas of *Scotland*, and interrupted the Commerce of Merchants, pillaging the Coasts, Order was established for building many Ships, and that every Sea-port should be stored with them, as well to maintain Traffick abroad with Strangers, as for Fishing, and to be Walls to the Country at Home. In a Matter so important, and near concerning the Well and Standing of the State, the Barons were ordained to share and bear a Part with the Merchants and Burroughs. And in so fair a Project, to encourage his People, the King himself was content first to begin and to build Ships for his own and the Publick Service of the Kingdom. This being one of the greatest Miseries of the late King that he suffered himself to be misgoverned by (as they term'd them) worthless Men, some Prelates and Noblemen eminent in Learning and Virtue, are selected, who should still be resident with the King, and of his Council, without the Advice, Consent and Decree of Six of which, if any Matter of Importance were proceeded on and concluded, they should be void and null : Governours are appointed to bring up his Brothers.

Now is every Thing ordered to the best, Justice is executed on Oppressors and Robbers, and in the remotest Parts of the Kingdom, the King himself in Person seeth it administred. He is of so contrary a Temper to the Humour of his Predecessors that he granted freely to every Man, what could be demanded in Reason. To give a Testimony to the World of the Agony of his Mind, for the Death of his Father, and what Remorse and Anguish he suffered for the Faults of those who brought him to the Field against him, he girded himself with a Chain of Iron, to which every Third Year of his Life thereafter he added some Rings and Weight. Though this might have proved terrible to the Accomplices of the Crime, yet either out of Conscience of his gentle Disposition and mild Nature, and Confidence in his Generosity, or of the Trust they had in their own Power and Faction, they bewrayed no Signs of Fear, nor attempted ought against the common Peace and Tranquillity. Some Records bear, that they forewarned him by the Example of his Father not to take any violent Course against them, or which might irritate the People against him ; and in every Thing to embrace their Counsels : and that finding him repining and stubborn, beyond Mediocrity, giving himself over to Sorrow and Pensiveness, they threatened him with a Coronation of one of his Brothers, telling him, it was in their Power to make any of the Race of his Predecessors their King, if he were Headstrong and Refractory to oppose their wholesom Directions and grave Counsels.

Amidst this Grief of the King and Overweening of his supercilious Governours, *Andrew Forman* Secretary to *Alexander VI.* Bishop of *Rome* arrived in *Scotland*, with Instructions for the Clergy, and Letters from his Master to the King and the Nobles.

The King's, were full of ordinary Consolations to assuage his Passions, and reduce his Mind to a more calm Temper for the Accident of his Father's Death.

The most glorious Victory a Prince could acquire, was sometimes to overcome himself, and triumph over his disordered Passions. In all Perturbations, to which we are subject, we should endeavour to practise that Precept, No Thing too much; but chiefly in our Passions of Sorrow and Wrath: which, not being restrained, overwhelm the greatest and most generous Minds; that by Passion, the fewest Actions, and by Reason the most do prosper.

Though a King, he must not imagine himself exempted from Things casual to all Mankind, especially in Seditions and civil Tumults: From which no Kingdom nor State hath been free. There being no City which hath not sometimes wicked Citizens, and always and ever an headstrong and mad Multitude; he should take what had befallen him from the Hand of his Maker, who chastiseth those he loveth. What comes from Heaven he should bear necessarily, what proceedeth from Men courageously; there was no Man so safe, excellent and transcendent, who by an insolent Nobility and ravaging Populace might not be compell'd to perpetrate many Things against his Heart and Intentions.

The Will being both the Beginning and Subject of all Sin, and the consenting to and allowing the Action being the only and main Point to be considered and lookt into, of which he was free, the Sin committed was not his, nor could the Punishment which by the Divine Justice might follow belong unto him.

Since he had done nothing of himself, but as a bound Man had been carry'd away by mutinous Subjects; these that Lead Transgress, not always they that Follow. To these Men Remorse and Torture of Conscience belong'd; it was they should lament and mourn, who under false Pretences had abused the People, masked their Ambition and Malice with a Reformation of Errors in the State, whose Rage could not be quenched but by the Blood of their Sovereign. It was these should bewail their Injustice and Cruelty, the Sin, Shame and Judgment, for so heinous a Fact followed these Men: He should not impute the Wrongs and Wickedness of others, by which he had been a Sufferer with his disastored Father, to himself. Revenge belonged to the Almighty, to whose Tribunal he should submit his Quarrel. He should not decree the worst against his mutinous Subjects, nor turn them desperate, as if there were no Place to Repent. Great Offences, perpetrated by great Persons and a Multitude, ordinarily were seldom punished in a State. That it was profitable for a Prince sometime to put up voluntarily an Injury. The Way to be Invincible, was never to Contend; and to stand out of Danger was the Benefit of Peace. That he should apply soft Medicine where it was dangerous to use violent; that following his Maker, he should endeavour to draw Good out of Evil.

As he was for that Disaster of his Father pitied by Men upon Earth, so assuredly he would be pardoned in Heaven. If his Subjects returned to their crooked Byas, and did revolt again, he would make the Danger his own, use his Ecclesiastical Censures and spiritual Power against them, till they became obedient, and submitted themselves to the Sway of his Scepter.

In the Letters to the Nobles, he exhorted them to Obedience.

Ambition was the Cause of Sedition, which had no Limits, and was the Bane and Wrack of States and Kingdoms, of which they should beware. Kingdoms subsisted upon the Reputation of a Prince, and that Respect his Subjects carried towards him. He was the Eye and Sun of Justice; the Prince weakened or taken away, or his Authority contemned, the Common-Wealth would not only fall into a Decadence, but suffer an Earthquake, and perish; either after by Foreigners be invaded, or by intestine Dissensions rent asunder. Confusions followed, where Obedience ceased and left. Contempt deposed Kings as well as Death, and Kings are no longer Kings, when their Subjects refuse to obey them.

That good People made good Kings, which he requested them to endeavour to be, as they would answer to God, whose Lieutenants Princes were, and by whose Power they ruled.

After this Time, the Lord Evandale being dead, the Earl of Angus was made Chancellor, and the Lord Hume obtained the Place of great Chamberlain of Scotland, the Country enjoyed a great Calm of Peace, the Grounds of Dissension seeming to be taken away.

The King in the Strength and Vigour of his Youth, remembering that to live in Idleness was to live to be contemned by the World, by Change of Objects to expell his present Sadness, and to enable himself for Wars when they should burst forth, gave himself to Recreations by Games, and with a decent Pomp entertained all Knightly Exercises, keeping an open and magnificent Court. When Time and Exercise had enabled him, and he thought he had attained to some Perfection in Martial Sports, Tilting and Barriers are proclaimed; Rewards propounded and promised to the Victors; Challenges are sent abroad unto Strangers, either to be Umpires or Actors of Feats of Arms.

Charles VIII. the French King, having an Ambition to re-annex the Dutchy of French Bre-
taign to the Crown of France, either by Arms, or the Marriage of Anne the apparent Heir;
under

under the Pretext and Shadow of those painted Justings, sendeth to Scotland some of the bravest Gentlemen of his Court, desiring privily the Assistance of King James against the English, if it should fall forth that the King of England troubled his Designs.

Not long after, well and honourably accompanied, arriveth in Scotland a young Man naming himself Richard Duke of York, Son to Edward IV, true Inheritor of the Crown of England, divers Neighbour Princes testifying the same by their Letters; which contained,

That Edward, the eldest Son of Edward IV, who succeeded his Father in the Crown, by the Name of Edward V. was murdered by Richard Duke of Gloucester their unnatural Uncle; but Richard the younger Son his Brother, by the Man who was employed to execute that Tragedy (making Report to the Tyrant that he had performed his Command for both Brethren) was saved, and with Speed and Secrecy conveyed to Tournay, there conceal'd and brought up by his Father's Sister Margaret Dutcheſs of Burgundy; that King James should acknowledge this for Truth, and friendly assist this young Man, who was that very Richard Duke of York, to recover his Inheritance, now most unjustly usurped and possessed by Henry Tudor Earl of Richmond. That the Right of Kings extended not only to the safe Preservation of their own, but also to the Aid of all such Allies, as Change of Time and State hath often hurled down from Crowns to undergo an Exercise of Suffering in both Fortunes: And Kings should repossess Kings wrongfully put from their own. As his Predecessors, to whose Royal Virtues he was Heir, had repossessed Henry VI. King of England, spoiled of his Kingdom and distressed, by which Charity obliging all virtuous Princes unto him, he should find ever as his own, Maximilian of Bohemia, Charles of France, and Margaret Dutcheſs Dowager of Burgundy.

King James graciously received this young Man, and told him, *That whatsoever he were, he should not repent him of putting himself into his Hands*: And from that time forth, though many gave Informations against him as a Counterfeit, he entertained him every way as a Prince, embraced his Quarrel, and shutting both his own Eyes, and the Eyes of the World, he gave Consent that this Duke should take to Wife Lady Katharine Gordon Daughter to the Earl of Huntly, which some thought he did to increase the Faction of Perkin (for that was the true Name of this Impostor) in England, stir up the discontented Subjects against King Henry, and to encourage his own Subjects to side in his Quarrel.

Not long after in Person, with this Duke of York in his Company, who assured him of powerful Assistance, he entred with an Army into Northumberland, but not one Man coming to side with them, the King turned his Enterprize into an Inroad, and after he had spoiled the Country returned into Scotland. It is said, that Perkin acting the Part of a Prince handsomly, when he saw the Scots pillaging and waſting the Country, came to the King, and in a deploring Manner requested him to spare his afflicted People; that no Crown was so dear to his Mind, as that he desired to purchase it with the Blood and Ruin of his People. Whereunto King James answered, he was ridiculously careful of an Interest another Man possessed, and which perhaps was none of his. The King of England, who delighted more to draw Treasure from his People than to hazard the spilling of their Blood, to revenge the Predatory War of the Scots, and find out Perkin, requireth a Subsidy of his Subjects; and though few believed he would follow so far a flying Hart, he was levying a puissant Army.

No sooner this Subsidy began to be collected amongst the Cornish Men, when they began to grudge and murmur, and afterwards rebelled; which when it was understood by the King, he retained the Forces raised, for his own Service and Use. In the mean Time dispatching the Earl of Surrey to the North to attend the Scots Incursions, whilst the Cornish Men are in their March towards London, King James again enter'd the Frontiers of England with an Army, and besieged the Castle of Norham in Person; but understanding the Earl of Surrey was advancing with greater Forces, loaden with Spoil, he returned back again; the Earl of Surrey finding no Enemy, sat down before the Castle of Ayton, which he took, and soon after returned into England; the cold Season of the Year, with the Unseasonableness of the Weather driving away Time, invited a Treaty of Peace on both Sides.

Amidst these Turmoils and unprofitable Incursions of the Two Kingdoms, Ferdinando and Isabella of Spain sent one Peter Hialas to treat a Marriage between Katharine, one of their Daughters, and Arthur Prince of Wales. This Alliance being agreed upon, and almost brought to Perfection, King Henry, (desirous of Quietness, and to have an end of all Debates, especially these with Scotland) communicateth his Intentions to Hialas, a Man wise and learned, and whom he thought able to be employed in such a Service: For it stood not with his Reputation to sue unto his Enemy for Peace.

But Hialas, a Stranger unto both, as having Direction from his Master for the Peace of Christian and Neighbour Princes, might take upon him this Reconciliation.

Hialas accepteth the Embassy, and coming to King James, after he had brought him to hearken to more safe and quiet Counsels, wrote unto King Henry, *That he hoped, that Peace might*

easily be concluded, if he would send some wise and temperate Counsellor of his own, that might treat of the Conditions.

Whereupon the King directeth the Bishop of Durham, Richard Fox, who at that Time was at his Castle of *Norham*, to confer with *Hialas*, and they both to treat with some Commissioners deputed from King *James*. The Commissioners of both sides meet at *Fedburgh*, and dispute many Articles and Conditions of Peace. Restitution of the Spoils taken by the *Scots*, or Dammmages for the same is desired: But that was passed as a Matter impossible to be performed. An Interview in Person at *Newcastle* is desired of both Kings: Which being referred to King *James* his own Arbitrement, he is reported to have answered That he meant to treat a Peace, and not go a Begging for it.

The breaking of the Peace for *Perkin Warbeck* is highly aggravated by the Bishop, and he is demanded to be deliver'd to the King of *England*; That a Prince should not easily believe with the common People. That *Perkin* was a Fiction, and such an one, that if a Poet had projected the Figure, it could not have been done more to Admiration, than the House of York by the old Dutcheß of Burgundy, Sister to Edward IV, had contrived theirs, having first raised Lambert Simnel, and at last this *Perkin*, to personate Kings, and seduce the People. His Birth, Education, and not residing in any one Place proved him a Pageant King; that he was a Reproach to all Kings, and a Person not protected by the Law of Nations.

The Bishop of *Glasgow* answered for his Master, That the Love and Amity, grounded upon a common Cause and universal Conclusion amongst Kings to defend one another, was the main Foundation upon which King *James* had adventured to assist Richard Duke of York. That he was no competent Judge of his Title; he had received him as a Supplicant, protected him as a Person fled for Refuge, espoused him with his Kinswoman, and aided him with Arms upon the Belief that he was a Prince; that the People of Ireland, Wales, and many in *England* acknowledged him no less than their King, whether he were so or not; since for a Prince he had hitherto defended him, he could not leave him upon the Relation of his most terrible Enemy and the present Possessor of his Crown. That no Prince was bound to render a Subject to another who had come to him for Sanctuary, much less a Prince who had Recourse unto him for Aid and Supply, and was now Allied with the ancient Blood of the Country.

Much being said, at last they conclude upon a Truce for some Months following.

After this Treaty of Peace the Counterfeit Duke of *Tork*, with his Lady, and such Followers as would not leave him, failed over into *Ireland*.

This Truce, happily concluded and continued, by a trifling and untoward Accident went near to have been given up and broken.

There were certain *Scottish* young Men came into *Norham* Town, and having little to do went sometimes forth and would stand looking upon the Castle. Some of the Garrison of the Castle observing them, and having not their Minds purged of the late ill Humour of Hostility, either suspected them, or quarrell'd with them as Spies, whereupon they fell at ill Words, and from Words to Blows, so that many were wounded on either Side, and the *Scots* (being Strangers in the Town) had the worst: Insomuch that some of them were slain, and the rest made haste home. The Matter being complained on, and often debated before the Wardens of the Marches of both sides, and no good Order taken, King *James* took it to himself, and sent *Marchmond* Herald to the King of *England* to make Protestation, That if Reparation were not done according to the Conditions of the Truce, his King did denounce War. The King of *England* (who had often tryed Fortune, and was inclined to Peace) made Answer, That what had been done was utterly against his Will, and without his Privy; but if the Garrison Souldiers had been in the Fault, he would see them punished, and the Truce in all Points preserved. This Answer pleased not King *James*. Bishop *Fox* understanding his Discontent, being troubled that the Occasion of breaking the Truce should grow from his Men, sent many humble and deprecatory Letters to the King of *Scotland* to appease him. Whereupon King *James* mollified by the Bishop's submissive and discreet Letters, wrote back again unto him, That though he were in Part moved by his Letters, yet he should not be fully satisfied except he spake with himself, as well about the compounding of the present Differences, as about other Matters, that might concern the Good of both Kingdoms. The Bishop advising first with his Master, took his Journey to *Scotland*: The Meeting was at the Abby of *Melroß*, where the King then abode. The King first roundly uttered unto the Bishop his Offence conceived for the Breach of the Truce by his Men at *Norham* Castle; after, speaking with him apart, he told him, That these temporary Truces and Peace were soon made and soon broken: But that he desired a straiter Amity with the King of *England*, discovering his Mind, That if the King would give him in Marriage the Lady *Margaret* his eldest Daughter, that indeed might be a Knot indissoluble; that he knew well what Place and Power the Bishop deservedly had with his Master; therefore if he would take the Business to Heart, and deal in it effectually, he doubted not but it would well succeed.

The Bishop answered soberly, That he thought himself rather happy than worthy, to be an Instrument in such a Matter, but would do his best Endeavour. Wherefore the Bishop of Durham re-

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turning from *Scotland* to his King at *London*, and giving Account what had passed, and finding his King more than well disposed in it, gave the King first Advice to proceed to a Conclusion of Peace, and then to go on with the Treaty of Marriage by Degrees. Hereupon a Peace was concluded to continue for both the Kings Lives, and to the Survivor of them one Year after: In this Peace there was an Article contained, *That no English Man should enter into Scotland, nor no Scots Man into England, without Letters Commendatory from the King of either Nation.*

During this Treaty of the Marriage, it is reported that the King of *England* referred this matter to his Council, and that some of the Table, in freedom of Counsellors (the King being present) had put the Case, *That Issues Males and Females failing of the Race of his two Sons, that then the Kingdom of England will fall to the King of Scotland, which might prejudice the Monarchy of England.* Whereunto the King himself replied, *That if any such Event should be, Scotland would be but an Accession to England, and not England to Scotland; for that the Greater would draw the Lesser, and that it was a safer Union for England than that of France.*

Shortly after, the Espousals of *James* King of *Scotland* with *Lady Margaret* the King of *England's* eldest Daughter followed; which were done by Proxy in all solemn Manner. The Assurance and Contract was published at *Paul's-Cross* the 25th. of *January* at *London*: In Applause of which, Hymns were publickly sung in the Churches, and Bonfires, with great Feasting and Banqueting, set throughout all the City.

Julius II. in the Beginning of this Treaty did gratify King *James* with a Sword and Diadem wrought with Flowers of Gold (which the Popes on *Christmas-Even* used to consecrate, a Custom first brought in by *Sixtus Quartus*) which were presented to him at *Holy-rood-house*. The Marriage was in *August* following consummated at *Edinburgh*, King *Henry* bringing his Daughter as far as *Collingeston* on the Way; where his Mother the Countess of *Richmond* abode; and then resigning her to the Attendance of the Earl of *Northumberland*, who with a great Train of Lords and Ladies of Honour, brought her into *Scotland* to the King her Husband, solemn Days were kept at Court for Banqueting, Masks and Revelling, Barriers and Tilting proclaimed. Challenges were given out in the Name of the *Savage Knight* (who was the King himself) and Rewards designed to the Victors. Old King *Arthur*, with his Knights of the Round-Table were here brought upon the Lists. The Fame of this Marriage had drawn many foreign Gentlemen to the Court. Amongst others came *Monsieur Darcy*, naming himself *Le Sieur de la Beaute*, who tried Barriers with the Lord *Hamilton*, after they had tilted with grinding Spears. Some of the *Savage Knight's* Company (who were robust High-land Men) he giving Way unto them, smarted really in these feigned Conflicts, with Targets and Two-handed Swords to the Musick of their Bag-pipes, fighting as in a true Battel, to the Admiration of the *English* and *French*, who had never seen Men so ambitious of Wounds and prodigal of Blood in sport. All were magnificently entertained by the King, and with honourable Largeesses and Rewards of their Valour, licensed to return Home.

During the Treaty of this Marriage with *England*, a Monster of a new and strange Shape was born in *Scotland* near the City of *Glasgow*, the Body of which under the Waste or Middle varied nothing from the common Shape and Proportion of the Bodies of other Men, the Members above both for Use and Comeliness being Two, their Faces looking one way; sitting they seemed Two Men to such who saw not the Parts beneath, and standing it could not be discerned to which of the two Bunks above, the Thighs and Legs did appertain. They had differing Passions, and diverse Wills, often chiding others for Disorder in their Behaviour and Actions: After much Deliberation, embracing that unto which they both consented. By the King's Direction they were carefully brought up, and instructed in Musick and Foreign Languages. This Monster lived Twenty and Eight Years, and dyed when *John Duke of Albany* Governed. *Claud Gruget* maketh mention of the like Monster born in *Paris* before the Marriage of *Henry IV.* the *French* King with *Margaret* of *Valois*, but the Birth and Death of it were near together.

The King, by his great Liberality unto Strangers abroad, and his lavish Spending at Home (for religious Places were founded, Castles repaired, and Ships built, especially Three of an extraordinary Greatness) finding himself, needy of Treasure to support the daily Expences at Court, engaged to many, and sunk deep in Debt; and that he could not levy Subsidies, except by the Suffrages of his Parliament, by whose Power they were imposed and rated, setteth the most learned Counsellors at Law, and Men experienced in foreign Policy, to find out new Means and Ways to acquire and gather him Money by Laws already made and ordained, which was in Effect to poll the People by executing the Rigour of Justice, the Fortunes of Wise Men arising often on the Expences of Fools, after the Example of King *Henry VII.* of *England*, his Father-in-law, who taking the Advantage of the Breach of his Penal Statutes, gave Power to *Sir Richard Empson* and *Edmond Dudley*, by Informers and Promoters, to oppress and ruin the Estates of many of his best Subjects, whom King *Henry* the VIII. to satisfy his wronged People, after his Decease caused execute. Old Customs are by these Men pried into, and forgotten obsolete Statutes quickened.

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Amongst the Titles of possessing of Lands in *Scotland* there is one, which in process of Time, of an ungodly Custom, grew strong, and is kept for a Law, being fetched by Imitation from the Laws of the Neighbouring States; *That if the Possessor of Lands die and leave a Minor to succeed to him, his Tutelage belongeth to the King, and the Profit of the Lands untill the Minor be of the Age of One and Twenty Years.* This is of those Lands which are termed Wards. The King causeth bring up his Wards, but bestoweth no more of their Rents upon them than is useful to such of that Age. Another Law they have, not any thing better than this, which they call *Recognition.* *That if the Evidences of any Possessor of Ward-Lands be not in all Points formal, and above Exceptions of Law, the Lands (the Possessors put from them) shall return to the Lord Superior:* And like to this, *That if a Possessor of Ward-Lands, without the Consent of the Superior, sell and put away the half, or above the half of his Land and Farm, the whole Land and Farm returneth to the Superior or Lord Paramount.* They have Lands held with Clauses, which they call *Irritant,* *That if Two Terms of a Fee-Duty run unpaid into the Third, the Land falleth unto the Superior.* When those Laws, and other like them by Reason of the Neighbour Incursions and Troubles with *England*, and the Civil Broils at Home, had been long out of Use amongst the Subjects, and the Execution of them as it were in a Manner forgot, these Projectors and new Toll-Masters, the King giving Way to enrich his Exchequer, awakned them. Many of the Subjects by these Inquiries were obnoxious to the King and smarted, but chiefly the most honest, who were constrained either to buy their own Lands and Inheritances from the Exchequer, or quit and freely give some Portion of them to those Caterpillars of the State. The King was so dearly beloved of his People, that in the height of those Grievances (which reached near the exorbitant Avarice of his Father) none refused or made difficulty to give all that the Laws ordained. The King seeing their Willingness to perform, and knowing their great Disability thereunto, out of his singular Grace and Goodness remitteth not only the Rigour, but even the Equity almost of his Laws, inasmuch that thereafter none of his Subjects were damnified in their Persons or Estates by his Proceedings; which gain'd him the Hearts of all: And to put away all Suspensions and Jealousies from their Minds (an ordinary Practice amongst Princes, Acts that fill Princes Coffers ever being the Ruin of their first Projectors) of any Wrong intended, he suffered the Promoters and Projectors of this Polling, with others of the most active, to be thrown into Prisons, where some miserably ended their Days.

The Year 1507. *James* Prince of *Scotland* and *Isles* was born at *Holy-rood-House*, the 21. of *January*: The Queen in her Throwes of Birth, being brought near the last Agony of Death, the King (overcome with Affection and religious Vows) taketh a Pilgrimage for her Recovery on Foot to *St. Ninian's* in *Galloway*; a Place in those credulous Times famous for the Burial of *St. Ninian* the Apostle of the *Britains*, and notorious by the many Processions and Visits of the neighbour Countrys of *Ireland* and *England*. At his Return he findeth his Queen recovered. The Child after died at *Stirling* with the Bishop of *Galloway*, who was appointed to attend him. The Year following the Queen brought forth another Son, named *Arthur*, at *Holy-rood-House*; but he died also in the Castle of *Edinburgh*: And *Henry VII.* his Grandfather accompanied him to the other World. King *James*, to the Coronation of the young King his Brother-in-law, sendeth Ambassadors.

After the Death of his Two Sons, and his Father-in-Law, as if he had been warned from above to think upon his own Mortality (whether he had a resolute Intention so to do, or that for Reasons known to himself, he would have it so appear) he giveth out, That out of Remorse for bearing Arms in the Field where his Father was slain, he had a Resolution to leave his Kingdom, and visit the Holy Sepulchre. Then to prepare his Way, *Robert Blackader* Abbot of *Dumfermling*, is directed; but the Abbot in his Journey is arrested by Death, and the King findeth other Hinderances to keep him at Home.

Amidst these Deliberations, his Queen is delivered in the Palace of *Linlithgow* of her Third Son, in the Month of *April* 1512. who succeeded to the Crown, and was named *James*.

About this same Time *Bernard Stuart*, that famous Warrior under *Charles VIII* of *France*, who commanded the *French* in *Bosworth-Field*, came to *Scotland*, followed by *Andrew Forman* then Arch-Bishop of *Bourges*, and Bishop of *Murray*, with *Alexander Stuart* the King's natural Son, after promoted to be Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*. The Cause which was given out to the Rumours of the People of their coming, was, That the *French* King having no Male Children, crav'd the Advice and Counsel of the King of *Scotland* his Confederate, concerning the Marriage of his Eldest Daughter; whether he should bestow her upon *Francis* of *Valois*, the Dauphine and Duke of *Angolessin*, or upon *Charles* King of *Castile*, who had presented her with many Tokens of Affection, and by his Ambassadors earnestly sought her from her Brother. But their great Errand was to divide the King from his Brother-in-law King *Henry*, and make him assist *Lewis*; these Two Potentates intending a War against other.

Anne Daughter of *Francis* Duke of *Bretaign*, after the Death of her Sister *Isabella*, remained sole Heir of that Dutchy, her Wardship falling to the *French* King *Charles VIII.* He terrified so her Subjects, guided her Kindred, and the principal Persons about her, that making void the pre-

pretended Marriage of *Maximilian* King of the *Romans*, which was by Proxy, she was married unto him; notwithstanding he had the Daughter of *Maximilian* at his Court, with great Expectation of a Marriage to be celebrated with her. After the Death of King *Charles*, *Lewis* XII having married *Jean* the Sister of *Charles* and Daughter to *Lewis* the XI, by his many Favours bestowed upon Pope *Alexander* VI, and his Son *Cesar Borgia*, obtaineth a Brieve of Divorce against her, by the Power of which (her Weakness for the bearing of Children (the necessary Upholders of a Crown) by his Physicians being proved) he had married *Anne* of *Bretaign*, for he would not lose so fair a Dowry for the blustering Rumour of Malecontents, which in a little Time would grow stale and vanish. Pope *Alexander* being dead, *Julius* II, a turbulent, unquiet, but magnificent Prelate, and a stout Defender of the Church-Patrimony, being suspicious of the Power of *French* in *Italy*, and that they would not rest content with the Kingdom of *Naples* and Dutchy of *Milan*, but one Day hazard for all; fearing also they would, because they might put him out of his Chair, and substitute in his Room their Cardinal of *Amboise*, or some other of their own, began to study Novations and Means to send the *French* back to their own Country, his ordinary Discourse being that he would one Day make *Italy* free from *Barbarians*. He requireth King *Lewis* to give over the Protection of the Duke of *Ferrara*, and of *Annibal Bentivoglio*, whom he had thrust out of *Buloign*. The King refusing to forsake his Confederates, the Pope betaketh himself to his spiritual Arms, and threatneth with Excommunication the Duke and all who came to his Aid and Support, especially the *French*. They decline his Sentence, and appeal to a true and lawful General Council, with which they threaten him. *Henry* VIII then in the Fervour of his Youth, amidst a great Treasure left by his Father, and by more than ordinary Bands of Love and Friendship tyed to the Pope, (as having dispensed with the marrying his Brother's Widow) interposeth himself as an indifferent Mediator and Intercessor for Peace between the Two Parties, but in Effect was the chief Maintainer of the Quarrel, effecting nothing, because he would not. Conditions being refused by King *Henry*, he essayeth to draw the *French* Arms from the Pope's Territories by cutting them Work-nearer Home, and bringing a Necessity upon them to defend their own. Upon this Determination, he requireth King *Lewis* to restore and render to him his Dutchie *Guyenne* and *Normandy* with his ancient Inheritance of *Anjou* and *Main*, and the other old Possessions of the *English* in *France*, which wrongfully had been detained and kept from him and his Ancestors. The War of *Italy* by these Threatnings was not left off: For the Pope coming to *Buloign*, with Intention to invade *Ferrara*, is besieged with his Cardinals, and he sendeth Declarations to the Christian Princes, protesting the *French* not only thirsted after the Patrimony and Inheritance of *St. Peter*, but even after Christian Blood. Mean while he absolveth the Subjects of King *Lewis* from their Oath of Allegiance, abandoneth his Kingdom to any can possess it; at a Council at *Lateran* he dispatcheth a Bull, wherein the Title of *most Christian King* is transferred upon King *Henry* of *England*, who to his former Titles of *France*, having now the Approbation of the Pope, and the Kingdom interdicted, prepareth an Expedition in Person. After which, with Five Thousand barded Horses, Fourty Thousand Foot, coming into *Picardy*, he encampeth before *Therouenne*, a Town upon the Marches of *Picardy*. Here the Emperor *Maximilian*, resenting yet his old Injury, entrencheth into the King of *England's* Pay, and weareth the Cross of *St. George*: But so long as he stayed in the Army, it was governed according to his Counsel and Direction.

King *James* before his Meeting with *Bernard Stuart* and Bishop *Forman*, was fully purposed to prove an indifferent Beholder of this War: But *Bernard* having corrupted the Courtiers, and the Bishop the chief Church-men of the Kingdom, after their long and earnest Intercession he was drawn altogether to affect and adhere to the *French*.

To throw the Apple of Dissension, Bishop *Forman* is sent to King *Henry* to demand certain Jewels by their Father's Will, or her Brother Prince *Arthur's*, appertaining to Queen *Margaret* his Sister.

King *Henry* mistrusting that Embassy, offereth all and more than they demand from him: Shortly after the *English* beginning to interrupt the Traffick of the *French* by Sea, King *James* will send his Ships, lately well Mann'd and equipp'd for Fight, which not long before had been prepared (as was given out) to transport the King into *Syria*, to his Cousin Queen *Anne*, supposing this Gift would rather seem a Pledge of Friendship and Alliance, to the *English*, than any Supply of War. But *James* Earl of *Arran* having got the Command of them, instead of sailing towards *France*, arriveth in *Ireland*, whether by Tempest of Weather, or that he would disturb the King's Proceedings in assisting the *French*, instigated and corrupted by King *Henry*, is uncertain: And after he had spoiled *Knock-Fergus* a maritime Village, returneth with them to the Town of *Air*.

The King taking in an evil Part the Invasion of *Ireland*, but more the lingring of the Earl, for he had received Letters from Queen *Anne* and Bishop *Forman*, regrating the long and vain Expectation of his Ships, giveth the Earl of *Angus*, and Sir *Andrew Wood* a Commission for both him and them. The Earl of *Arran* by his Friends at Court, understanding his Masters displeasure, ere they could find him, hoiseth up Sails, and committeth himself rather to the

uncertain Fortune of the Seas, than the just Wrath of a King. After great Tempest arriving in *French Bretain*, these Ships built at such extraordinary Charges, the Sayls and Cordage being taken from them, rotted and consumed by Weather, in the Haven of *Brest*.

Now Matters grew more exasperate between the Brother Kings; *Robert Car* Warden of the Borders is killed by Three *English*, *Heron*, *Lilburn*, *Starbed*. *Andrew Barton*, who, upon an old Quarrel begun in the Reign of King *James III*, had Purchased Letters of Reprisal against the *Portuguese*, by *Thomas Howard* the *English* Admiral is slain, and his Ships taken. To this last Grievance (when it was expostulated) King *Henry* is said to have answered, *That Truce amongst Princes was never broken for taking or killing of Pirates.*

Alexander Lord Hume Warden of the East Marches in Revenge of accumulated Injuries with Three Thousand Men invaded the *English* Borders, burneth some Villages, and forrageth the Fields about. But having divided his Forces, and sent a Part of them loaden with Spoils towards *Scotland*, he falleth into an Ambush of the *English*: Where Sir *William Bulmure* with a Thousand Archers put him to Flight, and took his Brother *George*. During these Border Incurfions, the Lord *Dacres* and Doctor *West* came as in an Ambassy from *England*, not so much for Establishing a Peace, and settling those Tumults, begun by the Meeting of Commissioners (who assembled and concluded nothing) as to give their Master certain and true Intelligence of the Proceedings of the *Scots* with the *French*, and what they attempted.

Monsieur de la Motte was come with Letters from the *French* King to stir up King *James* to take Arms against the *English*, and had in his Voyage drowned Three *English* Ships, bringing Seven with him as Prizes to the Harbour of *Leith*. *Robert Barton* in Revenge of *Andrew Barton's* Death, at that same Time returned with Thirteen Vessels all Prizes. King *Lewis* had sent a great Ship loaden with Artillery, Powder and Wines; in which Mr. *James Ogilvy* Abbot of *Dryburgh* arrived, with earnest Request for the renewing of the ancient League between *France* and *Scotland*, and Letters from Queen *Anne* for the Invasion of *England*. In which she regretted he had not one Friend nor Maintainer of his Honour at the Court of *France* (after the late Delay of the sending his Ships) except her self and her Ladies: That her Request was, He would for her Sake, whom he had honoured with the Name of his Mistress in his Martial Sports in Time of Peace, march but one Mile upon the *English* Bounds, now in the Time of an appearing War against her Lord and Country.

The King thinking himself already engaged and interested in his Fame, drawn away by the Promises, Eloquence, and other Perswasions of the *French*, assembleth the Three Estates of his Kingdom to deliberate about a War with *England*. Many oppose it, but in vain; for at last, for fear of the King's displeasure, it is concluded, uncertain whether by a worse Counsel or Event. But before any Hostility against the *English*, they determine and decree, that King *Henry* shall by an Herald be fairly advertised and desired to desist from any further Invasion of the Territories of the *French* King, or Duke of *Guelders* (who was General of the *French* Army) the King of *Scotland's* Confederates and Kinsmen: Which not being yielded unto, the War as lawful and just shall be denounced.

Henry VIII. then besieging *Therouenne*, answered the Herald who delivered his Commission: "That he heard nothing from him, but what he had expected from a King, a Despiser of God's and Man's Law; as for himself, he would not give over a War so happily begun for any Threats. Neither did he care much for that Man's Friendship, of whose Inconstancy he had so often had Experience, nor for the Power of his Kingdom and ambitious Poverty."

After this Answer of the King of *England*, A Declaration by the King of *Scotland* was published almost to this Sense.

Though Princes should direct their Actions more to Conscience than Fame, and are not bound to give an Account of them to any, but to God alone, and when Armies are prepared for Battel, they look not so much to what may be said, as to what ought to be done; the Victors being ever thought to have had Reason upon their Side, and the justest Cause: Yet to manifest our Sincerity, and the Uprightness of our Proceedings, as well to these present Times as to Posterity, who may hereafter enquire after our Deportments, that all may take a full View of our Intentions and Courses, we have been mov'd to lay down the Justness and Equity of our Arms before the Tribunal of the World.

*The Laws of Nations and of Nature, which are grounded upon that Reason by which Man is distinguished from other Creatures, oblige every one to defend himself: And to seek means for one's own Preservation is a thing unblamable: But the Laws of Sovereignty lay greater Obligations upon us, and above all Men Monarchs, and they to whom God hath given the Government of States and Kingdoms, are not only bound to maintain and defend their own Kingdoms, Estates, and Persons, but to relieve from unjust Oppression, so far as is in their Power, being required, their Friends, Neighbours and Confederates, and not to suffer the Weak to be overthrown by the Stronger. The many Innovations and Troubles raised upon all Sides about us, the Wrongs our Subjects have suffered, by the Insolencies and Arrogancy of the Counsellors of *Henry* King of *England* our Brother-in-Law, are not only known to our Neighbour, but blazed amongst remotest Countrys. Roads and Incurfions have been made*

made upon our Borders; sundry of our Lieges have been taken, and, as in a just War, made Prisoners; the Warden of our Marches, under Assurance, hath been miserably killed; our Merchants at Sea invaded, spoiled of their Goods, Liberties, and Lives: Above others, the chief Captains of our Ships put to Death, and all by the King's own Commission. Upon which Breaches between the Two Kingdoms, Disorders and manifest Wrongs committed upon our Subjects, when by our Ambassadors we had divers Times required Satisfaction and Reparation, we received no Justice or Answer worthy of him or us; our Complaints being rejected, and we disdainfully contemned: That longer to suffer such Insolences, and not by just Force to resist unjust Violence, and by Dangers to seek a Remedy against greater or more imminent Dangers: Not to stand to the Defence of our Lieges, and take upon us their Protection, were to be deficient to our Honour and Reputation, and to invite others to offer the like Affronts and Injuries to us hereafter.

Besides these Breaches of Duty, Outrages, and Wrongs done unto us, his Brother Henry King of England without any just Cause, or Violence offered to him or any of his by the King of France, hath levied a mighty Army against him, invaded his Territories, using all Hostility; continuing to Assault and Force his Towns, make his Subjects Prisoners, kill and ransom them, impose Subsidies, and raise Money from the quieter Sort. Which Wrongs, Damage and Injustice we cannot but repute done unto us, in respect of our earnest Intercessions unto him, and many Requests rejected, and that ancient League between the Two Kingdoms of France and Scotland, in which these Two Nations are obliged respectively, and mutually bound, to assist others against all Invaders whatsoever; That the Enemy of the One shall be the Enemy of the Other, and the Friends of the One the Friends of the Other. As all Motions tend unto Rest, the End of a just War being Peace, that our Brother (who hath no such Enemy as the too great Riches and Abundance in which he swimeth) may entertain Peace with his Brother Princes, and moderate that boundless Ambition, which maketh him usurp Dominion over his Equals; we have been compelled to take us to defensive Arms; for our Brother hath now declared himself, and vaunteth that he is sole Judge and Umpire of the Peace of Europe, and that from his Will, the Differences of Successions and Titles of Principalities, Wrongs and other Interests depend, as that all should be obsequious to his Authority; and what particular Authority can be more intolerable, than that he should hinder so great and just a Prince as the King of France to claim his own, and defend his Subjects.

If our Brother the King of England by the Supply and Assistance of many Neighbour Countries, now by the Provocation of the Bishop of Rome, arising upon all Sides against the French, should extend his Power and Victory over France (under what Colour and Pretence of Justice soever) to what an Extremity shall the Kingdom of Scotland be reduced, having so powerful and ambitious a Neighbour? Fear of any Neighbour Prince's Greatness, when it extendeth it self over adjacent Territories, is a good Cause of Defence and taking of Arms, which cannot be but just, since most necessary.

We are not ignorant, that here will be objected against us, the Breach of a League contracted between our Brother and us: We have not broken that League; but for great Causes and Reasons separated our selves from it, our Brother having taken away the Means, Occasions and Reasons of observing it. In all Leagues, Confederations, Alliances and Promises amongst Princes, the last Confederation is ever understood to be contracted without Prejudice to the Rights of any former Alliances: And when our Ambassadors made that League with our Brother, it was to be understood that it should hold no longer, nor we longer be bound unto it, than he should keep to our first Allies and ancient Confederates, not breaking their Peace, nor troubling the Government and Estates of their Countries. A National League is ever to be preferred to any Personal, an Ancient to a New; the Leagues between the Kingdoms of France and Scotland having continued many Ages, should justly be preferred to that which we, as a new Ally of the House of England, did contract, which yet we are most willing to keep: But the Love of our Country, passing all private Respects, hath mov'd us to separate our selves for a Time from it.

All Leagues, Confederations, Alliances, and Promises amongst Princes, are respectively and mutually understood with this Condition and Law, providing both keep upon either Side; the one Party breaking or departing from the League, Alliance or Promise, the other is no longer bound to keep nor adhere unto it. So long as the King of England kept unto us, we kept unto him: He having now many Ways broken unto us, we are no longer obliged to keep unto him: That same Oath which obliged and tied us, after his Breach, absolving and making us free; and of this we divers Times advertised him, giving him Assurance, except we would betray that Trust and Confidence our Subjects and Confederates had in us, for the Maintenance of their Peace and Safety, we could not but assist them in their just Cause (howsoever the justest Actions have not ever the most profitable Events) and be constrained to have a Recourse to Arms for a Remedy of their present Misery.

And now notwithstanding of our advanced Expedition, and Preparations for War, that the World may judge rightly of our Intentions, We declare and manifest, that if our Brother shall leave off the Invasion of our Confederates, use no more Hostility against them, and give Satisfaction for the Wrongs done unto our Subjects, that we shall disband our Forces, and are content that all Matters of Difference, as well between the King of France, and our Brother, as our Brother and us, be amicably judged, decided and taken away: As that not only a Truce and Cessation of their Misery for a Time, but

a perfect and lasting Peace be concluded and established, to the full Contentment, and lasting Happiness of the Three Kingdoms and our Posterity.

Whilst the King stay'd at *Linlithgow*, attending the Gathering of his Army, now ready to set forward, and full of Cares and Perplexity, in the Church of *St. Michael* heard Even-song (as then it was called,) while he was at his Devotion, an ancient Man came in, his Amber-coloured Locks hanging down upon his Shoulders, his Fore-head high and enclining to Baldness, his Garment of Azure Colour, somewhat long girded about him with a Towel or Table-napkin, of a comely and Reverend Aspect. Having inquired for the King, he intruded himself into the Crowd, passing thorow till he came to him, with a Clownish Simplicity, leaning over the Canons Seat where the King sat, Sir (said he) *I am sent hither to intreat you for this Time to delay your Expedition, and to proceed no farther in your intended Journey: For if you do, ye shall not prosper in your Enterprize, nor any of your Followers. I am farther charged to warn you, if you be so refractory as to go forward, not to use the Acquaintance, Company or Counsel of Women, as ye tender your Honour, Life and Estate.*

After this Warning he withdrew himself back again into the Crowd. When Service was ended, the King enquired earnestly for him, but he could no where be found, neither could any of the By-standers (of whom diverse did narrowly observe him, meaning afterwards to have discoursed further with him) feel or perceive how, when, or where he passed from them, having as it were vanished among their Hands.

After this Army had mustered in the *Borrow-moor* of *Edinburgh* (a Field then spacious and delightful by the Shades of many stately and aged Oaks) about the Midst of the Night there is a Proclamation heard at the *Mercat Cross* of the Town, *Summoning a great many Burgeses, Gentlemen, Barons and Noblemen to appear within Forty Days before the Tribunal of one Plot-Cock: The Provost of the Town in his Timber Gallery having heard his own Name cited, cried out, That he declined that Judicatory, and appeal'd to the Mercy of God Almighty.*

Nothing was the King moved with those Advertisements, thinking them Scenick Pieces, acted by those who hated the *French*, and favoured the *English* Faction: Being so boldly and to the Life personated, that they appalled and struck with Fear ordinary and vulgar Judgments, as Tragi-Comedies of Spirits. The Earl of *Angus* dissuaded him from that Expedition, and many of the most Reverend Church-Men; but the Angel which most conjured him, was *Margaret* his Queen, who at that Time was with Child; her Tears and Prayers shook the strongest Beams of his Resolutions. She had acquainted him with the Visions and Affrightments of her Sleep; that her Chains and Armlets appeared to be turned into Pearls; she had seen him fall from a great Precipice; she had lost One of her Eyes. When he had answered, *These were but Dreams, arising from the many Thoughts and Cares of the Day. But it is no Dream (said she) that ye have but one Son, and him a Weakling; if otherwise than well happen unto you, What a lamentable Day will that be, when ye shall leave behind you, to so tender and weak a Successor, under the Government of a Woman, for Inheritance, a miserable and bloody War? It is no Dream that ye are to fight a mighty People; now turned insolent by their Riches at Home and Power abroad: That your Nobility are indigent ye know, and may be brib'd to leave you in your greatest Danger: What a Folly, what a Blindness is it to make this War yours, and to quench the Fire in your Neighbour's House of France, to kindle and burn up your own in Scotland? Ye have no such Reason to assist the French, as ye have to keep your Promises to England, and enjoy a Peace at Home. Though the English should make a Conquest of France, will they take your Crown, or disinherit their own Race, this is even as the Left Hand would cut off the Right? Should the Letters of the Queen of France, (a Woman twice married (the first Half in Adultery, the last almost Incest) whom ye did never, nor shall ever see) prove more powerful with you, than the Cries of your little Son, and mine; than the Tears, Complaints, and Curses of the Orphans and Widows which ye are to make? If ye will go, suffer me to accompany you; it may be my Country-men prove more kind towards me than they will to you; and for my Sake yield unto a Peace. I hear the Queen my Sister will be with the Army in her Husband's Absence; if we shall meet, Who knows what God by our Means may bring to pass?*

The King answered all her Complaints with a speedy March, which he made over the *Tweed*, not staying till the whole Forces came to him, which were arising and prepared.

The Twenty Two of *August* coming into *England*, he encamped near the Water of *Twisfel* in *Northumberland*, where at *Twisfel-haugh* he made an Act, *That if any Man were slain or hurt to Death by the English, during the Time of his Abode in England, his Heirs should have his Ward, Relief, and Marriage. Norham, Wark, Ford, Eatel, are taken and cast down.* Amidst this Hostility, the Lady *Ford* (a noble Captive) was brought in a Pity-pleading Manner, with her Daughter (a Maid of excellent Beauty) to the Camp. Not without the Earl of *Surrey's* Direction, as many supposed, for they have a vigorous Prince, and his Son (though Natural, by the Gifts of Nature and Education above many lawful) to try the Magick of their Eloquence and Beauty upon. The King delighting in their Company, not only hearkneth to the Discourse of

of the Mother, but giveth Way to her Counsel : Which was, if she should be dismissed, to send him true and certain Intelligence of what the *English* would attempt, by taking her away to their Camp : But in Effect proved the winning of Time to the Earl of *Surrey*, and the losing of Occasion to him. Her few Days Stay bred in him a Kind of Carelessness, Sloth, Procrastination and Delay, a Neglect, and as it were a Forgetfulness, of his Army and Business. Eighteen Days tarrying in *England*, in a Territory not very fertile, had consum'd much Provision, the Souldiers began to want Necessaries, and a Number in the Night by blind Paths returned to their own Country : In a short Time, only the Noblemen, and their Vassals attending the King. These request him not to spend more Time on that barren Soil, but to turn their Forces against *Berwick*, which Town was of more Importance, than all the Hamlets and poor Villages of *Northumberland* : Neither was it impregnable or difficult to be taken, the Town and Castle being no Ways provided and furnished to endure a Siege. The Courtiers move the King to continue the beleaguering of *Berwick* till their coming back ; which would be an easy Conquest, *Northumberland* once forrag'd, in Absence of the bravest of the *English* then in *France*.

Whilst the Army languished, and the King spent Time at *Ford*, the Earl of *Surrey* directeth an Herald to his Camp, requiring him either to leave off the Invasion of his Master's Country, and turn back, giving Satisfaction for Wrongs committed ; or that he would appoint a Day and Place wherein all Differences might be ended by the Sword. This Challenge being advised in Council, most Voices were ; " That they should return Home, and not with so small a Number, as remained, endanger the State of the whole Kingdom, enough being already achieved for Fame, and too much for their Friendship with *France* : Why should a few Souldiers, and these already tired out by forcing of Strengths and throwing down Castles, be hazarded against such Multitudes of the *English*, supplied lately and increased with fresh Auxiliaries ? " *Thomas Howard* Admiral, a Son of the Earl of *Surrey*, having newly brought with him to *Newcastle* out of the Army lying in *France* Five Thousand chosen Men, and One Thousand tall Seamen. If they should return Home, the *English* Army could not but disband, and not conveniently this Year be gathered again, consisting of Men levied from far and distant Places. Again if they should be engaged to come to a Battle ; their own Country, being Fields to them well known, would prove more commodious and secure to fight upon, than *English* Ground, besides the Opportunity of furnishing and providing the Camp with all Necessaries at less Charges. The *French* Ambassador and others of his Faction remonstrate to the King, " What a shameful Retreat he would make, if at the Desire of the Enemy he returned, and without the Hazard of a Battel, being so near unto him ; that by Fighting in *England*, he kept his own Country unforged ; and consum'd the Provision of his Enemy, which at last would weaken his Forces : That for Contentment to both Armies, *Islay* a *Scottish* Herald should return with *Rouge-Croix* the *English*, and condescend upon a Day, promising them in the mean Time Tarrying and Abode, till the Righteousness of the Cause were decided in a Battel.

The set and appointed Day by the Heralds, in which the Two Armies should have joined, being come, and the *English* not appearing, nor any from them, the Nobility again resort to the King, and show, " How, by the Slight of the Enemy, Matters were prolonged and delayed from one Day to another : The *English* Forces daily increasing, whilst the *Scottish* wear away, and waxed fewer ; that Slight should be opposed to Slight ; the Day designed by the Heralds not being kept, it would be no Reproach to them to turn Home without Battel, or, if retiring, to fight upon their own Ground. If this Counsel pleased him not, but that he would there give them Battel, the next was to study all Advantages for Victory, either by Stratagem, or the Odds and Furtherance of the Place of Fight ; where the *Cheviot* Hills decline towards the plainer Fields arising behind them with high Tops, with best Ordnance should be fortified ; the Water of *Till* running deep and Fordless upon the right Hand, and but passable at the Bridge, the first Companies of the Enemy being passed, before they could be relieved and succoured by their Followers, the Bridge by the Artillery should be beaten down, and the Enemy charged when they began to pass the Water.

The King, impatient of Counsel, answered, " Though their Number increased to as many more as they were, he with that Remainder of his Army would fight them. That Advantages were to be embraced according to the Occasion of the Fight without tedious Deliberation ; if any Man was afraid he might, if he pleased, return Home. A strange Resolution in a Prince, who imagined every Man in his Army to have the same Strength, Courage, Boldness and Resolution with himself.

This Answer astonished the Nobility, and since they could not persuade him to a fair Retreat, but that he will fight, and that without the Advantage of the Bridge, being inferior in Number to the *English* (for they were reckoned by the Scouts Six and Twenty Thousand) they fortify themselves according to the Commodity of the Hill, where they lay encamped, with a Resolution not to suffer the King to hazard his Person in the Battel. If Victory should incline to them, their Gains were but small, and Glory less, extending but over some few of the Nobility,

bility, and a small Parcel of the Body of the State of *England*, and a Number of Yeomen, and pressed Horsemen, the Flower of the Kingdom being in *France*. But if they were overthrown, their Loss would prove incomparable, yea unspeakable, a Martial young King either kill'd, taken, or put to Flight: Wherefore they think it fitting, not necessary, the King be pleased, with so many as either Chance or Election might separate with him, to be a Spectator of the Fortune of the Day. To this the King replied; "He neither wanted Ability to discharge the Part of a Souldier, nor Wisdom to Command as a General, and to outlive so many valiant Country-Men, would be more terrible to him than Death it self. When forced to give Way for his Personal Presence in the Field, they appoint some to be arrayed in like Furniture of Arms, and a like Guard as the King; Shadows to personate him in sundry Quarters of the Field, that the Enemy should not set One Man as their chief Mark to invade, from whose Death the Victory and Conclusion of the War might depend: And if the King should fall, the Army should not lose Courage, nor be brought to believe he were lost, so long as they saw a General, with his Cognizance and Guard present and near them to be a Witness of their Valour and Atchievements, as not long before, at the Battel of *Fornou* in *Italy*, had been practised by the *French* to their King *Charles*.

By this Time the Earl of *Surrey*, with the Power of the North of *England*, was come within Three Miles of the Place, where the *Scottish* Army was encamped, and perceiving he could not but with great Disadvantage fight them; he sendeth an Herald requiring the King to come forth of his Strength to some indifferent Ground, where he would be ready to encounter him. The King being forward to condescend to this Request, the Lords cryed out; "It was Madness to accept of Opportunity of fighting from his Enemies, and to set all at a main Chance according to their Appointment, it being their Advantage to prolong Time, and trifle with him, in whose Camp there was already Scarcity of Victuals, which ere long might put him to such a Stand, that he should not know well what to do. Neither was it likely he could be furnished from the inner Parts of the Country, by Reason of the cumbersome Ways for Carriages to pass, after the falling of so great and continued Rains, and the softening of the Ground: That by sitting still, and committing nothing to Fortune, he might have his Enemy at his Pleasure; if they dared assail him, at their Perils be it. He lacked nothing but Patience to be victorious.

The *Scots* keeping their Trenches, the Earl essayeth to draw them out, and the Ninth of *September*, removing his Camp, marcheth towards the same Hill of *Flowden* where they lay encamped; his Vant-guard with the Cannon, passeth the Water of *Till* at *Twisfel* Bridge, the Reerward going over at *Mylnford*. King *James* seeing them pass the Water, imagineth they meant to win a Hill between his Camp and them; to prevent which (setting Fire to the Cabanes raised of Boughs of Trees and Reeds) he removeth to another Hill, before the *English* could observe his Motion, the Smoke darkning the Air between the Two Armies. Whilst the *Scottish* Army was removing, the *English* advance to the Foot of *Flowden* Hill, by which they have double Advantage, the *Scottish* Ordnance could not much annoy them, they marching upwards, and under the Level thereof; again, by their Shot, they might easily gall their Enemies as they came downwards upon them.

The fatal Hour of the Battel approaching, the *English* draw up in good Order Six and Twenty Thousand Men (some write Thirty) in Two Battels, any of which was equal in Number to the whole *Scottish* Army. *Thomas* Lord *Howard*, Admiral, had the Vant-guard, of which *Sir Edmund Howard* his Brother led one of the Wings, and *Sir Marmaduke Constable* the other; The Lords *Dacres* and *Clifford*, with *Sir Edward Stanley* kept the Rear: The Earl of *Surrey* with *Latimer*, *Scroop*, and *Sir Stephen Bull* kept the main Battel. The *Scots* by their Fewness of Number, not being able to order many Battalions, marshal themselves in Four, Three of which should enter in Fight, and the Fourth attend for Supply. The King kept the Middle or Main; *Alexander Gordon* Earl of *Huntley* had the right Wing of the Van; the Earls of *Crawford* and *Montrose* led the other, and some have recorded, the Lord *Hume*. The Third Army was guided by *Matthew* Earl of *Lennox*, and the Earl of *Argyle*, where was *Mackenzie* and *Mackclean*, with the Fierceness of the High-landers. *Adam Hepburn* Earl of *Bothwell* with his Friends and the Flower of the Gentry of *Lothian*, kept off for sudden Dispatches and Chances of the Battel.

The Earl of *Huntly* making down the Hill, where they encamp near the Foot of *Branx Town*, encountreth that Wing of the *English* Host, which was led by *Sir Edmund Howard*, which after a furious and long Fight he put to Flight, and so eagerly pursued the Advantage, that *Sir Edmund* had either been killed or taken, if he had not been rescued by Bastard *Heron* and the Lord *Dacres*. The Battalion which the Earls of *Lennox* and *Argyle* led (being High-land Men) encouraged with this First Glance of Victory, loosing their Ranks, abandoning all Order (for ought that the *French* Ambassador *La Motte* by Signs, Threatnings and Clamours, could do to hold them) broke furiously upon the Enemy, and invade him in the Face, of whom they are not only valiantly received, but, by *Sir Edward Stanley*'s traversing the Hill, enclosed, cut down at their Backs and prostrated. The Middle Ward, which the King led, with which now the Earl of *Bothwell* with the Power of

Lothian

Lothian was joined, fought it out courageously Body against Body, and Sword to Sword. Numbers upon either Side falling, till Darkness and the black Shadows of the Night, forced, as it were by Consent of both, a Retreat: Neither of them understanding the Fortune of the Day, and unto whom Victory appertained.

Many brave *Scots* did here fall, esteemed to be above Five Thousand, of the noblest and worthiest Families of the Kingdom: Who choosed rather to die, than outlive their Friends and Compatriots.

The King's Natural Son *Alexander* Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, the Bishop of the *Isles*, the Abbots of *Incheffray* and *Kilwinning*, the Earls of *Crawford*, *Morton*, *Argyle*, *Lennox*, *Errol*, *Caithness*, *Bothwell*, *Atbole*, the Lords *Elphinston*, *Erskin*, *Forbes*, *Ross*, *Lovet*, *Sinclair*, *Maxwell*, with his Three Brothers, *Semple*, *Borthwick*; Numbers of Gentlemen, *Balgony*, *Blackader*, *Bonbard*, Sir *Alexander Seton*, *Mackenzie*, with *Macklean*, *George* Master of *Angus*, and Sir *William Douglas* of *Glenbervy*, with some Two Hundred Gentlemen of their Name and Vassals were here slain.

The *English* left few less upon the Place, but most Part of them being of the common Sort of Souldiers, and Men of no great Mark, compared with so many Nobles killed, and a King lost, the Number was not esteemed, nor the Loss thought any Thing of.

The Companies of the Lord *Hume* had reserved themselves all the Time of the Fight, keeping their first Order; and, when by the Earl of *Huntly*, he was required to relieve the Battallion where the King fought, he is said to have answered, *That that Man did well that Day who stood and saved himself*. After the Retreat, his Followers gathered a great Booty of the Spoils of the Slaughtered. This Fight began *September 9th*, about Four of the Clock after Noon, and continued Three Hours, *Anno 1513*.

About the Dawning of the next Morning, the Lord *Dacres* with his Troops taking a View of the Field, and seeing the brazen Ordnance of the *Scots* not transported, with most Part of the fallen Bodies not rifled, sendeth speedy Advertisement to the *Howards* and the pensive Army; inviting all to the setting up Trophies, Spoil, and transporting of the great Ordnance to *Berwick*, amongst which were Seven Culverins, of like Size and Make, called the *Seven Sisters*.

Divers diversly report of the Fortune of the King: We, without affirming any Thing for certain, shall only set down what Fame hath published; a false Witness often of humane Accidents, and which many Times, by malignant Brains is forged, and by more malignant Ears received and believed. The *English* hold that he was killed in this Battel; the *Scots* that many in like Arms with the like Guards, were killed, every One of which was held for the King: Amongst others *Alexander* Lord *Elphinston*, his Favourite, who had married *Elizabeth Barley*, one of the Dames of Honour of Queen *Margaret*. He was a Man not unlike to the King in Face and Stature, and representing him in Arms in the Field, with the valiantest and most courageous of the Army fought it out, and acting Heroically his Part, as a King was killed, Heaps of slaughtered Bodies environing his. In the Search where the Fight was, the Number, Tallness, and Furniture of the dead Bodies being observed, their Faces and Wounds viewed, his Body, as if it yet breathed Majesty, was amidst the others selected, acknowledged for his Master's, brought to *Berwick* and embalmed. That it was not the Body of the King, the Girdle of Iron, which he ever wore, and then was not found about him, gave some, though not certain, Testimony.

Some have recorded, That the Fortune of the Day inclining to the *English*, Four tall Men mounted upon lusty Horses, wearing upon the Points of their Launces, for Cognizances, Streamers of Straw, mounting the King on a Sorrel Hackney, convoyed him far from the Place of Fight, and that he was seen beyond the *Tweed*, between *Kelfo* and *Duns*. After which, what became of him is uncertain. Many hold, he was killed in the Castle of *Hume*, either by the Intelligence between the *English* and the Lord *Hume's* Kindred, or out of Fear; (for they were at the Slaughter of the King's Father, and the most violent in that Fight) or of Hopes of great Fortunes, which would follow Innovations, and the Confusion of the State, being men who liv'd best in a troubl'd Commonwealth and upon the Borders.

One *Carr*, a Follower of the Lord *Hume's*, that same Night the Battle was fought, thrust the Abbot of *Kelfo* out of his Abbacy: Which he never durst attempt, the King being alive. Another, *David Carbreath*, in the Time of *John* the Governour, vaunted, that however *John* wronged the *Humes*, he was one of Six who had abated the Insolence of King *James*, and brought him to know he was Mortal. To these is added, that the Governour *John*, not long hereafter, did cut off the Heads of the Lord *Hume*, and his Brother, without any known great Cause. The common People (ever more addicted to Superstition than Verity) believed he was living, and had passed over the Seas, and, according to his Promise, visited the holy Sepulchre in *Palestine*: And that there, for his other Offences, and the bearing of Arms against his Father, in Prayers and Penance, he spent the Remainder of His tedious Days. That he would return again when he found Opportunity, and the Necessity of *Europe* requir'd him. This Report was of as great Truth, as that which the *Britains* have of the Return of their King *Arthur* and the *Burgundians* not long before conceived of their Duke *Charles* after the Battle of *Nancy*, most of them believing escaped from the Conflict. He was lost the Twenty Fifth Year of his Reign, the Thirty Ninth of his Age.

This King was of a vigorous Body, his Stature being neither too tall nor too low, of a pleasant Countenance, of a pregnant Wit; but by the Faults of the Times in which he lived, not polished with Letters. He excelled in Horse-manship, Fencing and Shooting. By much Watching, slender Diet, and Use, he was enabled to endure all Extremities of Weather, Scarcity, and Want of Rest, with good Health of Body.

He was just in giving Judgment, in punishing Malefactors severe, yet tractable and moderate. With the Peril of some few he restrained Vices, and rather shook the Sword than struck with it. He knew there were some Things, though Princes might, yet they ought not to do. He was easy of Access, most courteous in Speech, and meek in answering every Man. He was so far from being overtaken with Anger, or other violent Perturbations, that he was never observed to have given an evil or disobliging Word to any, or that the Colour of his Face changed by any Offence offered him, or Informations given him, relying without Passion upon his own Magnanimity.

He was of a free and liberal Disposition, far from any Ostentation. As he understood well the Art of giving, so to acquire and purchase he was not sufficient of himself, but made use of Men, who drew more Hatred upon their own Heads, than Money into their Prince's Coffers.

Tho' he delighted more in *Mars* than the *Muses*, he was a great Admirer and Advancer of learned Men. *William Elphinston* Bishop of *Aberdeen* builded, by his Liberality, the College of *Aberdeen*, and named it *The King's College*, by Reason of those Privileges and Rents the King bestowed upon it.

His Generosity did shew it self in not delivering of *Perkin Warbeck*: He trusted much, and had great Confidence in his Nobility, and governed, by Love not by Fear, his People.

It is no Wonder, amidst so much Worth, that some Humane Frailty, and some according Discord be found. There is no Day so bright and fair, which one Moment or other, looketh not pale, and remaineth not with some dampish Shadow of discoloured Clouds. He was somewhat wedded to his own Humor, opiniative and rash; Actions of Rashness and Temerity, even although they may have an happy Event, being never Praise-worthy in a Prince. He was so infected with that illustrious Crime, which the Ambitious take for Virtue, Desire of Fame, that he preferred it to his own Life, and the Peace of his Subjects.

He so affected Popularity, and endeavoured to purchase the Love of his People; by Largesses, Banqueting, and other Magnificence, diving himself in Debt; that by those Subsidies and Exactions, which of Necessity he should have been constrained to have levied and squeezed from the People, longer Life had made him lose all that Favour and Love he had so painfully purchased, that Death seemed to have come to him wishedly, and in good Time.

The wedding of other's Quarrels, especially of the *French*, seemeth in him inexcusable; a wise Prince should be slow and loath to engage himself in a War, although he hath suffered some Wrong. He should consider that of all humane Actions and Hazards there is no One of which the Precipitation is so dangerous, as that of beginning and undertaking a War. Neither, in humane Affairs, should there more Depths be sounded, nor hidden Passages searched and pryed into, than in this. He should remember, that besides the sad Necessity which is inseparable from the most innocent War (the wasting and destroying of the Goods and Lives of much People) there is Nothing of which the Revolutions and Changes are more inconstant, and the Conclusions and Ends more uncertain.

The Sea is not more treacherous, false and deceiving, nor changeth more swiftly her Calms into Storms, than Wars and the Fortune of Arms do, the Event and Success belying the Beginning. It is not enough that a Prince know a War which he undertaketh to be just, but he should consider also if it be necessary, and if it be profitable, and conduce to the State which he governeth.

As Men of strong and healthful Bodies follow ordinarily Delight in their Youth, he was sometimes amourolly carried away. He confined the Earl of *Angus* in the Isle of *Arran*, for taking *Jane Kennedy*, a Daughter of the Earl of *Cassils*, out of *Galloway*, a fair and Noble Lady, of whom he became enamoured as he went in his Pilgrimage to *St. Ninian's*. In his last Expedition the Lady *Ford* was thought to have hindered the Progress of his Arms, and hasten'd the Success of the Battel.

Though Virtue be sometimes unfortunate, yet is it ever in an high Esteem in the Memories of Men: Such a Desire remained of him in the Hearts of his People, after his Loss, that the like was not of any King before him: Princes who are out of this Life being only the Delights and Darlings of a People. *Anne* the *French* Queen not many Days out-lived the Rumour of his Death. He serves for an Example of the Frailty of great Men on the Theatre of this World, and of the Inconstancy of all Sublunary Things.

He had Children, *James* and *Arthur*, who dyed Infants; *James* who succeeded him; *Alexander*, born after his Death, who died young; *Alexander* a natural Son, Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, so much admired and regreted by *Erasmus*; *Margaret*, of a Daughter of the Lord *Drummond's* married to the Earl of *Huntley* (whose Mother had been contracted to the King, and taken away (to his great Regret) by those who governed the State, that he should not follow the Example of King *Robert* his Predecessor, who married a Lady of that Family) and *James* Earl of *Murray*.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE and REIGN
OF
JAMES the Fifth,
King of Scotland.

THE fatal Accident and Overthrow of the King, and Flower of the Nobility of Scotland, at *Flowden*, filled the remnant of the State with great Sorrow, but with greater Amazement and Perplexity: For by this great Change they expected no less than the Progress and Advancement of the Victor's Arms and Fortune, and feared the Conquest, Servitude and Desolation of the whole Kingdom. The rigorous Season of the Year being spent in Mourning and performing the funeral Rites for their lost Kinsmen and Friends; and the gathering together the floating Ribs and dispersed Planks of this Ship-wreck; the Peers assembled at *Stirling*, where applying themselves to set their Confusions in Order, and determine on the Remedies of their present Evils, the lively Pourtrait of their Calamities did represent itself to the full View. The Head and fairest Parts, which Majesty, Authority, Direction, and Wisdom had made eminent, were cut away, some turbulent Church-Men, Orphan'd Noblemen, and timorous Citizens fill'd their vacant Places, and many who needed Directions themselves, were placed to direct and guide the Helm of State: Such Miseries being always incident to a People, where the Father of the Country is taken away, and the Successor is of Under-age. In this Maze of Perplexity, to disoblige themselves of their greatest Duty, and give Satisfaction to the most and best, the lawful Successor and Heir, JAMES the Prince, is set on the Throne and crowned, being at that Time one Year Five Months and Ten Days of Age, and the Hundreth and Fifth King of Scotland. The last Will and Testament, which the late King had left before his Expedition, being publickly seen and approved, the Queen challenges the Protection of the Realm and Tutelage of her Son, as disposed unto her so long as she continued a Widow, and followed the Counsel and Advice of the Chancellor of the Realm, and some other grave Counsellours, and she obtaineth it; as well out of a Religion they had to fulfill the Will of their deceased Sovereign, as to shun and be freed of the imminent Arms and eminent Danger of her Brother the King of England. Being established in the Government, and having from all that Respect, Reverence and Observance, which belong to such a Princess, she sent Letters to the King of England; "That having Compassion upon the Tears and Prayers of a Widow, of his
" Sister, of an Orphan, of his Nephew, he would not only cease from following the War upon
" Scotland (than at War with it self, and many Ways divided) but, ennobled by Courage and
" Goodness, be a Defence unto her and the Infant, her Son, against all Injuries to be offered them
" by Foreigners abroad, or any of the factious Nobility, who would oppose themselves against
" her at Home. To which King Henry answered, "That with the peaceable he would entertain
" Peace, and with the Froward and Turbulent, War; if the Scots would live in Peace, they should
" have it for his Part, but if they would rather fight, he was not to refuse them. That her Husband had fallen by his own indiscreet Rashness, and foolish Kindness to France: That he regretted his Death as his Ally, and should be willing to prohibit all Hostility against the
" Country of Scotland, during the Minority of her Son. For a Remedy of present Evils, One Year's Truce and a Day longer was yielded unto; in which Time he had Leisure to prosecute

his Designs against *France*, without Fear of being disturbed or diverted by the Incursions and Inroads of the *Scots* upon his Borders.

The Government of a Woman and a Child over a People, ever in Motion, Mutinous and delighting in Changes, could not long subsist firm, nor continue after one Fashion. The First Shake and Disorders of the Kingdom arose, and were occasioned by the Ambition and Avarice of the Church-men (the Moth-worms of State) being seconded by the Factious Nobles and Malecontents, concerning the Distribution of the Offices, Places, and Benefices, vacant by the Deaths of those slain in the late Battel. *Andrew Forman* Arch-Bishop of *Bourges*, Bishop of *Murray*, and Legate to Pope *Julius*, *Gavin Dowglas* Bishop of *Dunkeld*, Uncle to the Earl of *Angus*, and *John Hepburn* Prior of *St. Andrew's*, contend all Three for the Arch-Bishoprick of *St. Andrew's*. *Gavin Dowglas* was presented to it by the Queen, *Andrew Forman* by the Pope, *John Hepburn* was chosen by the Chapter his Canons, and sundry of the Nobility favoured his Election; they said also, that the Place whilst it was vacant belonged unto him: And his Party was so strong that none durst publish the Pope's Bull in Favour of *Andrew Forman* for many Days: Till *Alexander* Lord *Hume* then Chamberlain, and Warden of the East Marches, won by many Promises, and the Abbacy of *Coldingham* engaged and presently given in Hand to his younger Brother *David*, in Despite of the Opposition of the Lord *Hailes* and the Faction of the *Hepburns*, then seditious and powerful, well backed by his Friends, Vassals, and Adherents all in Arms, caused publish and proclaim it at the Market Cross of *Edinburgh*: Which Action first incensed the Prior to plot Mischief against the Family of the *Humes*. *William Elphinston* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, by many of the Clergy and some of the Nobility, had been desired to accept this Dignity, but he refused it, being now weary of earthly Greatness, and making for another World; for at this Time at *Edinburgh* he left this.

As ordinarily when one Faction is near extinguished, the Remnant subdivideth, after those Jars of the Church-men, which were cherished by the Nobility, the Nobles began to jar among themselves, and grudge at others Preferments. *Alexander*, Lord *Gordon*, ruled and commanded the Countries North-ward the River of *Forth*; as *Alexander* Lord *Hume* usurped almost a Royal Authority, and commanded over the Countries on the South-Side of the *Forth*; the Earl of *Angus* went about a fairer Conquest.

James, Earl of *Arran* Lord *Hamilton*, being nearest in Blood to the King, could not but with Indignation look upon the undeserved Greatness of these Usurpers. Under the Shadow of this Oligarchy, turbulent, evil-disposed, and Men abhorring Quietness, ravaged the Country, and did what they pleased.

Amidst these Confusions, the Queen in *April* brought forth a posthumous Child in the Castle of *Stirling*, whom the Bishop of *Cathness*, Abbot of *Dumfermling*, and the Arch-Dean of *St. Andrew's*, baptized and named *Alexander*. After she was recovered and had acquired her wonted Strength of Body, she found the Authority of her Place was turned weak, and that she enjoyed nothing but the Name of Governing, the People delighting to live rather without Rule and in all Disorders, than to be subject to the Obedience of a Woman, though a Queen. After great Deliberation and many Essays in vain to curb their Insolence, and vindicate her Authority from their Contempt, as also to save her Son from the Dangers of an insulting Nobility, and settle her Estate, she resolved to match with some Nobleman, eminent in Power and Worth, who could and would protect her and hers in the greatest Extremities. Amongst the Choice of the young Noblemen of *Scotland*, for a long Succession of renowned Ancestors, Comeliness of Person, noble Conversation, and Prudence in Affairs of State, being lovely, courteous, liberal and wise, none was comparable to the Earl of *Angus*: Him she determines to make Partner of her Royal Bed and Fortunes; and as ordinarily in Matters of Love, it falleth out, by the Impatience of Delay, without acquainting her Brother the King of *England*, or the Nobles of the Kingdom with her Design, she afterwards marieth him, transferring, if she could, the whole Weight of the Kingdom and the Reins of the Government of the State into his Hands, having no more Freedom in her own Determinations.

No sooner was this revealed to the World, when the Nobility and Gentry divided into Two Factions, one adhering to the *Dowglas*, in whom Kindred, Friendship and long Observance had bred Hopes of Benefits and Preferment; another of such whom Envy of his Greatness and Advancement had made hungry of Change. The First would have the Government continued in the Queen's Person and her Husband's: Because hereby the Realm should still have Peace with *England*, which at that Time was the most necessary Point to be respected. The adverse Party, of which the Lord Chamberlain was the principal, who was a Man both in Power, Parentage, and Riches equal to, (if not beyond) many of the great Men of the Country, importuned the Election of a new Governour and Protector of the young King. The Queen losing by her Marriage both the Tutelage of her Son and the Government, should not take it to Heart that another were chosen and put in her Place. Her marrying the Earl of *Angus* had made him too great already to be a Subject; the continuing of her in Authority would promote him to the Greatness of a Prince: Who should be Governour, is upon both Sides long and contentiously

tionally argued. Many gave their Voices for the Earl of *Arran*, as being near in Blood to the King, and a Man affecting Peace more than others, and every Way sufficient for such a Charge. The Chamberlain had determined of another, and told, it was a Wrong to part from so high an Honour a Man of the Masculine Line in Blood to the King, and prefer one of the Feminine. *John Duke of Albany*, Son to *Alexander Duke of Albany*, the Brother of King *James III*, before all others, by all Reason should be preferred to the Government. Being demanded if he would be the First, to give Example to others, who would set his Hand to this Election, he without Pausing performed it, with a Protestation, that tho' the rest of the Nobility opposed it, as to his coming into *Scotland* to accept the Government, he alone would go *France*, charge him with it, be his Convey hither, and maintain his Title.

This he was thought to have done, for that, despairing to reach and obtain this Dignity himself, out of Emulation, he laid a Design, that never any other of the Nobles of the Kingdom should reach it; affecting rather to give a Stranger the Place, than a Competitor, bringing in the *French* to equal the Ballance as Principal, himself only as Accessory, nothing doubting of a chief Place in State, as well for his Forwardness in this Election, as for the Necessity of his Service which the *French* could not well want, and should never be lacking. He feared also, if the Faction of the *Dowglasses* prevail'd, the Greatness of the Earl of *Angus* would be an Umbrage to his, and lessen and impair it; their Lands and Fortunes lying near to other, as that the Queen by her Power in *England* would cross his fairest Projects.

The King of *England* had sent a Letter to the Lords of *Scotland* (as he had done to the *French* King for that same Effect) remonstrating how dangerous it was for the State of *Scotland*, and the young King, if they should make Choice of the Duke of *Albany*.

Notwithstanding all which, through Ambition, Malice, Envy of others, Discords among themselves, they made Choice of this Gentleman, a Stranger by his Education and Birth, ignorant of the Nature and Manners of the *Scots*; whose Father was banished for Treason against his Brother, and died un-restored; one altogether devoted to the *French* King, and an Enemy to the *English*; not caring to keep the Country of *Scotland* in Wars and Troubles, so he might defend the *French* Nation, by making the *Scots* fight their Battels.

After many private Letters from his Friends in *Scotland* (especially from the Chamberlain) inviting him to come Home, and accept his new Dignity, the Duke at last is required by the States, and Lyon King of Arms is directed to him, to acquaint him with their Proceedings, and make him forward on his Way. He to endear his coming, and make himself the more desired of the People, excusing his Stay for a while (which he laid upon the Treaty of Peace, which was then to be agreed upon between *England* and *France*, by the Marriage of *Lewis* the *French* King with *Mary*, the youngest Sister of *Henry* King of *England*, which required his Presence) sendeth Home the King of Arms with Letters from the *French* King, with Sir *Anthony Darcey le Sieur de la Beauté*. This Man proposed certain Conditions, which the Duke required: *What should be the Form of his Government, his Guards, what Castles should be delivered to him for his Garrisons; the restoring his Patrimony and Father's Dignities to him.* Which Particularities being condescended unto, the Castle of *Dumbar* was instantly delivered to *la Beauté* to be kept for a *French* Garrison at the Duke's coming; and Sir *Patrick Hamilton*, Brother to the Earl of *Arran*, *James Ogilvy* Abbot of *Aberbrothock*, with the King of Arms, were sent back again to *France*. After their Arrival the Duke of *Albany*, being furnished with all Necessaries by the *French* King, with Eight well rigged Ships took the Seas, and in the Month of *May* arrived on the West Coasts of *Scotland*, from whence with a great Retinue of the Nobles and Barons of the Country, by easy Journeys, the Queen meeting him, he came to the Town of *Edinburgh*. In the Parliament which had been prorogued for his coming, the Duke accepted the Government of the Kingdom, and gave his Oath of Fidelity to the King and Country, and the Three Estates gave their Oath of Obedience to him; and both swore, That in the Administration of Justice, neither should be deficient to others. Here is he restored to all his Father's Inheritance, Titles and Honours: Being declared Duke of *Albany*, Earl of *March*, and Governour of the Kingdom till the King's full Maturity. Many Laws are made for the Well of the Kingdom, and to gratify his Linage, *James* the natural Son of *James IV* is created Earl of *Murray*.

At the Presence of this new Governour, the Face of the State turned more beautiful, and the Court more Royal; Oppression is restrained, Justice sincerely executed, the Court is frequented with good and virtuous Men, and Malefactors and naughty Persons banish themselves. He maketh a Progress to all the notable Towns of the Kingdom, seeing Crimes punished and Faults amended. Being a Stranger, and not thoroughly acquainted with the Municipal Statutes and particular Practices of the Country, in great and important Matters, he proceedeth by the Instructions and Informations of some choise Men of the Nation it self. Especially since he was not infinite to listen to the Advice of every one, he gave himself to hearken and follow the Opinion and Counsel of *John Hepburn* Prior of *St. Andrew's*; whose Judgment, in his greatest Difficulties, he receives as an Oracle. This Man being of a subtil Wit, malicious, crafty, rich, and endued with some Courtly Eloquence, by a counterfeit

Pretence of Knowledge of the Affairs of the Kingdom and State (neither in some Things did he err) at first being very familiar with the Duke, and in a little Time after, by bribing secretly some of his choice Servants, turned his only Privado, and almost possessed alone his Judgement and Ear. " He informed him of the Strength and Riches of the Country, of the Nature of the People, and Manner of their Laws; and revealed to him many Secrets of the Government. He gave him a Catalogue of the whole deadly Feuds and Divisions amongst the Noblemen and Gentry, opening unto him which were inveterate, and had long continued, and which were recent, and upon what Accidents they had their Beginnings. How in prosecuting Revenge in them, they cared not how innocent any Man was, if he were of the Name and Alliance, but rather thought the more innocent any was, the more it testified their Spite, which they desired to manifest by taking him away. He shewed him what Factions were in the Kingdom, who sway'd them, and were the Heads. He told him the Scots were a Violent fierce People, mutinously Proud, and knew not whom to obey without the Sword were drawn. That they were never absolutely governed by their own Kings themselves, far less would they be ruled by him who was but a Governour, and half a Stranger. King *James I.* they had killed; they had made a League against King *James II.*; in open Battel they had overthrown King *James III.*; and the last King was, by best Judgements, thought to have been secretly taken away: Here (calling to mind the proclaiming of the Arch-Bishop *Andrew Forman's* Bull) he omitted nothing could derogate from the Chamberlain's Reputation and Honour, and breed an evil Opinion of him in the Governour.

" He instructed him, how the great Houses of *Scotland* were so joined and linked together, by Kindred, Alliances, Bonds of Service, or Man-rent, that no Gentleman of any Quality, although a Malefactor and a guilty Person, could be presented to Justice without some Stir, Commotion, or Tumult of the Grantees and their factious Friends. Amidst so many strong Parties and Confederate Male-contents, the Governour by the Power of the Scots themselves, and his own Kindred, Friends and Followers, was not powerful enough safely to administer Justice. For which Cause, the King of *France* should be implored to send hither competent Forces to quell the Insolences, and shake the Pride of the factious Nobles. The Heads of the Factions, which had a principal Sway in the Kingdom at that Time, would either be cut off, or kept under, but with such Cunning and Dexterity, that it should not be perceived nor found out. That many were aimed at and interested when some few did suffer and fall. That for the Present, there were Three Heads to be looked unto, as feared, and like to bring Novations in the State, being Men able to change the present Government.

" The Earl of *Angus*, a Man in the Prime of his Youth, of high-flying Thoughts by his Alliance with the King of *England*, and that Estimation the People conceived of him by the Merits of his Ancestors, and the singular Love the Subjects bare him, carried a Mind above the Fortune of a private Man, and seemed not born to live a Subject's Life; each Action of his bearing in it Majesty and Magnificence; he had Power to hurt if he would hurt.

" The Lord Chamberlain, a Man unpolish'd, stubbornly stout, hazardous, mighty in Riches and Power, and consequently proud; of a working Mind and vehement Spirit, whom Time and Experience had hardned by great Exploits and dangerous Actions, who had had the Malice to be a Spectator of the Discomfiture of his Prince and Country-men at *Flowden*, was likely to attend the Opportunity of Traverses and Changes.

" The Third was the Arch-Bishop *Andrew Forman*, once Secretary to the Pope, who though he was not of any Noble Stem nor Descent of Blood, nor for his Followers, Friends and Adherents much to be taken Notice of or feared, yet considering him, as his Legate-ship, Plurality of Benefices, many Pensions from Princes, had guilded him over; and ballancing him by his present Treasure, he could make a weak Party strong, and add Weight to what Side soever he inclined. He was therefore with piercing Eyes to be lookt into, and all his Actions and Ways to be observed.

The Governour gave no great Attention to what the Prior had instructed against the Arch-Bishop, having before had some inkling of the Rancour, Grudge, and Enmity between them. And he was conscious the Arch-Bishop's Riches were above Envy; he having been ever more solicitous magnificently to spend what he had acquired, than to hoord up. Neither did he bestow so much upon any of his Country-Men, as he did upon the *French*, the Friends and Servants of the Governour. He knew he was also so circumspect, as not to adhere to any of the Factions of the Time, in a Neutrality indifferently and friendly Entertaining all his Compatriots.

Nor was he much moved at his Information concerning the Earl of *Angus*, finding him a Man peaceable, courteous to all and affable; and though of aspiring Thoughts, carried often away with his private Delights and Courtly Pleasures.

But what the Prior informed against the Lord Chamberlain he deeply ingraved in his Memory, and ever after his Countenance bewrayed certain Flaws of ill concealed Discontent. Neither did he thereafter shew him wonted Favours; which the Chamberlain observing, and guessing

guessing at the Change of the Governour's Mind towards him by more than ordinary Evidences and Signs, He having been the only Man who wrought his Advancement and coming to *Scotland*, his Deserts now being either forgot or ungratefully remembred, full of Grief and Disdain, he retired from the Court to his own Castles; where, when he had rested a While, half astonished to see his Hopes so frustrated, he taketh new Resolutions and Determinations to play the Governour double or quit. Hereafter he leaveth no Means untried to become entire with the Queen and her Husband, and by Observance and frequent Meeting with them, he wrought himself not only to be imbraced as their Friend, but as their Counsellor, and one in whom they had greatest Confidence. He many Times with them deplored the publick Calamity, when his own Particular only stung him, accusing himself of his too much Forwardness in calling Home a Man born an Exile, whose Father died banish'd for his Ambition, and had essayed to take the Crown from his eldest Brother. " Since this Man was the nearest of Blood " to succeed, who could not perceive his last Work would be the making away the innocent " Child; his Pupil, to ascend the Royal Throne himself; in the Height of Malice accompli- " shing what his Father, out of a Desire to rule, did project? By his tender Years the King " could not understand nor prevent his Danger, his Mother might and should anticipate it, " that new Necessities requir'd new Remedies; only one postern Gate remained yet open, which " was, that the Queen would transport her Son to *England*, and trust herself, and what she held " dearest, to the Faith and Protection of her Brother.

When this Plot was whisper'd to the Governour, who wanted not his own Emissaries among the Queen's Attendants, it was no sooner reveal'd than believ'd, and no sooner believ'd, when (being a forward and vehement Man, and who used Celerity in all his Actions) with as many Men as Haste could suffer him to gather, forthwith he marched at Midnight from *Edinburgh* to *Stirling*; there unawares he surpris'd the Castle, and in it the Queen with her Two Sons. A Council being assembled, the King with his Brother *Alexander* are sequestred from their Mother, and trusted to the Custody of Four Lords, who by Turns interchangeably should attend the Two Princes, and have a Care of their Education. That no Violence should be offered them, certain Gentlemen of the *French* and *Scots* are appointed still to wait on and guard them. From this Suspicion, the Seeds of Enmity began to be sown between the Queen and the Governour, which neither Time nor Wisdom thereafter could take away and root out.

Amidst this Storm of Court, the Lord Chamberlain being brought to a new Traverse of his Thoughts, with his Brother Mr. *William Hume* fly towards *England*; the Queen with her Husband and Sir *George Douglas*, his Brother, with an unexpected Suddenness haste to *Tantallon*, and from thence to *Berwick*, from which they had a Convoy to the Nunnery of *Coldstream*: Here they attended Advertisement from the King of *England* what Course to follow, and know his Pleasure. He recommended them to the Protection and Care of the Lord *Dacres*, and assigned the Castle of *Harbottle* in *Northumberland* for his Sister's Residence, during her Abode in these Northern Parts, and the Troubles of *Scotland*.

The Governour, not a little perplexed at the Flight and Escape of those Conspirators, sendeth Ambassadors to the Court of *England* to clear himself to the King, of what might be surmised against him concerning these new Strangers come to his Country. " He had done nothing " which should have offended the Queen, made her afraid, or to entertain or harbour a sinister " Thought of his Proceedings. Neither did he intend any Thing against these who had followed " and accompanied her, which should have moved them to leave their Country; unto which " if they pleased to return, they should be welcome, enjoy their wonted Freedom, and keep " peaceably what they had possessed. If they were conscious to themselves of any Misdemeanor, " he would not be too precise in the Search of it. He also trafficked by the Friends of those who favoured the *Douglasses* and *Humes* to perswade them to a Return, giving them fair Promises of obtaining what they should demand: Till at last he moved them to bow and yield to his Desires. The fugitive Gentlemen return'd; but the Queen being with Child, and near the Time of her Delivery, was necessitated to stay still, till at *Harbottle* Castle she brought forth her Daughter *Margaret*, afterward Grand-mother to *James* King of Great *Britain*. So soon as she was able to endure Travel, and be transported, King *Henry*, with an honourable Retinue, brought her to his Court, where she was by him and her Sister *Mary* (late Queen of *France*) welcomed. In *May* she made her Progress through *London* to *Baynard's* Castle, and from thence to *Greenwich*: Where, in Honour of his Sister's coming, King *Henry* with no less Valour than Magnificence, kept Two solemn Days of Tilting and Barriers.

The Contrivers of the Exploit of Transporting the King to *England* being within the Country, and, as it were, secure, the Governour, whose Head was filled with Suspicions, not thinking himself bound by Promises, will have them give a Reckoning of their Enterprize and Flight into *England*. Against some he hath clear Proofs, fair and manifest Evidences; against other bare Surmises and naked Suspicions, for they had not left the Country, nor had been Partakers of the Queen's Fortunes. Here with an unexpected Suddenness, Mr. *Gavin Douglas* Uncle to the Earl of *Angus*, Bishop of *Dunkeld*, and Mr. *Patrick Panther* Secretary to the late King, were

committed; Mr. *Gavin* in the Castle of St. *Andrew's*, and Mr. *Patrick* in *Garvet* Castle. The Lord *Drummond*, Grand-Father to the Earl of *Angus*, having beaten a Lyon Heralds, who too imperiously and unmannerly had given him a Charge to answer to such Things as should be objected against him, was imprisoned in the Castle of *Blackness*. *Alexander*, Lord *Hume*, being charged to answer for his Actions and Proceedings, and not appearing, was denounced Rebel, his Moveables seized on and brought to the Exchequer. Stir'd up and irritated by this Outrage, he maketh Roads upon the Neighbouring Bounds, plundereth *Dumbar*, which was the Governour's chief Resort; and to revenge his Wrongs, setteth on Work the Rank-Riders and Robbers on the Borders. To repress and bridle this Ravaging, the Governour, in Person, with a Thousand hardy Souldiers, marcheth to the Borders, and directeth some Companies to find out the Lord *Hume*: But he, either dismay'd at the Worth and Fortune of the Governour, or broken and bowing under the Burden of his own Miseries, or overcome with the Requests of his Friends, cometh to the Governour, and submitted his Life and Estate to his Faith and Clemency. Being brought to *Edinburgh*, he is trusted to the Custody of *James* Earl of *Arran*, the Husband of his Sister, with Threatnings under Pain of high Treason, that he should not part with him, nor suffer him to escape. The Lord *Hume* had not long stay'd in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, when with Glosses of Probabilities of Changes casual, and such as might fall out, he moved the Earl of *Arran* to be of his Mind, and brought him to conspire against the Governour, and hazard to put himself in his Place of State. "He himself was the only Man who had brought in the Governour, and "he knew well how to put him out, if the Earl would be of the Party, and by his Negligence "not reject a Supream Honour thrown in his Arms. He is begun already not to be lov'd, if he "was not already hated by the Subjects for his imperious Proceedings. If the King of *England* "could find but some few Noblemen to make Head against him, he would constrain him to "leave the Country. The Earl of *Arran* was nearest Heir to the King; it was more Reason he "should be Second in the Kingdom than *John*, who tho' descended of a Brother, yet was but "descended of a banish'd Man, and a Stranger to the *Scots* Nation, with whom they had not so "much as Intercourse and Familiarity of Language. After many such like Inducements, the Prisoner took away his Keepers with him to the South Parts of the Country; and both by Letters to their Familiars, Kindred, and Acquaintance, and private Meetings with other Noblemen, strove to make strong and increase their Faction.

In the Beginning of the Spring *John Stuart* Earl of *Lennox*, the Sister's Son of the Earl of *Arran*, lifted himself in the Party of the conspiring Lords, and with a Number of his Friends and Followers invested the Castle of *Glasgow*; which if they could have kept, had been a great Advancement to their Intentions. But the Governour gathering an Army of as many as Haste would suffer him to assemble, the Defenders not being strong enough to resist him, recovered the Castle with small Loss of his Men. After which, in Indignation he marched to throw down the Castle of *Hamilton*; here victorious Anger was conquer'd by Pity and Compassion: For the old Countess of *Arran* being at that Time there resident (who was Daughter to King *James II*, Sister to King *James III*, Mother to the Earl of *Arran*, Grand-Mother to the Earl of *Lennox*, Aunt to the Governour) a Lady venerable for Years and Virtues, with Tears of Affection and Sorrow, falling down at the Governour's Feet, and received by him with great Commiseration in a merciful Manner, not only preserv'd the Castle, but by the Means of the Arch-Bishop *Andrew Forman*, entered into a Treaty for Peace to her Son, and the Earl of *Lennox*. And, in November following, the Two Earls coming to *Edinburgh*, by the Means of this Arch-Bishop, were reconciled to the Governour and all former Offences pardoned. About this Time (his Mother being far from him to discharge the last Duties of Affection towards him) *Alexander* Duke of *Rothsay* Brother to the King, a Child to Admiration Beautiful and Delightful, died at *Stirling*, and was buried in the Abbey-Church of *Cambuskenneth*.

The Term of Peace between the Two Kingdoms being almost expir'd, and both having a Desire to continue it, the *English* sent their Commissioners to *Coldingham*, to whom the Duke, then residing at *Dumbar*, sent *Monsieur du Plains* Ambassador for the *French* King, Sir *William Scot* of *Balmory*, and *Gavin Dumbar* Arch-Dean of St. *Andrew's*. These, after some Altercation concerning the *Scottish* Fugitives, conclude a Peace between the Nations from the Midst of *January* till the Feast of *Whitsuntide* thereafter. The *English* comprehended in the Articles the Earl of *Angus*, the Lord *Hume*, and the rest of the Queen's strayed Faction, with all their Kinsmen, Clients and Followers. The Lord *Hume* was received again into the Governour's Favour, with Condition, that if he after break his Promises and Oaths, his old Faults should be remembered and join'd to his new. Mr. *Gavin Douglas* and Mr. *Patrick Panther* were set at Liberty, the Lord *Drummond*, who had been forfeited, was again restored, the Earl of *Angus* with these who had followed him, with many Ceremonies, and great Shew of Friendship, was welcomed again to the Court.

The Disorders of the Kingdom called a Parliament, in which many Acts were made to restrain and keep under bold and wicked Men, and preserve the Peace of the Kingdom. In this Parliament it was Ordained, the King's Brother *Alexander* being deceased, that the Governour should be reputed Second Person of the Realm, and next Heir to the Crown. Notwithstanding

ding the Claim made by *Alexander Stewart* the elder Brother of the Governour, who was begotten on a Daughter of the Earl of *Orkney*, to whom the Duke of *Albany* their Father had been lawfully joined in Marriage before his coming to *France*; and thus before the marrying of the Earl of *Bulloigne's* Daughter, the Mother of *John* the Governour: Upon which Ground, *Alexander* had great Reason to make his Claim and Protestation as Heir to his Father. Notwithstanding his Challenge and Bravado, *Alexander*, being more fit for a Cowl than a Crown, in open Parliament gave over all Title he had to the Crown in his Brother's Favour. Whereupon to deprive him ever hereafter of lawful Succession, they turned him Priest, being made Bishop of *Murray*, and Abbot of *Scoon*.

A Truce being sincerely kept with *England*, Tumults within the Country appeased, particular deadly Fewds and Jarrs of private Persons either curbed or smothered up, the Governour giveth himself some Weeks to his Courtly Recreations at *Falkland*. With what Pastime soever he be delighted, or beguile the Hours all the Day long, in the Night he is often haunted by his old Familiar the Prior of *Sr. Andrew's*, whom Ambition, Spite, and Malice never suffered to take any Rest.

This Man put in the Governour's Head, and made him believe, " That his Endeavours and " Pains heretofore would prove but vain in settling the Government, and that the Peace of the " Kingdom should never be lasting, firm and permanent, if so dangerous a Subject as the Lord " Chamberlain remained alive: Whom neither Rewards could soften, nor Honours and Preference oblige and make constant. How many Times had he been pardoned? How often, and " without a Cause, had he returned again to his former Conspiracies? Should the Governour of " his own Free-will, or of Necessity, be moved to return to *France*, what would not the Boldness " of this Man attempt in his Absence, which his Authority and Presence could never curb and " keep within Compass? The Life of this Man would be the Death and total Ruin of the Peace, " of the Concord and Harmony of the State, bring forth nothing but dangerous and wicked " Effects; the Violence of Ambition having pulled him from his own Judgment. Should he be " challenged, and put to a Trial of his Peers, he could not shun the Blow of Justice, the Cry of " his Oppression and Wrongs having reached Heaven? A Member so often in vain cured and " still gangren'd should be cut off.

The Governour, whose Brains the Prior had now embred with Jealousies, thought it no great Matter, upon the Informations he had received, to put the Chamberlain to a Trial; for if he proved not guilty, it would be but to leave him in that State and Case he was found in; and Calumnies tho' they do not burn, yet blacken. Being come to *Edinburgh*, he appointed a Convention of the Nobility, all which Time he earnestly trafficked with the Friends of the Lord Chamberlain that he should not be absent, the Matters to be determined in Council concerning him nearly, and he having Need of his Advice and Counsel.

The Court and City being full of Whisperings, and Expectation of some sudden Change, many dissuaded the Chamberlain from appearing; or if he appeared, that he would leave his Brother Master *William* (a Man equal in Judgement and Courage to himself) behind. He trained into false Hopes, by the Blandishments of the Governour towards his Friends, and inveigled by Presumption, with his Brother, and *Sir Andrew*, called by the Country Lord *Dand Car* of *Farnebast*, cometh to Court, where they were with many Ceremonies welcomed by the Governour, with more than ordinary Favours entertained, and shortly after all Three imprisoned, produced in Judgment to answer to such Things as should be objected against them according to the Laws of the Kingdom, and submitted to the Sentence of a Jury. No new Crime was laid to their Charge; *James* Earl of *Murray*, the natural Son of the late King, accused the Chamberlain of the Death of his Father: Who by many Witnesses was proved alive, and seen to have come from the Battle of *Flowden*. This by pregnant Evidences not being proved, he was indicted of divers other Points of Treason: And his private Faults are found out and laid against him: They renew the Memory of the late Stirs of State, and these Disorders, of which he was either the Author, or accessory to them. He had favoured and maintained the Factions, Thefts and Robberies of wicked Malefactors on the Borders: He had not honourably nor honestly carried himself at the Battel of *Flowden*, performing neither the Duty of a Souldier nor Commander. He had suffered the *English* to repair, and of new fortify the Castle of *Norham*, which without either Trouble to himself, or Danger to his Friends, he might have hindered. Of every of which Points and Particularities he not clearly justifying himself, the Judges, prepared and directed by the Governour (whom they record to have given Information of a hainous Crime committed by the Chamberlain and his Brother, for the Odiousness of it not to be revealed to the People) pronounce him and his Brother guilty, and condemn them to have their Heads cut off. The Day following the Sentence was put in Execution, and their Heads fixt on the most eminent Part of the Town of *Edinburgh*. *Dand Car* of *Farnebast*, either by the Jury, being declared not guilty (as some have recorded) or by the corrupting of his Keepers (as others) or by the Permission of the Governour, escap'd this Danger; which brought the People to believe the Chamberlain was by his Means entrapped, to sink whom he put himself in Hazard of drowning.

This Calamity of the Family of the *Humes*, being so ancient, potent and courageous, bred Terror and Astonishment in many of the other Noblemen of the Kingdom, and estranged their Hearts from the Governour; his Ears began to be after attentive to every Rumour, and his Eyes pry'd into each Accident: At last, as if he were wearied with Wrestling with the many Disorders, and cumberfom Factions of the Country, he sought how by some fair Way he might for a while return to *France*. Ambassadors being sent from King *Francis* to *Scotland* to renew the Ancient League between the Two Nations, when the Nobles assembled to make Choice of the Man, on whom they should transfer the Honour of the Accomplishment of so solemn an Action, and pass to *France*, the Governour carried the Matter so, by Means of the *French*, that it was conferred on himself, but with this Condition (to entertain them with Hopes of his Return) that he should not stay above Six Months out of the Country. Having obtained this privileged Absence of them, his next Care was to preserve the State from any Alterations till his Return, and to find the Government as he had left it. Hereupon, to preserve the Person of the King, he is conveyed from *Stirling* to the Castle of *Edinburgh*, and trusted to the Custody of the Earl *Marishal*, the Lords *Rut' en* and *Borthwick*, Two of which should always reside with him, and accompany and assist the Lord *Erskin* his constant and unremoveable Guardian. For the Government of the State he leaveth Seven Deputies in his Place, The Earls of *Arran*, *Angus*, *Huntley*, *Argile*, the Arch-Bishops of *St. Andrew's* and *Glasgow*; to these is joined Sir *Anthony Darcey le Sieur de la Beauté*, whom he had made Captain of *Dumbar*, and promoted to be, in the Lord *Hume's* Place, Warden of the East Marches, keeping the Days of Truce and Justice-Courts. This was the Man to whom the intire Conduct of all the Governour's Affairs was intrusted, and who should give him Advertisement of what did pass in *Scotland*, during his Abode in *France*. That no Discord should arise amongst Men equal in Places and Authority (the ordinary Occasion of Division) severall Shires which they should govern to every one of them are allotted. To Sir *Anthony Darcey* was destined the Government of the *Merse* and *Lothian*; to the other their Shires were appointed as the Convenience of their Dwelling-Places, Friends and Kindred did afford them. Under Pretexes and fair Colours of Honour, and as to pass the Time, and be trained in *French* Civility, also for the greater Magnificence, the Governour took in his Company the Earl of *Lennox*, the Lord *Gordon*, Masters of *Glencairn* and *Arran*, and other young Lords; who in Effect were so many Hostages, that no Stir, by their Parents, Kindred, or Friends, should be raised during his Absence. He likewise under dark Shadows and far sought Pretences committed to such Castles as were Garrison'd with *French* Souldiers, as *Dumbarton*, *Dumbar*, *Garvet*, certain Barons of the South and West Countries, who wanted nothing but Liberty, nor for any Thing they had done, but what they might do, the Governour being out of the Kingdom. Matters brought to such a Pass as his best Politicians could devise, accompanied with Mr. *Gavin Douglas* Bishop of *Dunkeld*, and Mr. *Patrick Panther*, Secretary to the late King, Men whom he feared to leave behind him, and entertained (though he knew they loved him not) as his Bosom Friends, in June at *Dumbarton* he took Shipping.

Queen *Margaret*, after she had remained a Year in *England*, understanding by Letters that the Governour had taken the Seas, and was on his Way towards *France*, honourably dismissed by her Brother, came to *Scotland*. At *Berwick* she was received by her Husband the Earl of *Angus*; but he was not accepted with the Favours he was wont; for that Plague of too much Love (Jealousy) had infected her, having gotten some Inkling that he delighted in the Pleasures of a free Bed, and, during the Time of her Abode in *England*, had entertained a Mistress in *Douglas-dale*, an Injury beyond Degree of Reconcilement, after which she began to disdain him, and seek how she might be divorced from him. Though, whilst the King was kept in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, all Access unto him was refused her, when he was transported to the Castle of *Craigmillar*, out of a Suspicion and Rumour that the Plague had infested *Edinburgh*, by the Courtesy of the Lord *Erskin*, she had Liberty to visit him; but her frequent haunting him out of too much Motherly Kindness, breeding a Suspicion in his Guardians, that, as had once before been practised by a Queen in *Scotland*, She had an Intention to have stoln him away, and send him to his Uncle, restrained her longer Access unto him, and procured his Return back again to the Castle of *Edinburgh*.

Sir *Anthony Darcey* having, by his Vigilance, Pains, and Courage, given many Proofs of of his Worth, in Defence of the Borders, and Administration of Justice in those Shires he governed; the other Governours, often disagreeing amongst themselves, either out of Love of Rest, and to be vacant from Business, or out of Malice to procure him greater Hatred, declare him absolute Deputy: And they gave their Promises to second him in way of Justice. And here he found the Difference between Extrems and Mediocrities. Many disdained a Stranger should be in that Place, so many brave Men of their Nation being neglected. A Quarrel at that Time, either true and real, or (as others have recorded) altogether forged and contrived to draw the Deputy into a Danger, arising between the Curators of the Laird of *Langton*, and one of his Uncles, who by the Power and Means of Sir *David Hume* of *Wedderburn*, whose Sister

Sister was his Wife, had thrust out and ejected the young Heir and them of their own Castle of *Langton*, and kept it by Force. The Deputy, accompanied with certain Lords of the Borders and some *French* Men his own Domesticks, came to the Town of *Duns*, to hold a Justice-Court concerning this Riot. The *Humes*, who thought nothing juster than Revenge, nor nobler than the Effects of Anger, having sworn a Requital of their Chief's Wrong, and to pay the Governour Home, when Occasion should be offered, by the Counsel and Forwardness of Sir *David Hume*, lay an Ambush, and ly in wait for the Deputy. The Plot not failing, they invade him at such a Disadvantage, that some of his Servants being killed, he was constrained to seek an Escape by the Swiftnes of his Horse; who, in the Chase either falling or sinking in a Marish, left his Master to the Cruelty of his Pursuers, who struck off his Head; and, to feed their Eyes with the Spectacle of their Rage, set it, to the Disgrace of the *French*, on the Battlements of the Castle of *Hume*. This End had Sir *Anthony Darcey*, who deserved so well both of *France* and *Scotland*, having been Courteous, Valiant and Noble in all his Actions, and a great Administrator of Justice, who spared no Travel, and freely adventured upon any Dangers to suppress Malefactors, and defend the Weak and Innocent.

The Governours, that greater Mischief should not follow the Boldness of these Men, made Choice of the Earl of *Arran* to resist their Outrage, and declare him Warden of the Marches and Supream. Which Election displeased the Earl of *Angus*. The Earl of *Arran* armed with Power, neglecting *Angus* his Interest, immediately committed Sir *George Douglas* his Brother to the Castle of *Edinburgh*, and *Mark Ker* of *Cesford* in *Garvet* Castle, out of a Suspicion, that they were accessory to the Slaughter of Sir *Anthony Darcey*. In a Parliament, shortly following, many of the *Humes* and *Cockburns*, Fugitives for this Slaughter, and for that they had invited the *English* to their Aid, and Spoil of the Country, are declared Rebels. The Parliament being dissolved, the Earl of *Arran* with a sufficient Number of Souldiers, and some great Ordnance, besieged the Castles of *Hume* and *Langton*, and had them rendred to his Mercy.

When the Accident of Sir *Anthony Darcey* was noised at the Court of *France*, King *Francis* is recorded to have said, "That he never looked for better at the Hands of the *Scots*, and that the Duke of *Albany* should have deputed Men of their own Nation to have governed them, and not a Stranger, being a People delighting in Misgovernment, ever well pleased at the Falls and tragical Ends of their Rulers, and joying to see any hard Hap happen to them they deem happy."

The Bishop of *Dunkeld*, who had accompanied the Governour to *France*, used such Diligence at that Court, that he was imployed to be the First Messenger to the Country of the great Promises and many Ceremonies of the *French*, at the Confirmation of the League, with their Protestations for the preserving and maintaining the Liberties of the Kingdom of *Scotland* against all who would essay to impair them. Not long after arrived the Earl of *Lennox* and an Herauld with Letters from King *Francis* and the Governour, amplifying and putting a larger Gloss on the same. But when, by other Letters, the Queen and Nobles had received certain Intelligence that King *Francis* and the King of *England* had composed their Quarrels, entred in a new Band of Amity, a defensive League being passed between them, *Tournay* rendred to the *French*, Promises upon either Side solemnly made for a Match to be between the Daulphin of *France*, eldest Son to King *Francis*, and the eldest Daughter of *Henry* King of *England*, when Age should enable them for Marriage; and that in the large Treaty of Peace, not one Word was set down for the Quietness and Help of those who for the Quarrel of *France* had lost their King, and endangered their whole Kingdom; no Care being taken of their Welfare and Prosperity; they stormed not a little, and thought their Lives and Travels ill imployed. Then, with as great Hast as such a Matter required, they dispatched Letters back again to the Governour blotted with Complaints and Expostulations. The Year following, to excuse his Oversight, the *French* King sent a Reason, why he had not made Mention of the *Scottish* Nation in his League with *England*, which was that, He had studied to give Satisfaction and Contentment to some of the *Scottish* Nobility (obliquely touching the Duke of *Albany*) whose Minds he knew to be altogether averse from any Peace or Truce with the *English* Nation; whose undaunted Spirits, and great Courage were only bent to revenge the Deaths of their King, Kinsmen and Compatriots. This Evasion not giving Satisfaction to the best advised of the Council, the *French* King interposed his Endeavours with King *Henry* to have a Cessation of Arms, for as short a Time as he could devise. Whereupon *Clarencieux* and one *la Fiot*, coming to *Scotland*, the one from the King of *England*, the other from the *French* King, a Truce was concluded between the Two Kingdoms for One Year and a whole Day. The Reason of this Truce was thought mostly to be, for that the Kings of *England* and *France*, the next Summer, all Impediments being remov'd, were to have an Interview, and with all Princely Courtesies receive and entertain each other.

The Kingdom in sundry Quarters began to be sensible of the Absence of the Governour, Factions increasing, and deadly Fewds daily arising, the Commons suffering continual Outrages, and the Nobility and Gentry deciding their Rights and Quarrels by their Swords, the Earl of *Roths* and the Lord *Lindsay* contending which should be Sheriff of *Fyfe*, with tumultuary

ary Arms on the high Street of *Edinburgh* invade each other, and hardly by the Deputies were restrain'd, till the one was committed to the Castle of *Dumbar*, and the other to the Castle of *Dumbarton*. *Robert Blackader* Prior of *Coldingham*, with Six of his Domestick Servants, is killed by the Laird of *Wedderburn*. The King, out of a Suspicion, that the Plague was in *Edinburgh*, being transported to the Castle of *Dalkieth* by Convoy of the Earl of *Arran*, who was then Provost of the Town: It being the Season when the Townsmen make Election of their Magistrates for the Year following; when the Earl was returned, and sought to enter the Town, he found the Gates shut upon him by the Citizens, who alleged he came to invade their Liberties in the free Choice of their Magistrates, having an Intention to continue himself in his Place, and make Choice of the other according to his own Pleasure. The Tumult continueth the most Part of the Night, and the next Morning early the People dividing into Factions, and skirmishing in the Streets, a Deacon of the Crafts is killed by the Faction of the *Hamiltons*, which alienated the Minds of the Townsmen altogether from the Earl of *Arran*, and made them incline to the Earl of *Angus*, some of whose Friends and Followers had rescued some of the Citizens, and taken Part with others; which made many after conceive this Discord was plotted by some Noblemen, Enemies to the Earl of *Arran*, amongst which the Earl of *Angus* was the Chief.

After this Tumult, the Earls of *Angus* and *Arran* fought always to cross each other in their Proceedings; the one maintaining the Enemies of the other: Who had a Quarrel against the Earl of *Arran*, the Earl of *Angus* befriended him, as the Earl of *Arran* supported and sided with those who had any Discontent against the Earl of *Angus*. A Suit falling between the Earl of *Angus* and *Dand Carr* Laird of *Farnebast* about the Ballywick of *Jedburgh-Forrest*; the Lands appertained to the Earl, the Title and Power to sit Judge belonged to the Lairds of *Farnebast*. Sir *James Hamilton* the natural Son of the Earl of *Arran* assisted the Laird of *Farnebast*; and besides those who out of good Will, Friendship, Kindred, and Vassalage, did follow him, he hired Forty Souldiers such as were found upon the Borders, Men living upon Spoil and Rapine to be of his Party. The Laird of *Cesford* (then Warden of the Marches) who with his Counsel and Force sided with the Earl of *Angus*, at the Rumour of the Approach of Sir *James* to *Jedburgh*, encountereth him, and his Forty Hirelings abandoning him in his greatest Danger; *Cesford* killing some of his Followers, brought him to make Use of his Spurs towards the Castle of *Hume*, where after a long Chase he got Sanctuary. The Day following the Laird of *Farnebast* held a Court in the Town of *Jedburgh*, as Bailly to the Earl of *Angus*, and the Earl himself kept his Court Three Miles distant in *Jedburgh-Forrest*. In the Month of *May* after, certain Noblemen assembled at *Edinburgh* to accomodate all Quarrels, and make an Atonement between the *Dowglasses* and *Hamiltons*. Many Lords of the West here meet, attending the Earl of *Arran*, the Earls of *Lennox*, *Eglinton*, *Cassils*, the Lords *Ross*, *Semple*, the Bishop of *Galloway*, Abbot of *Pasley*, &c. The Provost of the Town of *Edinburgh* *Archbald Dowglas* of *Kilspindie*, Uncle or Cousin-German to the Earl of *Angus*, yielded up his place to *Robert Logan* Laird of *Restalrig*. The Lords of the West, by the Advice of *James Beaton* Chancellor (in whose House they often assembled) laid a Plot to surprize the Earl of *Angus*, then attended but by some few of his Friends, and as it were very solitary. They thought him too great and insolent a Subject, to whose Power never one of theirs alone was equal in all Points, and they had many Things to challenge him upon, when the Governour should return. The Earl of *Angus*, forewarned of their Intention, employed the Bishop of *Dunkeld* his Uncle to offer them what honourable Satisfaction they could require. All that he proposed being rejected by implacable Men, and finding the only Way to be freed of Violence, to be Violent, and that Danger could not be avoided but by a greater Danger, with a Hundred hardy, resolute Men, armed with long Spears and Pikes, which the Citizens, as he traversed the Streets, out of Windows furnished him, he invested a Part of the Town, and barricado'd some Lanes with Carts and other Impediments which the Time did afford. The adverse Party trusting to their Number, and the Supply of the Citizens (who calling to Mind the Slaughter of their Deacon, shew them small Favour) disdaining the Earl should thus muster on the Streets, in great Fury invade him. Whilst the Bickering continued, and the Town is in a Tumult, *William Dowglas*, Brother to the Earl of *Angus*, Sir *David Hume* of *Wedderburn*, *George Hume* Brother to the late Lord, with many others by Blood and Friendship tyed together, enter by Violence the East Gate of the Town (the Citizens making small Resistance) force their Passage through the Throngs, seek the Earl's Enemies, find them, and scour the Streets of them. The Master of *Montgomery* eldest Son to the Earl of *Eglinton*, Sir *Patrick Hamilton*, Brother to the Earl of *Arran*, with almost Fourscore more are left dead upon the Place. The Earl himself findeth an Escape and Place of Retreat through a Marish upon the North Side of the Town; the Chancellor and his Retinue took Sanctuary in the *Dominican* Friars. The Tumult by the Slaughter of some, and Flight of others, being appeased, the Earl of *Angus*, now freed of Danger, licensed all who pleased, without further Pursuit, peaceably to leave the Town of *Edinburgh*, and return to their own Houses. Some Days after the *Humes* well banded and backed with many

many Nobles and Gentlemen of their Linage, by the Earl of *Angus's* Consent, took the Lord *Hume's* and his Brother's Heads from the Place where they had been fixt, and with the funeral Rites of those Times interr'd them in the *Black-Friars*.

The Earl of *Angus* having gain'd the People's Hearts by his Magnificence, Wisdom, Courage and Liberality, his Faction began to bear greatest Sway in the Kingdom. For the Continuance of which, the King of *England* dealt most earnestly with the *French* King to keep the Duke of *Albany* still in *France* with him. But the *French* had contrary Designs. And when the Duke understood the great Discords of the Nobility of *Scotland*, Persons of Faction being advanced to Places, dangerous Immunities being granted to the Commons, *France* and *England* beginning to be tyred of their Peace, and preparing for a new War: To curb the *Scottish* Factions, and keep the Nation in Quietness within it self, by giving the Subjects other Work abroad, whilst common Danger should break off particular Discords; notwithstanding the *English* Ships, which lay in wait to take him, after he had been about Five Years in *France*, in *November* he arrived, on the West Coasts of *Scotland*, at a Place called *Garloch*. The Governour coming to *Edinburgh*, set himself to amend the Enormities committed in his Absence; the Magistrates of the Town are deposed, because in the late Uproar they had been evil Seconds to the Lords of the West, when they went to surprize the Earl of *Angus*. A Parliament is called, to which many Noblemen and Gentlemen are cited to make Appearance in *February* to be tried, and to answer for Offences committed by them in the Governour's Absence. The appointed Time being come, these who appeared not, were indicted, and fled into *England*. Amongst which, and the chief, were the *Humes* and *Cockburns*, Men Authors of and accessory to the Death of Sir *Anthony Darcey*. The Tide now turning, and Men's Affections changed, the Earl of *Angus*, with his Brother Sir *George Dowglas*, by the Intercession of the Queen, are constrained to seek a Pardon: Which was obtained for them, but with the Condition that they should leave the Country, and stay in *France* one whole Year, which they obeyed. Others have recorded, that they were surprized in the Night, and in *French* Ships conveyed privately away. Mr. *Gavin Dowglas* Bishop of *Dunkeld*, in the Absence of his Nephew, finding the Governour violent in the Chace of the Faction of the *Dowglasses*, fled privately to the Court of *England*, where he gave Informations to King *Henry* against him. He alone had taken to him the Custody of the young King, the Sequel whereof he much feared; he was an irreconcilable Enemy to the whole Family of the *Dowglasses*. The principal Cause of his coming to *Scotland*, was to engage the Nation in a War against *England*, that the *English* should not assist the Emperor against the *French* King, and make his Nation Slaves to *France*.

This Bishop shortly after died at *London*, and was buried in the *Savoy* Church: Having been a Man noble, valiant, learned, and an excellent Poet, as his Works yet extant testify.

The King of *England*, upon such Informations, sent *Clarencieux* (King of Arms) to *Scotland*, to require the Duke to avoid the Country, according to the Articles agreed upon between the *French* King and him in their last Truce.

It belonged (said *Clarencieux*) to his Master to tender the Life, Welfare, Honour, and Fortunes of his Nephew, of none of which he could be assured, so long as the Duke ruled and stayed in *Scotland*. It was against all Reason, and unbecoming, that the Man should be sole Guardian to a King, who was the next Heir to the Crown: How easily might he be tempted by Opportunity to commit the like unnatural Cruelty, which some have done in the like Case both in *England* and other Parts of *Europe*? If he loved his Nation and Prince (as he gave out) he required him to leave the Country, which if he yield not unto, but obstinately continued in a Resolution to stay, he denounced from his Master present War. He farther complained, That the Earl of *Angus*, who was King *Henry's* Brother-in-Law, was by him banish'd and detained in *France*; that during the Banishment of the Earl, which had been near a whole Year, the Duke had importuned his Sister the Queen with dishonest Love.

The Governour answered *Clarencieux*, That what the Kings of *France* and *England* agreed upon in their Treaties of Peace was to him uncertain, but of this he was most certain, That neither the King of *England* nor *France* had Power to banish him (a Foreigner over whom their Authority did not reach) his native Country; like over like having no Jurisdiction.

As concerning the King of *Scotland*, who was yet young in Years, he revered him as his Sovereign Lord, and would keep and defend both him and his Kingdom according to his Conscience, Honour and bounden Duty; that there were ever more Men in the World who desired to be Kings, than there were Kingdoms to be bestowed upon them, of which Number he was none, having ever preferred a mean Estate justly enjoyed, before a Kingdom ill acquired. For the Earl of *Angus*, he had used all Courtesies towards him, notwithstanding his evil Demerits, not for his own Sake; (he did confess) but for the Queen's Sake, whom he honoured and respected as the Mother of his Prince, and towards whom he should alwayes continue his Observance. That the King of *England* needed not misdoubt, he would attempt any thing should derogate from the Honour of his Sister; that Complements of meer Courtesy in *France*, might be furnished sometimes by *English* Ladies to be Solicitations and Suits of Love.

For the War, with which, in Case of his Stay, he threatned his Nation, he would use his best Endeavours to set his Compatriots in a Posture of Defence.

When this Answer was reported to King *Henry*, he gathered a great Army to invade *Scotland*, and essay, if, by their own Dangers, the *Scots* People could be moved to abandon and disclaim the Duke's Authority. Seven great Ships came to *Inch-Keith*, and spoiled all the adjacent Coasts: All the *Scots* and *French*, which did then inhabit *London*, and other Places of *England*, were put to their Fines, and commanded to go off the Country.

In Compensation and for equal Amends, the *French* King seized all *English* Men's Goods in *Bordeaux*, imprisoned their Persons, and retained the Money to be paid for the Restitution of *Tournay*. The Earl of *Sbrensbury* making Incursions on the Borders, burn'd the one Half of *Kello*, and plundered the other.

At this Time the Emperor *Charles V.* came to *England*, and stirred up King *Henry* to take Arms against the *French* King; and the *French* had sent Ambassadors to *Scotland*, intreating and conjuring the *Scots* by their Old and New League to arise in Arms and invade *England*. The Governour assembled the Three Estates at *Edinburgh*, which together condescended to the raising of an Army to resist the Incursions of the *English* and defend the Kingdom. To encourage every Man for fighting, the Wards of those which should fall in this Expedition, were freely remitted and discharged by Act of Parliament, and Pensions designed to the Widows and Daughters of those who died in this Service. This Empyrick Balm could the *French* apply to cure the Wounds of the *Scottish* Common-wealth.

The Earl of *Sbrensbury* advancing (as was reported) toward the West Borders, an Army was far gathered, and encamped on *Roslin-Moor*, which after, according to the Orders given, marched to *Annandale* forwards, and came to the *Esk*, a River running into the *Irish* Seas near *Carlisle*; the Governour delighted with the Seat and standing of the Place, caused dig Trenches, and, by the Advice of certain *French* Gunners, placed some Field Pieces, and small Ordnance for Defence of them, and spread there his Pavilions. The Citizens of *Carlisle*, terrified at the sudden Approach of so powerful an Army, offer many Presents for the Safety of their Town, which he rejected. The *English* Army not minding to invade the *Scots* so long as they kept themselves on their own Ground, and advanced not, the Governour endeavoured to make the *Scots* spoil the Country by Incursions, but he findeth them slack and unwilling to obey and follow him, most Part refusing to go upon *English* Ground, amongst whom *Alexander* Lord *Gordon* was the Chief and First Man. The Governour finding his Command neglected, and some Noblemen dissenting from what he most intended, cometh back to the Place where they made their Stand, and desires a Reason of their Stay. They told him, " They had determined to defend their own Country, " not to invade *England*. That it neither consisted with the Weal of the Common-Wealth, nor " as Matters went at that Time, had they sufficient Forces, to make invasive War: That the " Governour did not instigate them to invade *England* for the Love he carried to *Scotland*, but for " a Benefit to the *French*, by diverting the War prepared by the *English* against them. That by " invading they might make themselves a Prey to their Enemies; they were Men and not An- " gels; it was enough for them, whilst their King was under Age, to Defend his Kingdom " from the Violence of Foreigners. Put the Case they were in one Battel victorious, consider- " ing the Slaughter and Loss of their Nobles and Gentry in that Purchase, they might be over- " thrown in a Second Fight; and then to what would the King and Country be reduced? " Their last King might serve them for a Pattern, the Revenge of whose Death should be de- " layed till the King himself were of Years to undertake it.

The Governour brought to an Exigent, said, " They should have proposed these Difficul- " ties before they took Arms, and on the Place of Battel. Temerity misbecame Noblemen " in any Action, but especially in Matters of War, in which a Man cannot erre twice. At the " Convention of the Three Estates, when War was in Deliberation, they should have inquired " for the Causes of it; he was not to bring them upon the Danger of a War without their " own Consent. The *English* had made many Incursions upon their Country, burning and " ravaging: They who stand only upon Defence, stand upon no Defence; a better Defence of " their own Country could not be found than by invading the Country of their Enemies. " They should not be dejected for that Accident at *Flowden*, since it was not the Fault of the " Souldier, but the Treason of their Chamberlain, who had suffered for it. That the Glory " of the Nation should raise their Courages, and inflame their Bosoms with a Desire of Re- " venge: The King's Honour, and their Piety towards the Ghosts of their Compatriots, crav'd " no less from them. That, if they would not invade *England*, at least, for their Reputation " and Fame with the World, they would pitch there a short Time their Tents, and try if " the *English* would hazard to assail them. That it would be an everlasting branding their " Honour, if timorously in a Suddenness they show their Backs to their Enemies, and dared " them not in the Face by some Days Stay.

The Queen, though absent, had thus perswaded the Noblemen; and having understood the Governour to be turned now flexible, she dispatched a Post to him, requesting he would be pleased with a Truce for some Months, and that he would commune with the Warden of the *English* Mar- ches, whom she should move to come to his Tent and treat with him. The Governour finding

that

that he stood not well assured of some of his Army, and knowing what a cumbersome Task it was to withstand the Violence of their Desires, determined to follow their own Current, and seemed well pleased to hearken to their Opinion. Hereupon the Lord *Dacres*, Warden of the West Marches, came unto the Governour's Camp the Eleventh of *September* (and, as some have recorded, the Queen also) where a Cessation of Arms was agreed unto for some Days, in which Time the Queen and the Governour should send Ambassadors to treat for a Peace with King *Henry*: And shortly after Ambassadors were directed to the Court of *England*, but returned without any Good done, King *Henry* demanding extraordinary and harmful Conditions to the Realm of *Scotland*.

The Year 1522. *Andrew Forman*, Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, dyed, and *James Beaton* Arch-Bishop of *Glasgow* and Chancellor of the Kingdom came in his Place of *St. Andrew's*, the Arch-Bishoprick of *Glasgow* was conferred upon *Gavin Dumbar*, whom the King after advanced to be Chancellor of the Kingdom.

The Governour resenting highly the slighting of the Ambassadors by the King of *England*, but more the Contempt and Scorn of the *Scottish* Nobility in refusing to follow him, in *October* by the West Seas past over to *France*, promising, that if a Peace in this mean Time were not concluded with *England*, he would the next Summer bring such War-like Brigades of *French* and *Germans*, that he should not stand much in Need of his own Country-men, who had continued so refractory and backward to his Designs. He demanded from King *Francis* Five Thousand *German* Horsemen, and Ten Thousand Foot to be transported to *Scotland*: Which with the *Scots* who would accompany him, he thought sufficient to continue a War with *England*. The *French* could not spare so many Men, having Wars both with the Emperour and the *English*, but they gave him Three Thousand Pikes, and One Thousand Launces. The Governour intending to return to *Scotland*, receiving Intelligence that the Ports towards the Coasts of *France* were watched by the *English* to intrap him in his Passage, bestowed his Ships so covertly here and there in small Companies to avoid all Suspicion of any Purpose he had to stir that Year, as that thereupon the *English* Fleet under the Conduct of Sir *William Fitz-Williams*, which had attended and waited his coming forth, until the Midst of *August*, brake up and bestowed themselves in convenient Ports against the next Spring. The Duke then watching the Opportunity, and readily gathering together his dispersed Ships, to the Number of some Fifty Sail, embarked his Men at *Brest* in *Bretaign*, the One and Twenty of *September*, and landed at *Kircudbright*, or the Isle of *Arran*, in the West of *Scotland*. In his Company was *Richard de la Pool* who had been banished *England*, and to his Power faithfully assisted the Governour. He arrived the same Time that *Jedburgh* was burnt by the *English*; for *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*, high Admiral of *England*, the Marquess of *Dorset* and his Brother, with a competent Power entring *Scotland*, had burnt many Towns, and overthrown Castles and Piles.

At his coming, the Duke assembled the Lords at *Edinburgh*, where they agreed that an Army should forthwith be gathered, and the 28th of *October* was appointed for their Meeting at *Dowglasdale*. At the Day prefixt, the Army marched towards *Coldstream* upon the *Tweed*. Out of this Army the Governour having selected a Number of the hardiest Souldiers of *Scots* and *French*, and convoying some Artillery over the Water, under the Command of *Dand Car* of *Farnebast*, on the last of *October* they besieged the Castle of *Wark*, which was defended by *Edward Lilly* or *Lisle*. The Assailants upon the outmost Ward continuing their Battery, entred by main Force the Second Ward; but being there repulsed and beaten back, a great Tempest arising, and fearing the swelling of the River of *Tweed* might cut them off from their Army on the other Side, they turned back and repassed the Water: The Report of the Earl of *Surrey's* Forces coming to rescue the Castle, and lying at *Anwick*, had also perplexed them not a little. The Earl of *Surrey*, at his Approach, finding the Enemy retired to the other Side of the River, the Castle safe, and having no Commission to pass the *English* Marches, or to invade *Scotland*, made no further Pursuit. In the mean Time the Queen, who had ever sought to make firm Friendship with her Brother, and break the Amity of *France*, sent to him to yield to a Cessation of War, hoping in that Time to work some Agreement between the Two Nations. Whereunto the King consenting, the Governour finding the *Scottish* Lords averse to his Intentions, that he was this Time served as he had been before (they refusing still to enter upon *England*) and that striving would but the more chafe them, also condescended. Thus a Truce was promised, and faithful Peace observed till the last of *November*, being the Feast of *St. Andrew*: The Winter past without any Invasion of the *English* on *Scotland*, or the *Scots* on *England*.

During the Time of this Truce, many serious Consultations were amongst the Lords of *Scotland*, whether it were more fit to continue this War, or give it over. Many of them held it unreasonable, that for the only Pleasure of the *French* King, the Realm of *Scotland* should suffer any more Damage by the continuing of so needless a War: And finding that the Duke of *Albany* was always set to perform what the *French* desired, not what was expedient for the *Scottish* Nation, nor what was in their Power to accomplish; they therefore wished that their young King, now having attained some Years of Discretion, and passing the Age of a Child, might bear some Sway

in the Government of the Realm. Some argued, " That a King sooner than the Sons of Noble-
 " men went out of the Bondage of Tutelage, and enjoy'd greater Immunities, his Age often
 " being reckoned from the Time of his Conception. That the Administration and Charge of
 " the Kingdom should early be given him, that he might with his Years grow in the Art of
 " of Governing ; Since we find the same to be usual in the Perfection of other Arts and
 " Sciences. Others entertained other Thoughts, " That to a Child, who could not by the
 " Weakness of his Judgement discern Right from Wrong, the Helm of State should not be
 " trusted, and that the Peers of the Kingdom might be challeng'd of Dotage by their Neigh-
 " bour Countries, for giving to a Child the Sword of Justice, which he might thrust in their
 " own Entrails one Day, or wound therewith the Bosom of the Common-wealth.

The Governour finding the Lords divided amongst themselves, and their Reasons averse to his Intentions, and that not only the People, but the Souldiery were weary of him, and had bent their Affections upon their young King, foolishly preferring the Ignorance and Simplicity of a Child to his Prudence, Experience, and long Practice of State, requested them to give him leave to return to *France*, and to forgive him any Error he had committed, which he protested was of Ignorance, not of Malice. Having from Men distasted with him, without any Opposition, obtained what he required, far from any outward Shew of inward Discontentment, or disquieting himself at the Ingratitude of some whom he had advanc'd to Honours, he came to *Stirling*, where, after some Days stay with the King, when he had given him such Instructions of State, as he was able to understand (for he was but then in the Thirteenth Year of his Age) with many Tokens of Love, and Demonstrations of sincere Affection, he took his Leave of him : And his Ships attending his Passage on the West, with a great Retinue of *Scots* and *French*, he held his Way towards them, and recommended himself to the Sea in the Spring Time, now the Third Time for *France*, after which he return'd not at all into *Scotland*.

He was a Prince adorned with many Virtues, Active, Courageous, Resolute, and knew how to use Men as they are.

If he had not been opposed by the Queen and Nobility, he was likely either to have lost himself and the whole Kingdom, or revenged the Death of his Cousin.

His courteous Nature went above his Ambition ; he could as well lay down his Honours, as he had modestly, when they were laid upon him, received them.

Before the Rumour of the Duke of *Albany's* taking the Seas was spread abroad, the King of *England* by secret Letters had required the Earl of *Angus*, who then an Exile staid in *France*, to come to him : After the Receipt of which, with a Short-leave taking he left *France*, where he had stay'd almost Three Years, and cometh to *England*. King *Henry* had brought him to believe, That the Duke had determined to extirpate his whole Linage : To prevent which he made him Offer of Men and Ammunition to preserve his own, and by his Faction at Home, and his Assistance, to send the Duke over Seas ; which, if he had longer stay'd, the Earl was esteemed powerful enough to have accomplished.

The Duke of *Albany* being in *France*, the Queen with the Government of the State, assumeth the Custody of the Person of her Son, whom she moved to leave *Stirling* and come to *Edinburgh*. The Third Day after he had made his Entry into the Town, she lodg'd with him in the *Maiden Castle*, and it being seized on, armed with Authority, she doubted not to make the Country yield her all Obedience. That the Supream Magistrate of the Town should not oppose her Designs, he is put from his Office, and the Lord *Maxwell* (a Man to her obsequious) is substituted in his Place.

To give the fairer Lustre to her Actions, a Parliament is called at *Edinburgh*, that what she did, might consist with Law.

When King *Henry* understood the Duke had left *Scotland*, to exclude and bar him all Regress, he sent one *Magnus*, a great Oratour, but greater by the Renown of his Skill in the Laws, with *Roger Ratcliff*, his Ambassadors, to try how the *Scots*, amidst such unnecessary Turmoils, would relish a Truce and Cessation of Arms : And these lay the Blame, of all the Disorders and Discords between the Two Nations, upon the Duke. The Nobles tyred with their tedious Wars, beginning to espy a Haven of Rest, chearfully accept of this Embassy, and agree upon a Truce for One whole Year. To confirm which they condescend that Commissioners shall be dispatched instantly, who shall treat not only for a Truce, but for a firm and lasting Peace between the Two Nations, and unite the Two Crowns in Bands of Amity, as well as they were united in Degrees of Blood.

The Earl of *Angus*, his Enemy abandoning the Kingdom, after honourable Entertainment of the King of *England*, many Promises to befriend him, and Blandishments at his departing, cometh to *Scotland*, and his Return began to change the Game of State. The Queen's and Earl of *Arran's* Faction carried all Matters of Importance : The Earls of *Lennox*, *Argyle*, and the *Humes* had been sequestred from publick Employments : The first Faction by his Presence find their Power diminished ; the other by his Counterpoise and Assistance have new Hopes of

arising ;

arising; both Factions disliked that *Angus* should arise to the First Place, and suspected he would not be content with the Second; they loved to have him an Equal, not Supreme.

Private Jarrs smothered and Interests delayed, Matters concerning *England* requiring a hasty and present Dispatch, *Gilbert* Earl of *Cassils*, *Robert Cockburn* Bishop of *Dunkeld*, *Alexander Mill* Abbot of *Cambuskenneth*, are sent Commissioners to the Court of *England*. At *Greenwich* they are honourably and kindly received by King *Henry*, whose Countenance promised them a Refusal of no Reasonable Thing they would require. The Bishop had a Speech, the Sum of which was,

That, Dissention and Hatred taken away between the Two Nations, a faithful Peace might be agreed unto and confirmed, their Discords turned into Union, their Rancour into Love; which to bring to pass and make durable, the only apparent and probable Means, were to bestow the Lady Mary, the King's Daughter, upon James the young King of Scotland.

The *English* with great Joy applauded what was said: And King *Henry* appointed certain Commissioners to treat about that Purpose in private. These when they had met to advance the Union of the Kingdoms, desired these Conditions.

First, That the Scottish Nation giving over, and fairly forsaking the League they had with France, should enter into a New League with them, upon the same Conditions and Terms which were contained in their League with France.

Next, That the young King of Scotland, till by Age he was able for Marriage, should be brought up at the Court of England.

When the Ambassadors of *Scotland* had answered, *That these Conditions were above their Commission, to which they could not well answer*, and desired a Time to acquaint the Council of *Scotland* with them; it was condescended unto. Thus Two of them remaining at *London*, the Earl of *Cassils*, returned to *Scotland* to bring back an Answer.

When the Day, in which the Parliament should have been held, was come, the Queen and they who were of her Faction, as the Earls of *Arran*, *Murray*, and *Eglinton*, fearing the Earl of *Angus* might turn the wavering People's Affection, and move them to some Revolt, which might hinder their Determinations, or terrify the Commissioners by the frequent Convention of his Friends and Followers, constraining their Voices, and restraining their Freedom of Speech: Or that they had a Plot to surprize some of the contrary Faction, and by Authority of Parliament commit them in that Place, caused a Proclamation to be made, *That none of the Three Estates should sit or assemble themselves in the Town of Edinburgh, but that they should keep their Meeting in the Castle and there give their Presence.* The Earls of *Angus*, *Lennox*, *Argile*, Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, Bishops of *Aberdeen* and *Dumblane*, with their Adherents, and others, who joined with them rather out of Fear than good Will, refuse to enter the Castle, and require, *That the Parliament be kept in the accustomed Place, and that the King may in Triumph be shewn to his own People, and convoyed along the High-street.* All which being denied them; giving out, *That Justice was violated, the King kept against his Will as a Prisoner, and the Government and Custody of his Person seised on without Consent of the Three Estates;* they surround the Castle with Two Thousand Men in Arms, and stop all Furniture of Food and Victuals, which should have been afforded by the Town. In this Distress they in the Castle turn the great Ordinance against the Town, and threaten the innocent Citizens with the Overthrow of their Buildings. Some Powder and Time being spent in terrifying the People, at last, Churchmen interposing themselves, and interceding with and perswading the Parties, an Accommodation and Atonement is wrought, their Fury quenched, all Rancour suppressed, and Injuries forgotten, the King in Magnificence and Pomp is convoyed from the Castle to his Palace at *Holy-rood-house*, and the Estates assemble in the wonted Place of the Town of *Edinburgh*.

In this Parliament the Authority of the Governour is abrogated, by which Means they saved him a Labour from returning into *Scotland* again: Eight Lords were chosen to have the Custody of the King's Person, every one his Months successively, and the whole to stand for the Government of the State; yet with this Limitation, *That the King by their Counsel should not determine, nor ordain any thing in great Affairs, to which the Queen, as Princess and Damager, gave not her free Consent and Approbation.*

The Lords were, the Arch-Bishops of *St. Andrew's* and *Glasgow*, the Bishops of *Aberdeen* and *Dunkeld*, the Earls of *Angus*, *Arran*, *Lennox*, and *Argile*.

Time urging Resolution, the Lords of Parliament direct the Earl of *Cassils* again to the Court of *England* to declare their Resolution concerning the Marriage of the King, and the establishing a Peace between the Kingdoms.

The News of the Overthrow of the *French* Army, and the taking of their King, at *Pavia* by the Imperialists, being come to the Court of *England*, before the Arrival of the Earl of *Cassils*,

King Henry told the *Scottish* Ambassadors in plain Terms, *He could not determine any Thing concerning the Marriage of his Daughter, without acquainting the Emperor her nearest Kinsman, and his Confederate, with his Proceedings, which could not be done in Haste, and so soon as they required, considering the Troubles of Italy.*

Hereupon the Ambassadors, their Hopes of this Alliance delayed, having obtained a Truce between the Two Nations for the Space of Three Years and Three Months faithfully to be kept, returned to their own Country.

The State began of new to be tossed by the Troublesome Factions of the Queen and Earl of *Angus*, the Original of which sprang from Matters of the Church; the Abbacy of *Holy-rood-House* falling vacant by the Promotion of *George Creighton* Abbot, to the Bishoprick of *Dunkeld*; the Earl of *Angus*, to whom the Custody of the King was trusted, either by Lot or Consent, moved him to confer this Abbacy upon his Brother *Mr. William*, Prior of *Coldingham*, without acquainting the Queen with the Gift, or seeking the Consent of the other Rulers: At this the Queen turned so displeased, that abandoning the King to the Pleasure of the Earl of *Angus*, She with her Followers retired to *Stirling*. By this inconsiderate Retreat the Earl administred all alone, leaning to the Greatness of his own Power, that some might have thought the Queen set her Game to make up his. All Favours and Punishments pass by him, all Offices and Places of Importance are distributed to his Favourites; He made *Archbald Douglas*, his Uncle, Treasurer, *Sir George*, his Brother, Great Chamberlain; the Abbacies of *Coldingham* and *Holy-rood-House* were in his Brother's Hands; neither Temporal nor Ecclesiastical Dignity escap'd him; his Greatness instantly procureth him Envy.

The Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, the Earls of *Arran*, *Argile*, and *Murray*, who were of the Queen's Faction, lay a Plot to accuse *Angus* of high Treason. They challenge him, *That he kept the King against his Will, insolently restrained his Liberty, and that, contrary to the Order established by the Estates, which was, that the Custody of his Person should every Four Months, by Turns, be allotted to the Governours of the Country in a Circle; That he could not dispose of any Thing of Moment alone, the contrary of all which he had usurped: Whereupon they Charge him to dismiss the King, and restore him to them, and the other Counsellours equal in Government with him, under the Pain, he should be reputed a Traitor and no loyal Subject, for this invassalling his Prince to his Attendance.*

The Earl of *Angus* himself to this Answered not, but *Sir George* his Brother moved the King to give the Answer himself: *His Mother and those other Rulers should not be thus solicitous for him; for with none more chearfully, willingly and contentedly, could he live and spend his Time than with the Earl of Angus, neither could he leave the Company of One so highly favoured of his Uncle, and so well meriting of himself.*

For all this Answer, he had secretly sent Letters to his Mother, and those of the adverse Party, intreating, *They would remove him from the Earl, and not suffer him any longer to remain under his imperious Government, and if it could not be otherwise done, to accomplish it by main Force of Arms, if they had any Pity, or if any Sparks of Duty remained unquenched in them towards him, if they dared Enterprize ought for a Royal, though now thrall'd, Suppliant, or obey the Command of a King in Prison; that the Answer, which he sent before unto them and his Mother was by Constraint and Compulsion drawn from him, and far from his Mind.*

Upon this Advertisement, the Queen and they of her Faction, assemble what Power they could raise in such a Suddenness at *Stirling*, and with great Expedition marched towards *Edinburgh* to separate the King from the Earl his Guardian; Who, resolv'd to repel Force by Force, with the Townsmen of *Edinburgh*, many Friends and Adherents, and the King, though against his Will, marched out of *Edinburgh*, to encounter and fight these Rebels. When the Leaders of the Queen's Forces understood the King in Person was in the adverse Army, either dazled with the Splendour of the Presence of a King, or fearing, if they joined in Battel, the Person of their Prince might be endangered, or that they found themselves not strong enough in Number and Arms for a Conflict, they retired back again to *Stirling*, where they disbanded, and returned every Man to his own Dwelling-place: The Queen with the Earl of *Murray* went to *Murray-land*, the Earls of *Arran* and *Argyle* to the West, the Arch-bishop of *St. Andrew's* to *Dumfermling*.

This Faction being dissipated, the Earl of *Angus* remained more stable, and assured of his Guardianship, and now he findeth no Competitor.

The Want of the Great Seal being a Hinderance to many of his Projects, and he disdaining to be a Suiter to his Enemy; for Dispatch of publick Affairs, caused the King send a Letter for it, and the Arch-bishop with all Respect sent it immediately to the Earl: with whom to be equal, he took himself to new Meditations.

The Queen many Wayes provok'd by her Husband the Earl of *Angus*, and lastly by detaining her Son against his Will and contrary to the publick Course agreed upon, the Arch-bishop perswaded her, *To intend a Process of Divorcement against him, and dissolve her Marriage; this might Produce some great Effect, at least it could not but diminish the Earl's Reputation among the People.*

People. The Queen and the Earl had many Times in private between themselves agreed upon a Separation, disliking each others Conditions; for it was fatal to her, as to her Brother King Henry, to delight in Change of Wedlock, and be jealous of her Matches. The Earl is therefore cited before the Arch-bishop of St. Andrew's to hear the Sentence pronounced according to the Laws of the Church in those Times: At the Day appointed he appeareth. The Queen alledged, *He had been betrothed, given his Faith and Promise of Marriage to a Noble Woman of the Kingdom (a Daughter of Traquair) before the marrying of her, and so by Reason of that Pre-contract he could not be her lawful Husband.* The Earl confesseth: The Arch-bishop pronounceth the Sentence of Divorcement, but with this Reservation and Restraint, *That the Child come of the Queen and the Earl the Time of their Marriage, by the Ignorance of the Mother (the Queen) should not suffer any Loss, Damage or Disadvantage.*

The King of England repented highly this Divorcement, and endeavour'd by his Letters to hinder it: For he thought some Things tolerable in Men, which were incompetent and shameful in Women, and after never carried such Respect to his Sister as he had done before. Of these she made little reckoning, for, after the Sentence given, she married Henry Stewart, Son to the Lord Evandale, whom K. James after, to do Honour to his Mother, promoted to be Lord Methwen, and General of his Artillery.

Whilst the King remained a Shadow to the Earl's Government, amidst so many Distractions, Discords and Jars of the Grandees, the Court turned solitary and unfrequented by any Noblemen, save these of the *Dowglasses* own Faction, amongst which the Earl of Lennox, shewed himself most indifferent. For he for his own Ends attending the Court, in a short Time so framed himself to the King's Humour, that he delighted alone in his Conversation, and often hid none of his inward Thoughts and secret Intentions from him. Among others he many Times importuned him, "To give him a sound Advice, how he might be delivered from the Earl of Angus, of whose Bondage he had been long Weary, whose Rule over him was turned now into Tyranny, his Ambition having mounted to that Height, that he was not content to command the Kingdom, but to thrall and keep under his Sovereign Lord the King himself, that the Effects of his Governing were the dispersing of his Nobles, and banishing of his Mother from him."

The Earl of Lennox, who by his Familiarity with the King was become suspected by Angus, and had an Intention to tumble out a Man hated of his Prince, establish himself in his Place, and rule the young King alone, aggravating his and the Country's Miseries, told him, after much Intreaty, "The Lord of Balcleuch was the only Person to be imploy'd in such a Service; a Man of unlimited Desires, displeased, strong in Power, mightily hated, and who had inveterate Hatred against the Earl of Angus, and wanted Nothing but Opportunity to execute his Rancour: If this conceived Exploit had not a desired Success, then he himself would by main Force either win his Prince, or lose his Life in the Enterprize. The Laird of Balcleuch secretly advertised of the King's Intention giveth Way to much Oppression and many Insolences on the Borders, the Redress of which required the Presence of the Prince. Complaints are given against them, and the King, to do Justice, accompanied with the Earls of Angus, Lennox, Lords Hume, Fleming, and Erskin, with Cesford, Farnebast, and others, cometh to Jedburgh. But when they had stayed there some Days, small Redress was of Wrongs, no Justice executed, the chief Men of the Borders not producing the Delinquents of their Names, to answer according to Law, as was the ancient Custom. Thus as they came they were returning, when at Melroß, as they hover'd at the Passage of a Bridge over the Tweed, certain Companies of Men in Arms appeared on the Descents of Halidon Hill: Which being come within Distance of discerning, were known to be commanded by the Laird of Balcleuch, and number'd a Thousand, all Borderers and broken Men. The Earl of Angus, not a little mov'd at so sudden an Apparition, by an Herald craveth to understand their Intentions, and how in such a hostile Manner they dared come so near the King's Person, withal charging them under Pain of high Treason to retire. The Laird of Balcleuch's Answer was, he came to do the King Service, invire him to his House, and shew him what Forces he was able to raise upon the Borders, when Necessity should require his Service and Assistance. That he would not obey a Charge contrary to the King's Mind, of which he was conscious, and herewith he marched forwards. Presently the Earl alighting on Foot, leaving the Earl of Lennox, Lords Erskine, and Maxwell, Sir George Dowglas, and Ninian Crichtoun with the King, as Spectators of the Game, with the Lord Fleming, and others his Friends, marshall'd his Men for the Charge, which was given with a great Shout and Clamour of these Borderers. The Lord Hume, Lairds of Farnebast and Cesford had taken their Leave of the King, who gladly dismiss them, but upon Advertisement of the sudden Fray, being not far off they return in Haste with an Hundred Launces, in good Time for the Earl of Angus, and falling upon One of the Wings of Balcleuch's Troops, force them to yield Ground, and some to turn their Backs, upon which suddenly followeth the Chace, Cesford and Farnebast, eagerly pursuing. Here, at the Descent of a little Hill, by the Blow of a Lance, which a Domestick of Balcleuch's threw from his Arm, the Laird of Cesford is slain,

and by his Death the Chace left off to be follow'd, and a long deadly Fewd between the *Scots* and *Cars* was begun, Fourcore Borderers were kill'd, in this Bickering assisting *Balcleugh*, himself was wounded with many of his Friends, the Earl of *Angus* lost not a few, besides the Laird of *Cesford*.

The Earl of *Angus*, after this Road of *Melroß*, perceiving his Enemies to increase, and the Affections of some of the Nobility turned from him, composing the old Difference between him and the Earl of *Arran*, entered into Conditions of a strict Friendship with him, and was content he should be his Partner and Fellow-governour in Distribution of Casualties and ruling the Country. When the King had considered how twice his Intentions had been broken, and unhapily without Success, he began to essay the Third by the Earl of *Lennox*, whom challenging of his Promise he desired to gather an Army, and joining his Forces with the Queen's to restore him to his Liberty. The Earl of *Lennox*, before suspected, after the League and Friendship of the Earl of *Angus* with the Earl of *Arran*, became a declared Enemy to *Angus*, withdrew himself from Court; And some few Months being past, at *Stirling* he maketh a Declaration to all the Lieges, of his Intentions, inviting them to assist and side with his Cause. One Thousand Men came from the High-lands to him, the Earl of *Cassils* and Master of *Kilmaurs* come from the West with Two Thousand, the Queen and Arch-bishop *James Beaton*, direct many of their Vassals from *Fyfe* to him: Thus with Three strong Brigades he marcheth towards *Linlithgow*.

The Earl of *Angus*, understanding these Preparations to be against him, imploreth the Assistance of his best Friends to withstand them, especially the *Carrs* and *Humes*, to whose Valour he had lately been so far obliged. He sendeth Letters to the Earl of *Arran* and the Gentlemen of the Name of *Hamilton*; "Regrating the Estate of the Common-Wealth, and requiring their speedy Aid. That, in so perilous a Time, setting aside all particular Respects and Quarrels, they would have a Care of the common Good of the Country. If the Earl of *Lennox* should carry the King from him, and remain Victor of the Field, he would not stay there, his next Mark would be the *Hamiltons*, whom he was in the Way to put from all Title to the Crown, the Report going already that the King would entail it to him out of his own Favour, and had designed him Heir to the Earl of *Arran*, he having no Children of his own. That the King had a Magnetical Affection towards him, which, if Fortune favoured him with a Victory, would increase, now meriting, which before was but meer Favour: The Custody of a young King was not for a Man of so short Experience. The *Hamiltons* finding that Man their Suppliant, who lately was their Competitor, delighting to live in a troubled State, and be Co-partners of the Government and managing the Affairs of the Kingdom, which was promised them in their new Bond of Friendship, laying aside all former Discontent and Grudge, accept the Quarrel, and assemble their Forces at *Linlithgow*. To this Town the Earl of *Lennox* was advancing; and, he being the Sister's Son of the Earl of *Arran*, by Gentlemen well affected towards him, and of his Kinred, they intreat him; "To turn back, and not to try the Hazard of a Battel for a Conquest: He could not long enjoy the Government of a young Prince, whom a little more Time would make Governour of himself, and who (perhaps) would reward his Service with Disgrace; it being ordinarily seen that great Obligations to Princes procure rather their Hatred than Love, whilst it is more easy to pay Men by Contempt than Benefits: That if he came forwards, no Interest of Blood would save him from their just and lawful Stopping his Passage and Enterprize. The Earl of *Lennox* answer'd, "It was no Time then in the Eye of the World to abandon so just a Quarrel; that Shame wounded deeper than Death, which he would rather embrace than not see his Prince at *Edinburgh*. And finding the Bridge over the *Avon* posselt by the Enemy, passed his Companies over the River near the ancient Monastery *Manuel*; the Master of *Kilmaurs* guideth the Vanguard, consisting of West-land Men; the Earl of *Cassils* and himself the main Battel, many of which were High-land Men, being of all (as some write) Ten Thousand. The Earl of *Angus* having essayed in vain to bring the King to the Field with the Power of *Edinburgh*, leaving that Charge to his Brother Sir *George* and *Archbald Dowglas* Provost of the Town, accompanied with the *Humes* and *Cars*, being of all Two Thousand, maketh a speedy March towards *Linlithgow*. But the Earl of *Arran*, spurr'd by the Ambition and youthful Heat of his Son Sir *James Hamilton*, had begun the Fight before he could appear: For a long Time it is valiantly fought, Victory inclining to neither Side, till a great Clamour arose seconded by the Appearance of fresh Troops of Enemies, the *Dowglasses* and their Friends: At which Alarm many of the High-land and West-land Men turned their Backs; the rest by the Advantage of the Place sustain the Fight.

The King, after much Loytering and many Delays (having heard the Armies were near joining) and much Solicitation of Sir *George Dowglas*, issueth out of *Edinburgh* at a slow March. But when at *Corstorphine* Hills he was awaken'd with the Noise of the great Ordnance, he urged his Followers to make all Haste to come to the Fight. It was reported Sir *George Dowglas* drove his Horse in a great Rage, and gave him injurious Words, which he never after forgot. Being half Way he is advertised that the Earl of *Lennox*'s Higland-men were fled, and

by

by all Appearance the Earl of *Arran* was Master of the Field: These News perplexed him not a little, but making the best of that worst, he dispatch'd all his Domestick Servants with *Andrew Wood of Largo*, to save so many as they could in the Chace, especially the Earl of *Lennox*, whose Life he now tendereth as his Crown. But this Earl, after he had been taken by the Laird of *Pardomy*, in cold Blood was unnaturally slain by Sir *James Hamilton*, who either killed or wounded on the Face all that came under the Dint of his Sword in the Rout.

They found the Earl of *Arran* mourning over his Corps, over which he had spread his Cloak; the Laird of *Howstoun* lay dead by him; the Master of *Kilmaurs*, sore wounded at their coming, maintained the Fight, and was by them with Difficulty saved, with so many others as either the King's Authority or their Power could rescue. This Conflict happened in *September*.

After the victorious Earls had pass'd their wounded Souldiers, and refresh'd themselves in *Linlithgow*, they accompany the King to *Stirling*, and immediately march through *Fife* in Quest of those who had been the Cause of taking Arms against them, of which Number the Queen was; but the Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's* was the most eminent; who, as before he had seconded *Arran* to surprize *Angus*, so now he had stirred up *Lennox* to the Overthrow of them both. Because the Arch-Bishop was not to be found (for he (as some record) was turned a true Pastour, and in Shepherd's Weeds kept Sheep on some Hill) they spoiled the Abbey of *Dumfermling*, and Castle of *St. Andrew's*, defacing all the Ornaments, and carrying away the Moveables and Stuff in them: The Queen with her Husband *Henry Stewart*, and *James* his Brother, betook them to the Castle of *Edinburgh*, which the Lords at their Return besieged. The Mother hearing her Son was amongst the Besiegers in Person, obtaining Favour for her Husband and his Brother, caused the Gates to be cast open. But for their greater Safety, such who loved them, advis'd the King to commit them to that Place during his Pleasure.

Now the Earls of *Angus* and *Arran* summoned all who had born Arms against the King to appear in Judgement, and answer according to the Law as Traytors. Some compounded for Sums of Money, others became Dependents of the Houses of *Angus* and *Arran*: *Gilbert Earl of Cassils* being summoned and compearing, *Hugh Kennedy* his Kinsman answer'd the Indictment, that he came not against the King, but to assist the King, for Proof of which he offer'd to produce, the King's own Letter. Though the Earl of *Cassils* escap'd the Danger of the Law, he did not the Fury of the Revenge, which was taken about some disparaging Words; for as he was returning home, he was surprized in the Way and killed; Some write, by the Sheriff of *Air*, but by the Direction of Sir *James Hamilton*.

About this Time the Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, and other Church-men, in Revenge of the spoiling of his Houses, and pursuing himself, for Questions of Religion, burn the Earl of *Arran's* Brother's Son Mr. *Patrick Hamilton*, and banish Mr. *Patrick's* Brother *James* Sheriff of *Linlithgow*.

Not long after, Men's Wrath by Time diminishing and their Blood growing colder, the Arch-Bishop having bestowed on the Earl of *Angus*, Sir *George* his Brother, and other their Friends, some Church Benefices and many Leases of Tithes, was reconciled unto them, and with Appearance of great Friendship they mutually entertained and feasted each others at *Christmas* in the City of *St. Andrew's*. But small Confidence could be long among reconciled Enemies.

Now went every Thing as the Earl of *Angus* could have wish'd, he was not only entire and familiar with the King's Person, but with his Office; some of his Enemies were dead, other: overthrown in open Field, with the rest he was reconciled. No Faction for Power or Riches was equal to his; Nor remained there any Castle or Fortress not seised on by him, and gar- risoned with his Friends and Followers, except the Castle of *Stirling*, a part of the Queen's Dowry, which being desolate by her Miseries, and only haunted by some of her poorest and meanest Servants, was neglected by the Earl, which in him was a great Errour, the Fitness of the Place for a Revolution and Change of Court considered. Many Days the Earl had not seen his own Dwelling Places, nor thought upon his private Affairs, being carried away by the Storms of Court: Now he thinketh he may securely pass to *Lothian*, whilst at *Faulkland* the King shall be safely entertained by his Brother Sir *George*, *Archibald* his Uncle, and *James* of the *Parkhead*, Captain of the Guards. Having earnestly intreated their Attendance on the King, he crosseth the *Forth*, with a Resolution soon to return. His departing was not so concealed, but the Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's* had Knowledge of it, and he inviteth Sir *George*, to see him in the City of *St. Andrew's*, to receive the Leases of the Tithes promised, all now perfected, valid, and according to Law sufficient. Whilst Sir *George* is here detained, *Archibald* the Treasurer by other Letters, for Matters of Love, is inticed to *Dundee*; But nothing could make the Captain of the Guards leave his Charge. The King, amidst his solitary Walks in his Park of *Falkland*, considering of what a tedious Train he was relieved, and how suddenly Occasion might turn her bald Scalp, if presently he took not hold of her, resolveth to accomplish by Stratagem, what the Factions of his Nobles could not perform by Force. It is delightful to understand every particular Circumstance in the Progress of the Actions of Princes. Upon

this Resolution he directeth the Forrester of the Park to give *Advertisement to such Gentlemen about, who kept Hounds, the next Morning to attend him, for he would early have his Game.* He suppleth sooner than his Custom was, entertaining the Captain of the Guards with more than usual Ceremonies and Representations of the next Morning's Sport, withal inviting him to go to his Rest, the Night being short about the Summer Solstice. The Waiters all shifted, and the Court hush'd, shutting his Chamber Door, in the Apparel of one of his Grooms, unperceiv'd he pass'd the Guard to the Stable; where, with Two who attended him with spare Horses, he posted to *Stirling*, where, by the Queen's Intelligence, he was expected in the Castle.

When the Certainty of this Escape was noised Abroad, many Noblemen repair to *Stirling*, some by Letters sent unto them, others at the Rumour of his Evasion, that in a little Time he found himself safe and far from any Danger again to be surprized, the Earls of *Argyl, Athole, Glencairn, Monteth, and Huntley*; The Lords *Graham, Drummond, Livingston, Sinclair, Lindsay, Evandale, Ruthven, Maxwell, Semple*, the Earls of *Eglinton, and Rothes*, and *James Beaton* Arch-Bishop of *St. Andrew's*, the Devil of his Escape. The Earl of *Angus* full of mis-giving Thoughts, with many of his Friends, was also on his Way to *Stirling*, but Proclamations being made against him, *Discharging him from all his Offices and publick Functions, and being by an Herald forbidden with his Friends and Followers to come near the Court by some Miles, under Pain of Treason*: Either moved by inward Terrors, or Love of the Peace of his Country, turned back to *Linlithgow*, where Two Days he attended News of the King's Pleasure, which at last was declared, *That neither he, nor none of his, should presume by some Miles to approach his Residence.* The more particular Favours were, *That the Earl should confine himself beyond the River of Spey in the North, whilst his Brother, Sir George Dowglas, should render himself Prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, and there remain during the King's Pleasure.* When the *Dowglasses* had refused these Offers, they are cited to answer according to Law, in a Parliament to be holden in September at *Edinburgh*.

Before the Day of appearing, the Earl of *Angus*, accompanied with an able Train of his Friends and Followers, essayeth to enter the Town of *Edinburgh*, and there attend the coming of the King; but by the Lord *Maxwel*, and the Lord of *Lochinvar*, who in the King's Name had invested the Town, he is kept out; and the King, with an unexpected Suddenness, with Two Thousand Men coming from *Stirling*, he removed. The Earl not appearing at the appointed Day, is, by Decree of Parliament, attainted and forfeited, with his Brother *Sir George Dowglas*, *Archibald Dowglas* his Uncle, *Alexander Drummond* of *Carnock*, and Others.

The Points of which they were to be accused, were, *The assembling of the King's Lieges with Intention to have assailed his Person; The detaining of the King against his Will and Pleasure, and contrary to the Articles agreed upon the Space of Two Years and more; all which time the King was in Fear and Danger of his Life.* At this Parliament (some write) the King made a solemn Oath never to give a Remission to any of the *Dowglasses* there forfeited, as the Lords did, never to interceed nor request for any of them: And in Disgrace of the Earl of *Angus*, *Henry Stuart* who had married the Queen his Wife, was created Lord *Merhwen*.

The *Dowglasses* having all Favours denied them, being openly declared Enemies to the King and Country, commit all Hostillity (the last Refuge of desperate Men) on their Enemies Bounds: *Caufland* and *Cranstoun* are burnt; they ravage even to the Gates of *Edinburgh*, the Harmless People suffering for the Faults of the Great; under the Shadow of their Followers, all Robberies and Oppressions broke forth, and by whomsoever committed, are laid to their Charge. The King will not hear of them in any other Terms than as Oppressors and common Robbers. In their Defence they fortify their Castle of *Tantallon* with the readiest Provision taken from the nearest adjacent Bounds. In *October* the King raiseth a great Company of Souldiers; with great Ordnance, and other Engines of War brought from the Castle of *Dumbar*, *Tantallon* is besieged, but proveth impregnable; and *David Falconer* the General of the Ordnance at their removing is slain. A Commission is sent to the Earl of *Bothwell*, as the King's Lieutenant, to invade with Fire and Sword in all Places the *Dowglasses*, which he, either out of Humane Compassion, or that he knew wise Statesmen should extenuate the Faults of others rather than aggravate them, refused to accept. But the Earl of *Argile* and Lord *Hums*, accepting that Charge, prosecute them where they might be apprehended, till after much Misery and Night-wandering at Home, they were constrained with *Alexander Drummond* of *Carnock*, who had been Partaker of their Misfortunes, by his Consanguinity with the Earl's Mother, who was Daughter to the Lord *Drummond*, to fly into *England*, where they were charitably received, and honourably entertained by King *Henry VIII.*

Now are the Offices and Lands of the *Dowgasses* disposed upon; the Arch-Bishop of *Glasgow*, *Gavin Dumbar*, is made Chancellor; *Robert Barton*, who was in special Favour with the King, Treasurer, great Customer-General of the Artillery and Mines, and other their Charges are given unto others.

The King of *England* intending a War against the Emperor *Charles V.* sendeth Ambassadors to *Scotland* for a certain Time to treat a Peace, and if it were possible to reconcile the *Dowglasses* with the

the King. Five Years Truce was resolved upon; but for the *Dowglasses*, the King would hearken to no Offers; only *Alexander Drummond*, by the Intercession of *Robert Barton*, and the Ambassadors, had Liberty to return Home. When the Earl of *Northumberland* and the Earl of *Murray*, who had full Power to conclude a Truce, had met the other Commissioners upon the Borders, the factious great Men and Rank Riders there, put all in such a Confusion by urging Difficulties, that they parted without agreeing unto any Articles or certain Conclusions: Which the King took in so ill a Part, that divining from what Head this Interruption sprung, he committed sundry Noblemen to the Castle of *Edinburgh*, till they gave Hostages, and secured the Borders from Invasion or being invaded. In the Month of *June* following with great Power, he visited these Bounds, executing Justice upon all Oppressors, Thieves and Out-Laws. In *Emsdale* Eight and Forty notorious Riders are hung on growing Trees, the most famous of which was *John Armstrong*; others he brought with him to *Edinburgh* for more publick Execution and Example, as *William Cockburn* of *Henderland*, and *Adam Scot* of *Tusbelaw*, named King of Thieves.

The Year 1530. the King instituted the College of Justice: Before it was ambulatory, removing from Place to Place by Circuits; Suits of Law were peremptorly decided by Baillies, Sheriffs, and other Judges; when any great and notable Cause offered it self, it was Judged Sovereignly by the King's Council, which gave free Audience to all the Subjects.—The Power and Privileges of this College were immediately confirmed by Pope *Clement VII*.

In this Court are Fifteen Judges Ordinary, Eight of them being Spiritual Persons, of the which the most ancient is President, and Seven Temporal Men: The Chancellor of the Realm, when he is present, is above the President. There are also Four Counsellors extraordinary, removeable at the Prince's Pleasure.

This Institution is after that Order of Justice which is administred in *Paris*, first instituted by *Philip IV*. the *French* King, in the Year 1286.

The King about this Time storeth his Arsenals with all Sorts of Arms; the Castles of *Edinburgh*, *Stirling*, *Dumbarton*, and *Blackness*, are repaired and furnish'd with Ordnance and Ammunition.

Whilst no certain Truce is concluded between the Realms of *England* and *Scotland*, the Earl of *Angus* worketh in this Interim so with the King of *England*, that Sir *Edward Darcey* is sent to the Borders; who, when his Sollicitation, for Restoring the Earl, at the *Scottish* Court had taken no Effect, yea had been scorned, after he had stayed at *Berwick* with the garrisoned Souldiers, and some selected Companies out of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, maketh a Road into *Scotland*; *Coldingham*, *Dunglas*, and adjacent Villages they burn, and ravage the Country towards *Duns*. Some *Scottish* Ships and Vessels were also at this Time taken by Sea. When a Reason was sought of this Invasion in a Cessation of Arms and Calm of Truce; They require the *Dowglasses* may be restored to their ancient Inheritances, and whatsoever had been withheld from them, and that *Cannobie* (a poor Abbacy) be rendred to the English, as appertaining of old to the Crown of *England*. The Earl of *Murray*, being declared Lieutenant, maketh Head against them: But the *English* daily increasing in Number, and his Companies not being sufficient to make good against so many and large Incursions, the Power of *Scotland* is divided into Four Quarters, every one of which for the Space of Fourty Days by Turns taketh the Defence of the Country. The *English* finding by this Intercourse of new Souldiers the War to be prolonged, would have gladly accepted of Peace, but they disdained to sue for it to the *Scots*: It was thought expedient, that the *French*, a Friend then to both, should be a Mediator to reconcile them: Whereupon, after an Ambassador had come from *France*, Commissioners first meet at *Newcastle*, and after at *London*, *James Colvil* of *Easter Weems*, *Adam Otterburn* of *Redhall*, *William Stuart* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, and the Abbot of *Kinloss*. These conclude a Peace To continue between the Two Realms, during the Two Princes Lives, and One Year after the Decease of him who should first depart this Life.

About this Time, the Secrets of the Ecclesiastical Doctrine and Authority beginning to be laid open to the View of the World, the politick Government of Kingdoms began to suffer in the Alteration and Discovery. The Lady *Katharine*, Daughter to *Ferdinando* and *Isabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*, and Sister to the Mother of *Charles V*. Emperor, had been married to *Arthur* Prince of *Wales*, eldest Son to *Henry VII*. King of *England*; he dying, by the Dispensation of Pope *Julius II*, her Father-in-law gave her again in Marriage to *Henry* his other Son, the Brother of *Arthur*. This Queen though fruitful of Children, and often a Mother, brought none forth that long enjoyed Life, and came to any Perfection of Growth, except one only Daughter *Mary*. Her Husband either out of Spleen against the Emperour *Charles*; or Desire of Male Children, or other Causes known to himself, pretended great Scruples in his Conscience, would make himself and the World believe, that his Marriage was not lawful. After Deliberation with his Churchmen, whom he constrained to be of his Mind, he kept not longer Company with his Queen. His Churchmen used all their Eloquence to make the Queen accept of a Divorce, which she altogether refused, and had her Recourse to the Pope, who

recals the Cause to himself. At *Rome* whilst in the Consistory the Case is made difficult, and the Matter prolonged, King *Henry* impatient of Delays, and amorous, divorceth from his own Queen, and marrieth *Anne Bullen Anno 1533*.

Then the Pope, with his whole Cardinals, gave out their Sentence, That it was not lawful for him, by his own Authority, to separate himself from his Wife; that his Marriage with *Katharine* was most lawful, not to be questioned; and that under Pain of Excommunication he should Adhere unto her.

King *Henry*, well experienced in the great Affairs of the World, considering how the Threatnings and Thunders of the Bishops of *Rome*, even in these ancient and innocent Times, when they were believed and revered, in his Kingdom produced never great Effects, thought them to no Purpose in a Time when a Doctrine was publish'd to the World, embraced and believed of Numbers, by which they were contemned and scorned: Upon this and other Grounds he refuseth to Obey, and the Pope continueth his Menacing.

This Disorder and Boldness of the King of *England* moved the Emperor and the Pope to try if they could win the King of *Scotland* to arise in Arms against his Uncle King *Henry*. The Emperor essayed it under Pretence of other Business of great Importance: For having given Way to New Opinions in Religion amongst his Countrymen of *Germany*, and finding them mounted to that Height as to have produced the Effects he desired, [by this Division laying a Foundation to turn the Imperial Crown Hereditary to his own House, which, *Germany* being all of one Mind and undistracted, he could never have brought to pass] he compelleth the Bishop of *Rome* to condescend to a General Council or Assembly of the Clergy of *Europe*, the only and sovereign Remedy to cure diseased Minds, and accord different Opinions: But he knew well, that by the Church of *Rome*, Men would be delegated to this Meeting, turbulent, and so far from pacifying Tumults begun, that instead of Water they would apply Oil and Wood to these Flames, turn Opinions, before disputable, irreconcilable, and leave Matters worse than they found them. Having implored the Aid and Assistance of the Potentates about him to the setting forward of so Pious and Holy a Work, he sendeth *Godescallo Errico* (a *Sicilian*) for greater Secrecy, by *Ireland*, to the King of *Scotland*.

This Ambassador, for a Token of that Affection the Emperor his Master carried to the Person and Virtues of King *James*, presenteth him with the Order of the Golden-fleece, *Anno 1534*. with solemn Protestations for the observing of these ancient Leagues and Confederacies contracted between the Princes, his Master's Predecessors, and the Kings of *Scotland*, to continue ever amongst themselves.

His other Instructions were *Plaints of the Wrongs done to his Aunt Katharine, most unjustly repudiated and forsaken by a King forsaken of God and abhorred of Men. The Marriage of Anne Bullen should wound deeply King James, it being likely by her Succession he should be barred from his Right to the Crown of England. The Emperor, by his Ambassador expostulating the Wrongs of his Aunt, had gained nothing, but that for his Sake she was the worse entertained. To make more strong and lasting the Emperor's Friendship with King James, he (if he pleased) would make him an Offer, and give him the Choice of Three Ladies, Three Maries, all of the Imperial Stem; Mary of Austria the Emperor's Sister, Widow of Lewis King of Hungary; Mary of Portugal, the Daughter of his Sister Eleonora of Austria; Mary of England the Daughter of Katharine and King Henry: And would undertake the Performance of this last, either by Consent of her Father, or by main Force. The greatest but last of his Instructions was, that, to suppress the Heresies of the Time, he would concur with the Emperor for the convocating a General Council, and obviate the Calamities then threatening the Christian Religion.*

The King with great Cheerfulness and many Thanks, that the Emperour entertained him with such Respect, and held him worthy so fair and Royal Alliance, and the Participation of Affairs of such Importance and Moment, received this Embassy.

For the Council, providing it were a general Council lawfully convocated by the Emperour and Christian Kings, as the First Councils were wont, free and holy (as nothing is more holy than a general Convocation of Christians) the most charitable and quiet of the Clergy, and such who would pacify Matters, not the greatest Zealots and fiery Spirits, or Men corrupted by Rewards, being delegated unto it, being premonished of the Time and Place, he would apply his Will unto his, assist him, thither send his best Oratours and most convenient Church-men. That, if a true Council could not be obtained, every Prince should reform the Errors of Doctrine, and Faults of the Clergy, within his own Dominions.

The Proceedings of his Uncle were grievous unto him, being a Man altogether thrall'd to his own Opinions. For the Good of the Christian Religion and Peace of Europe, it were expedient that all her Princes were united together in Amity and Love, and their Arms directed against the common Enemy, the Turk. For himself he would be Mediator to reconcile the Emperour and his Uncle, endeavour to recall him to the Love of his Wife, nor by any Perswasions be induced to condescend to ought prejudicial to Queen Katharine.

The Three Ladies were every one in the Superlative worthy, especially Mary of England, for that great Reason of uniting the Isle of Great Britain, but she was not in her own Power, nor in the Power

of the Emperor, that he could bestow her upon whom he pleased. That to ravish her out of the Hands of her Father would be, beside the Danger of the Enterprize, a breach of Divine and Humane Laws.

It was not safe for Paris, that he preferred one of the Three Goddesses to the other Two. For prizeing those Three (that the Emperor might know how dearly he respected and earnestly affected his Affinity) there remained a Fourth Lady near in Blood to the Emperor, Dorothea Daughter of Christian King of Denmark, and of Isabella the Emperor's own Sister, whom, besides her matchless Virtues, for the Vicinity of the Nation to his, and the Conformity of their harmless Humours, he made Choice to be Queen of his Affections and Dominions.

Godscallo answered this last, That a match with Lady Dorothea of Denmark, could not with the Emperor's Credit be brought to pass, because she was promised already to another, Frederick Elector Palatine, and the Marriage might be accomplished before News came to the Emperor of the King's Election.

This Choice of the King's was but an Evasion; for Sir Thomas Erskine of Brechin Secretary, and David Beaton Abbot of Aberbrothock, under Pretence of renewing the League between France and Scotland, long before had been directed to France about a Marriage with the eldest Daughter of King Francis, which John Duke of Albany projected when the League between the Two Kingdoms was renewed at Rochel.

Henry King of England had now renounced all Obedience to the Bishop of Rome, and through his whole Dominions abrogated his Authority, and Paul III. after his assuming the Papacy, set forwards by the Emperour and his Cardinals, who thought either to recover England or burn it up by a Foreign or Civil War, never left thundring against him. But after John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was beheaded; (a Man Imprisoned for adhering to the Pope, then for his Persecution, and that the King might carry him the greater Respect, made Cardinal) the whole Conclave stir the Pope against King Henry; And full of Grief and Rage remonstrate what Ignominy and Danger would follow their Order, if this Example unpunish'd should have Way. They maintained the Papal Power against all Princes, which now for Fear of their Lives they would be forced to forsake, or to proceed with great Timorousness and Neglect, if by any secular Power they might be called in Judgement and embroe Scaffolds with their Blood. The Pope, though highly provok'd, parted not from his Resolution, yet used a Sort of Moderation; he threatneth still to let fall the Blow, in the mean Time holding his Hand.

Thus to give Satisfaction to his Court, he formed a Process against King Henry, and a most severe Sentence, but abstained from the Publication of it during his Pleasure; Secretly sending many Copies of it to those Princes he thought could be useful to his Designs, when Occasion should serve, and he proceed, with a Constant Rumour of the Bull shortly to be put in Execution and publish'd.

Amongst many interested in Wrongs by the King of England, considering there was none comparable to the Nation and King of Scotland, he directeth hither John Antonio Campeggio. This Legate findeth King James at Falkland 22. February 1535, and here with many Ceremonies and Apostolical Benedictions, delivereth him a Cap and a Sword, consecrated the Night of the Nativity of our Saviour, which the Fame of his Valour and many Christian Virtues had moved his Master to remunerate him with. Also (saith the Original) that it might breed a Terror in the Heart of a wicked neighbouring Prince, against whom the Sword was sharpened.

The Pope's Letter, in most submissive Stile, contained, A Complaint for the Death of John Bishop and Cardinal of Rochester, miserably taken away by the Hand of an Hangman; The Calamities of England occasioned by the King's Divorce from Katharine of Spain, and his Marriage with Anne Bullen; That since the Roman Church had received great Disgrace and a deadly Wound, and by Patience procured daily more and more Wrongs from the King of England, she was constrained to use a searing Iron: For the Application of which, she had Recourse to his Majesty, a Prince for his Ancestor's Piety and his own renowned. His Aid, Maintenance, and Protection she implored; since King Henry was a Despiser, a Scornor, One who set at Naught the Censures of the Church, an Heretick, Schismatick, a Shameful and Shameless Adulterer, a publick and profest Homicide, Murderer, a Sacrilegious Person, a Church-Robber, a Rebel guilty of Lese-Majesty Divine, Outragious, many and innumerable Ways a Felon, and a Criminal: By all Laws herefore justly to be turned out of his Throne: The King of Scotland for the Defence of the Church would undertake something worthy a Christian King and himself: He would endeavour to suppress Herefy, defend the Catholick Faith against those whom the Justice of Almighty God, and Judgments were now prepared, and ready to be denounced.

The King kindly entertaining the Legate, answered the Pope with much Regrate for the Estate and Stubborness of the King of England. "Who would not be struck with Pity, that a King who of late amongst Christian Princes was honoured with the Title of Defender of the Faith, should be obnoxious to so many Crimes, that now amongst Princes he could scarce be reputed a Christian? This Compassion was common to him with others, but he by a Necessity of Nature, and Nearness of Blood felt a more piercing Sorrow; he should leave no Means

“ untryed to recal his Uncle to the Obedience of the Church : And though by his Ambassa-
 “ dors, he had Once or Twice gone about the same, but in vain, he would study a Way
 “ how Face to Face he might give him his best Counsell, and remonstrate how much Good he
 “ would do the Christian World and himself by returning again to the Bosom of the Church.
 Mean while he requested him not to be heady, forward nor rash in executing the Sentence, against
 his Uncle the King of *England*, which would but harden him in his Separation.

King *James* not having lost all Hopes of his Uncle, directeth the Lord *Erskine* to *England*,
 to acquaint him with the Emperor's and Pope's Embassys ; and to take his Counsell about a
 Marriage with the Duke of *Vendome's* Daughter, whom the *French* King had offered to him,
 his own Daughter being weak and sickly. In this Embassy there was a Complaint against the
Londoners, who in their Passage to the *Island-Fishing*, spoiled the Coasts of *Orkney* and the adja-
 cent *Islands* : With a Request that King *Henry* would not succour the *Lubeckers* against the Duke
 of *Holstein*.

The King of *England* not to prove inferior to the Emperour and Pope in conferring Honours
 upon his Nephew, admitteth him to the Fraternity of the *Garter*, which he delivered to the
 Lord *Erskine* his Ambassador. And thereafter dispatched *William* Lord *Howard*, Brother to the
 Earl of *Norfolk* (as if that Name were a sufficient Scar-crow to the Pope's Sword and the Empe-
 rour's *Golden-fleece*) to *Scotland*, who made such hasty Journeys that he prevented the News of
 his coming, and at unawares found the King at *Stirling*. The Substance of his Embassy was,
 “ That the Kings of *England* and *Scotland* might have an Interview at *York*, at which Meet-
 “ ing the King of *Scotland* should be declared Duke of *York*, and General Lieutenant
 “ of the Kingdom of *England*. That his Master having Instructions of the Alliances offered
 “ him by neighbour Princes, did offer to his own and his Counsell's Judgments, if they could
 “ find a more fit, than to contract a Marriage with his Daughter, which might be easily per-
 “ fected, if his Master and King *James* could agree upon some few Points.

When the King had taken these Propositions into Deliberation, the Church-men suspecting
 if this Meeting and Match had Way, the King would embrace the Opinions of the new Re-
 formers, set all their Wits to overthrow it. The nearest Successors to the Crown, covering
 their Claims and Interest, argued, “ That to marry the Lady *Mary* of *England*, who for many
 “ Years would not be marriageable, was not a right Way to continue his Race by Procreation
 “ of Children, and that his Impatience of living alone, would not be much abated by marry-
 “ ing a Child. That King *Henry* projected this Marriage to no other End than to hinder him
 “ from better Alliances, or to facilitate an Entry to the Kingdom. That when a Prince would
 “ take Advantage of any neighbour Prince, it was more safely done by Alliance than open
 “ Force. That it was more likely King *Henry*, being a wary Prince, never meant to marry
 “ his Daughter at all as long as himself lived, but to keep her at Home with him, bearing
 “ many Princes in Hand, to save him from Dangers both at Home and Abroad : Which
 “ Counsell was practised lately by the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Most oppose neither to the Meeting of the Two Kings, nor to the Alliance, but to the Place
 of their Meeting, which seemed unto them of no small Importance being in the Heart of *Eng-
 land*, and amidst the most Martial People of that Nation.

They require the Two Kings might have their Interview at *Newcastle*, this Place, when they
 should meet, being most commodious for furnishing all Necessaries by Ships ; That the Number of
 their Train should be agreed upon, as One Thousand, which none of the Two Kings should exceed.
 That the Time should be at the Feast of Saint Michael the Arch-Angel, between the Harvest and
 the Winter, which would haste the Consummation of the Ceremonies, and not suffer the Kings to
 prolong Time, but invite their Return to their own chief and principal Cities. When it was de-
 clared to the Lord *Howard*, that the Consent of the Nobles of the Kingdom being
 obtained, the Interview at the Feast of *Michaelmas*, at *Newcastle*, might be condescended unto ;
 he would neither accept of the Place nor Time. His Master having already (as a Matter he had
 never put in question) made great Preparations for this Interview at *York*, that he would think
 his Offers slighted and an Affront put upon him, if any Excuses were alledged to the contrary : Thus
 with some Bravadoes to the Council he departed.

The King to give Satisfaction to his Uncle of his Council's Proceedings with the Lord *Ho-
 ward*, sendeth after him Sir *Adam Otterburn* of *Red-ball*, who layeth the Fault of his not
 meeting, upon the Lord *Howard*, complaining, That he menaced the Counsellors, and would have
 forced their Votes ; that he was a great Friend to Sir *George Dowglas* and other Rebels, who con-
 voyed him to *Scotland*, and accompanied him back again. It was against the Credit and Honour
 of Free-born Princes to be threated ; what was friendly begun should friendly continue and End :
 Princes should not be constrained, especially in Matters which were not of Debt but Benevo-
 lence.

Amidst these Importunities and Solicitations King *James* with Five well Manned Ships taketh
 the Seas, giving out a Voyage for *France* ; and the *French* record, it was his First Adventure
 to come to them : But it is more likely this proceeded from Policy of State, to try the Affe-
 ctions

tions and Demeanour of the great Ones of his Kingdom in his Absence, rather than any intended Voyage towards Foreigners. For with this Fleet he arriveth at *Orkney*, there in some Forts placeth Garrisons, sails about the Islands of *Sky* and *Lewis*, surpriseth the Chief of the Clans of those Highland Islanders, whom he sent for Hostages to the Castles of *Dumbarton* and *Edinburgh*. And when by the Skill of one *Alexander Lindsay* his Pilot, he had founded the remotest Rocks of his Kingdom, he was driven by Storms to take Land at *St. Ninian's* near *Whitehorn* in *Galloway*. This Voyage bred great Fear in those Islanders and Savages, and brought long Peace and Quietness to those Countreys thereafter. At his Return to *Edinburgh*, for Disorders committed or surmised in his Absence, most Part of the great Men near the Borders are charged to enter their Persons in Ward during the King's Pleasure. *Walter Scot* of *Balcleugh* is committed to the Castle of *Edinburgh*, the Lord *Hume* to the Castle of *Down*, *Farnebast* to *Falkland*, the Laird of *Johnston* and *Mark Car* to *Dundee*: And others elsewhere. He knew the common Riders never made Incursions without either the Command or Tolerance of these Superiours.

The remote High-lands and Borders being made peaceable by the Incarcerations of the Chiefs of the Clans and Families there commanding, he may when Occasion is offered in Person visit any neighbour Prince or State. To second his former Ambassadors in their Suit in *France*, he had sent the Earl of *Murray*, *William Stuart* Bishop of *Aberdeen*, with others: And King *Francis*, in Regard of the Indisposition of his Daughter *Magdalen*, had made an Offer to them of his nearest Kins-woman, *Mary* of *Bourbon*, Daughter to *Charles* Duke of *Vendome*.

The King's Mind having been long troubled with youthful Thoughts by the many Matches offered him; and thinking Marriages contracted and trusted to the Eyes of others, one Way or other deficient, resolveth to go in Person and Woo for himself. Upon this Resolution he embarked at *Leith*, concealing the Intention of his Voyage; many suppose he maketh for *England* to pacify his Uncle, for many wished the same; Whilst he is on the Ocean, the Winds contrarying his Course, a violent Tempest separating his Ships, the Pilot asketh him, *to what Coast he would direct his Course*; To any thou best likest (answered the King) except towards *England*. The Storm encreasing and Sleep shutting up the King's Eyes, these who accompanied him, command the Pilot to turn Sails again for *Scotland*, and not struggle with that Pitiless Element, for Matters which might be delayed, and a little Time could not turn worse. So when the King awoke, he found himself near his own Harbours upon the *Forth*, and was so highly displeased with the Authors of his Return, that he never pardoned them. The Fault was laid on Sir *James Hamilton*, and to stir him up more against this Man, there wanted not who said, *His Obedience to his Prince was dissembled, that he accompanied his Master to no other End in his Voyage, than to cross his Intentions so far as was in his Power*.

The Season thereafter being more fit for Navigation, he ascendeth his Ships again at *Kirkcaldie*, and with a prosperous Wind the Tenth Day after arrived at *Diep* in *Normandy*: The Earls of *Arran*, *Argile*, *Rothefs*, *Errol*, Lords *Fleming* and *Boyd*, attended him, with many Barons and Knights: The Earls of *Murray*, young *Lennox* and *Cassils*, the Lord *Erskine* and Abbot of *Aberbrothock* expected him at *Paris*; but he preventing the Fame of his coming, with a small Train holdeth his Way to *Vendome*, to see the Lady *Mary* of *Bourbon*, all which Way, one *John Tennant* personating the Lord of the Company, he passed undescried. But being come to *Vendome*, whether the Lady had a Letter for the same from *David Beaton*, or that by matching the Faces of one of those Strangers with a Portrait she had of King *James*, in Likeness (as she said) he was found out, and challenged by the Lady of that Fault, which was easily confess'd and pardoned. He found her very beautiful, and eminent in all Princely Excellencies, but bethinking how he having Choice of Three Princesses, all Daughters of Kings, if he should fix his Affection on this Lady at the first Interview, he should be obnoxious to the Indignation of the other, he returned as he came towards *Rouen*, where his Nobles attended him, and having understood that King *Francis* was to give the Emperor Battel in *Provence*, quitting his Retinue he posted towards him. The *Dauphine* meeteth him at the Chappel between *Tarray* and *St. Saphorin* in the Country of *Lions*. King *Francis* receiveth him with as much Honour as could be desired, and convoyeth him to *Paris*: The Peers of the Kingdom haste from all Quarters thither to entertain this Stranger Prince, and the Court is changed into an Academy of Knightly Exercise, where King *James* proveth inferiour to none in Feats of Arms. *Magdalen* the King's eldest Daughter is his Mistress, a Lady fair, young, of a lovely Countenance, and comely Behaviour, above all others of the Kingdom. The Lady *Margaret* her younger Sister (who after was married to the Duke of *Savoy*) is offered to him, by Reason of the tender and weak Disposition of her Sister: But *Magdalen* by the Glaunces of her Princely Woer re-obtaining her Health (her Body as it were following the Temperature of her Spirit, or that it appeared to her self and her Father so) King *James* continuing in his First Resolution, the Marriage is contracted between them, an Hundred Thousand Crowns of the Sum being promised in Dowry, besides Thirty Thousand Franks of yearly Pension during the Life of King *James*; the Jointure assured to her by the King of *Scotland*, was all the Lands possessed by any former

Queen, the Earldoms of *Strathern* and *Fife*, with the Palace of *Falkland*, and other Lands of the best and most certain Revenue.

Thus *Anno 1537.* in the Church of *Noſtre-Dame* in *Paris*, the King of *Scotland* married the Lady *Magdalen* in Prefence of her Father, Seven Cardinals, the King of *Navarr*, and many great Dukes and Barons.

King *Francis* after the Solemnities of this Marriage, *Picardy* and *Piedmont* being then over-run by the *Imperialists*; and King *James* fearing he might suffer Wrong in his Absence, by the King of *England*, with Assurance of mutual Amity, part from other in the End of *April*, and from *New-haven* the Queen with her Husband the 29th of *May* arrives at the Port of *Leith*. It is reported, that after she put her Foot on the Shore, upon her Knees she kissed the Ground, Praying for all Happiness, to the Country and People. Never Queen in so short a Time was more beloved of her Husband, nor sooner made Conquest of the Hearts of her Subjects: Nor was there greater Hopes conceived of any Alliance than of this, nor greater Joy did ever arise for those Hopes: But as in the Life of Man there is ever remaining more of Bitter than Sweet; so were these Contentments but Shadows, matched with the real Sorrow that the Death of that young Lady brought forth. For she lived not many Weeks after her Arrival in *Scotland*, when of a Fever, which she contracted in *June*, she departed this Life in *July*: She was buried with the greatest Mourning *Scotland* ever till that Time was participant of, in the Church of *Holy-rood-house* near King *James II.*

These last Honours to the dead Queen and funeral Pomp finished, the King (desirous of Succession) hath yet his Thoughts wandering in *France*: *Mary of Bourbon*, Daughter to *Charles* Duke of *Vendome*, being frustrate of her Royal Hopes, had not only turned Religious, but was dead of Displeasure. Whilst he disported himself at the Court of *France*, he had been acquainted with a Lady rich in all Excellencies, who next *Magdalen* had the Power of his Affections, *Mary of Lorrain*, Sister to *Francis*, Daughter to *René*, Duke of *Guise*, and Widow of the Duke of *Longueville*: Her he thinketh, for her Stemm, healthful Complexion, Fertility (for she had been a Mother) and other Fortunes, worthy of his Love. But to try her Affection towards him, he directeth *David Beaton* his late Paranymp, and the Lord *Maxwel* to *France*. Whilst they traffique this Marriage, many false Accusations (as Plots laid against his Person) are intended one after another at the Court, amongst which Two are remarkable for their notable Calumny.

John eldest Son to the Lord *Forbes*, a young Gentleman Chief of his Name, hardy and valorous, but ill brought up, and therefore easily suspected to be capable of any Sin, had for a Servant or Companion, and ordinary Sharer of his Pleasures, one named *Strachan*, a Man come of the Dreg of the People, and perfectly wicked. This Man, after much Familiarity, and some secret Service and Attendance, to satiate his insatiable Desire, desired earnestly something from the Master of *Forbes*, which he passionately refused to give him, upon which, carried away with Rage and Malice, he not only renounced his Friendship and Service, but betook himself to the Service of his Enemy the Earl of *Huntly*: By whose Advice he forgeth a malicious Plot to overthrow him. To compass their Design they accuse the Master of *Forbes* to have had once an Intention and Mind to kill the King, that the *Dowglasses* might be restored to their wonted Honours and ancient Possessions. By Price and Prayers Witnesses are procured to prove this against him, and convict him, or at the least to leave him suspected and tached with this Treason. Though this Crime was not sufficiently and clearly proved, yet was the Master of *Forbes* indicted and convicted by an Affize, for having conspired the King's Death, for which he was beheaded and quarter'd, and his Quartets set aloft upon the Gates of *Edinburgh*.

This Gentleman's Death proveth, how dangerous the Society and Company of the Wicked is to any; for ascending the fatal Scaffold, he justified his Innocence of what was laid to his Charge, but confessed the Guilt of the Laird of *Drum's* Blood by the Justice of God brought him to that End. His Father the Lord *Forbes* was, upon Suspicion, kept long after in the Castle of *Edinburgh*. The King when he could not amend what was past, testified he was grieved at the Death of this Nobleman; for he banished *Strachan*, because he had so long concealed the Treason of *Forbes*, Silence, in a Matter importing no less than the Life of a Prince, being reckoned equal to the Treason: He made his Second Brother one of his Domesticks, restoring him to the Estate which was forfeited.

This Thunder-clap was immediately followed by another, for the Quality of the Person, and Strangeness of the Crime deplorable, but more for the Horror and Terror of the Punishment.

Jane Dowglas, Sister to *Archibald* Earl of *Angus*, the Widow of *John Lyon* Lord *Glamis*, with her Husband *Archibald* Campbel of *Keepneath*, her young Son the Lord *Glamis*, and an old Priest, were brought to *Edinburgh*, committed, and accused that they design'd to have poisoned the King. Their Accuser was *William Lyon*, a Kinsman of the late Lord *Glamis*. This Treason had no Probability of Truth among such who knew the Accused, being Persons who lived far from the Court in their Solitary Mansions, seldom or never almost seeing the King. Neverthe-

less

lest their Accusations were believed, and strict Command given to the Judges to dispatch their Process.

William Lyon aggravating the Case, represented to the King the ancient Faults of the Family of the Dowglasses, committed against his Predecessors, the particular Wrongs of Earl Archibald now stirring up the English against him, and ravaging his Borders; That he should believe, he not being able to be restored to his first Estate, by Prayers and Sollicitations of Neighbour Princes, nor by open Force, did now set on Work his last Engines to come to his End, though it were with the Life of his Sovereign; That in so secret and dangerous a Plot he could not use but his nearest Kinred; a Woman, and his own Sister, might attempt such a Mischief, her Sex and other Qualities making her less suspected to have Access to his Person.

Suppose clear Proofs could not be found against her, the whole Race of the Dowglasses should be extirpated, being a Linage only fertile in bringing forth Monsters of Rebellion. That by sparing her Life, and suffering her to escape, he should afford her Time, Licence and Power to execute what she but now (perhaps) had intended.

The King not knowing the Man's particular Hatred against this Lady (for some write, He did inform against her in Revenge that she refused to marry him, giving her self to another) suffered the Process to be concluded.

Some of the Judges would have referred her to the King's Clemency, till a farther Tryal of the Witnesses might be had, upon whose Testimony the Process did depend, it being a safer Way in Judgment to absolve the Guilty, than condemn the Innocent. But the most Part gave her over to the Assizers; the better Part of which being in Voices fewer, the greater, who neither respecting Conscience within them, nor Shame with the present Age and Posterity; nor the Supreme Justice of Heaven, find this poor Lady guilty, and she is condemned to be burnt alive. Her Sentence was executed the Fifth Day after the beheading of the Master of Forbes on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, in Sight of her Husband. Who either out of Revenge or Fear, after this Tragical End of his Lady, seeking to save himself by Escape out of the Prison, whilst he came over the Wall, by the Shortness of the Cable was dashed against the Rock, and found dead. Though the tender Years of the Lord Glamis, her Son, proved his Innocence, yet he remained Prisoner in the Castle till after the King's Death. The old Priest, when, after Torture, Nothing could be proved against him, was set at Liberty. *William Lyon* the Author of this Calumny, was banished the Country, which justified the Lady's Integrity, and verified, that however Princes love to find out Treason, they hate the Informers, except upon clear Grounds.

Upon the like Suspicions *Drumlanrig* and *Hempfield* ancient Barons, having challenged others, had leave to try the Verity by Combat: The Lists were designed by the King (who was a Spectator and Umpire of their Valour) at the Court of the Palace of Holy-rood-house. They appeared upon the Day, armed from Head to Foot, like ancient Paladines, and after many enterchanged Blows to the Disadvantage of their Casks, Corsets and Vantbraces, when the one was become Breathless, by the Weight of his Arms and Thunder of the Blows, and the other (who was short-sighted) had broken his ponderous Sword, the King, by Heralds, caused separate them, with Disadvantage to neither of these Champions, and the Verity which was found, was, that they dared both fight in close Arms.

The Abbot of *Aberbrothock*, and the Lord *Maxwell*, by many enterchanged Letters full of Princely Love, had assured the King and the Lady *Mary of Lorrain*; and Articles being agreed upon, to the great Content of the French, they were espoused by Proxy, as is the Custom among Princes, with great Triumph in the City of Paris, in the Presence of the French King and many Peers; after which Solemnity Monsieur d'Annabault Admiral of France, accompanied her to New-haven in the Beginning of the Month of June 1538, where she embarked, and with many French Ships, when she had been tost on the Seas, came to Fife-ness; where, at Carail she was attended by the Noblemen, and the King, who consummated the Marriage in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew's in July.

Nothing more linketh the Affections of the married than Children: The First Year the Queen answereth her Husband's Hopes, and in St. Andrew's was delivered of a Son, who was named James; the Arch-Bishop of St. Andrew's and Earl of Arran being his God-Fathers, and the old Queen, the King's Mother, his God-Mother, 1539. In February thereafter she was crowned Queen of Scotland in the Abby-Church of Holy-rood-house by the Abbot of *Aberbrothock*; at which time *Margaret* the old Queen falling sick at *Metbuen* in few Daies departed, and was buried in the Charterhouse of St. Johnston near the Tomb of King James I. The King her Son, with all the Nobility, and Gentry being present at her Funerals, which were celebrated in most solemn and pompous Manner. Not long after James Beaton Arch-Bishop, a Man of great Age, followed this Lady to the other World: He had provided Successors to his Benefices, and his Arch-Bishop's See to *David Beaton*, afterwards Cardinal, whom the King accepted and admitted without Contestation.

The Kingdom now began to be divided in Opinions of Religion, they which held the Helm of State, labouring in vain to reconcile them; the King was sore perplexed and uncertain

what Course to follow ; suppress them he could not ; to give Way to them, without shaking the strongest Beams of the Policy of his Kingdom, seem'd unto him impossible ; his Privy Counsellors being more of his antient Servants, than Nobles or Church-men (of which many were groping through these flecked Clouds of Ignorance) as they favoured gave their Opinions, some one Way, some another, and a Freedom of Speech being given, one of them, as they were in his Chamber together, spake to him to this Purpose.

Sir, amongst the many Blessings your Subjects enjoy under this your Government, this is not the least, that for the Weal of your Majesty, and the publick Good of the Kingdom, the meanest of your Subjects may freely open his Mind and declare his Opinion unto you his Sovereign.

And if ever there was a Time in which grave, good and sound Counsel should be delivered to your Majesty, it is this, and the Difficulties of the Common-wealth do now require it. Not ever, in Matters of Advice and Consultation, can we embrace and follow what is most reasonable, and what according to Laws, Justice, and Equity should be, but what Necessity driveth us unto, and what is most convenient for the present Time to be, and what we may well and fairly accomplish and bring to pass.

The Estate of your Kingdom is troubled with Diversity of Opinions concerning Religion ; It is to be wished that the one only true Religion were in the Hearts of all your Subjects, [Since Diversity of Opinions of Religion and Heresies are the very Punishment of God Almighty upon Men for their horrible Vices and roaring Sins. And when Men forsake his Fear and true Obedience, God abandoneth them to their own Opinions and Fantasies in Religion ; out of which arise Partialities, Factions, Divisions, Strife and intestine Discords, which burst forth into Civil Wars, and in short Time bring Kingdoms and Common-wealths to their last Periods.] But Matters arising to such a Height and Disorder, as by all Appearance, they are like to advance in this Kingdom, the Number of the Sectaries daily increasing, without dissembling my Thoughts to your Majesty, the Preservation of the People being the Supream and Principal Law which God Almighty hath enjoyned to all Princes.

I hold it more expedient to give Place to the Exercise of both Religions, than under Pretence and Shadow of them to suffer the common Peace of your Subjects to be torn in Pieces. What can Wisdom (Sir) advise you to do with these Separatists ? Either they must be tolerated for a Time, or they must altogether be removed, and that by Death or Banishment.

So soon as a Prince beginneth to spoil, banish, kill, and burn his People, for Matters abstract from Sense and altogether spiritual, he becometh as it were a Plague unto them. It is an Errour of State in a Prince, for an Opinion of Piety to condemn to Death the Adherers to new Doctrine. For, the Constancy and Patience of those who voluntarily suffer all temporal Miseries and Death it self for Matters of Faith, stir up and invite Numbers, who at first, and before they had suffered, were ignorant of their Faith and Doctrine, not only to favour their Cause, but to embrace their Opinions, Pity and Commiseration opening the Gates. Thus their Belief spreadeth it self abroad, and their Number daily encreaseth.

It is no less an Errour of State to banish them : Banished Men are so many Enemies abroad, ready upon all Occasions to invade their Native Country, to trouble the Peace and Tranquillity of your Kingdom.

To take Arms against Sectaries and Separatists will be a great Enterprize, a Matter hard and of many Dangers : Religion cannot be preached by Arms ; the first Christians detested that Form of Proceeding ; Force and Compulsion may bring forth Hypocrites, not true Christians. If there be any Heresy amongst your People, this Wound is in the Soul ; our Souls being Spiritual Substances upon which Fire and Iron cannot work, they must be overcome by Spiritual Arms : Love the Men, and Pity their Errours.

Who can lay upon a Man a Necessity to believe that which he will not believe, or what he will believe, or doth believe, not to believe. No Prince hath such Power over the Souls and Thoughts of Men as he hath over their Bodies. Now to ruin and extirpate all those Sectaries, what will it prove else than to cut off one of your Arms, to the great Prejudice of your Kingdom and Weakning of the State ? They daily increasing in Number, and no Man being so miserable and mean, but he is a Member of the State. The more easy Manner and nobler Way were to tolerate both Religions, and grant a Place to Two Churches in the Kingdom, till it shall please Almighty God to return the Minds of your Subjects, and turn them all of one Will and Opinion ; Be content to keep that which ye may, Sir, since ye cannot that which ye would.

It is a false and erroneous Opinion, That a Kingdom cannot subsist which tolerateth Two Religions : Diversity of Religion shutteth not up Society, nor barreth civil Conversation among Men ; a little Time will make persons of different Religions contract such Acquaintance, Custom, and Familiarity together, that they will be intermixt in one City, Family, yea Marriage-Bed : State and Religion having nothing common.

Why (I pray) may not Two Religions be suffered in a State (till by some sweet and easy Means they may be reduced to a right Government) since in the Church (which should be Union it self, and

and of which the Roman Church much vaunteth) almost infinite Sects and Kinds of Monks are suffered; differing in their Laws, Rules of Government, Fashions of Living, Dyet, Apparel, Maintenance and Opinions of Perfection, and who sequester themselves from our publick Union? The Roman Empire had its Extension, not by Similitude and Likeness of Religion. Different Religions, providing they Enterprize or Practise Nothing against the Politick Laws of the Kingdom, may be tolerated in a State.

The Murthers, Massacres, and Battels, which arise and are like daily to encrease amongst Christians, all which are undertaken for Religion, are a Thousand Times more execrable, and more open, plain, and flat Impiety, than this Liberty of Diversity of Religions, with a quiet Peace, can be unjust.

Forasmuch as the greatest Part of those who flesh themselves in Blood and Slaughter, and overturn by Arms the Peace of their Neighbours (whom they should love as themselves) spoiling and ravaging like famished Lyons, sacrifice their Souls to the Infernal Powers, without further Hopes or Means of their ever recovering and coming back, when those others are in some Way of Repentance.

In seeking Liberty of Religion, these Men seek not to believe any Thing that may come in their Brains; but to use Religion according to the first Christian Institutions, serving God and obeying the Laws under which they were born.

That Maxime so often repeated amongst the Church-men of Rome, That the Chace and following of Hereticks is more necessary than that of Infidels, is well applyed for the enlarging and increasing the Dominions, Sovereignty and Power of the Pope, but not for the amplifying and extending of the Christian Religion, and the Weal and Benefit of the Christian Common Wealth.

Kingdoms and Sovereignities should not be governed by the Laws and Interests of Priests and Church-men, but according to the Exigency, Need, and as the Case requireth, of the Publick Weal, which often is necessitated to pass and tolerate some Defects and Faults. It is the Duty of all Christian Princes to endeavour and take Pains that their Subjects embrace the true Faith, as that seemably, and in even Parts they observe all God's Commandments, and not more one Commandment than another.

Notwithstanding when a Vice cannot be extirpate and taken away, without the Ruine of the State, it would appear to Humane Judgements that it should be suffered. Neither is there a greater Obligation, Bond, or Necessity of Law, to punish Hereticks more than Fornicators, which yet for the Peace and Tranquillity of the State are tolerated and past over. Neither can a greater Inconvenience and Harm follow, if we shall suffer Men to live in our Common-wealth who believe not, nor embrace all our Opinions. In a State many Things are for the Time tolerated, because they cannot, without the total Ruine of the State, be suddenly Amended and Reformed.

These Men are of that same Nature and Condition of which we are; they worship, as we do, one God, they believe those very same holy Records; We both aim at Salvation; We both fear to offend God; We both set before us One Happiness. The Difference between them and us hangeth upon this One Point, that they having found Abuses in our Church, require a Reformation. Now shall it be said for that we run diverse Ways to One End, and understand not rightly others Language, we shall pursue others with Fire and Sword, and extirpate others from the Face of the Earth? God is not in the bitter Division and Alienation of Affections, nor the raging Flames of Seditions, nor in the Tempests of the turbulent Whirl-winds of Contradictions and Disputations, but in the calm and gentle Breathings of Peace and Concord: If any wander out of the High-way, we bring him to it again; If any be in Darknes, we shew him Light and kill him not. In Musical Instruments, if a String jar and be out of Tune, we do not frettingly break it, but leisurely veer it about to a Concord: and shall we be so Churlish, Cruel, and Uncharitable, and so wedded to our own superstitious Opinions, that we will barbarously banish, kill, and burn those whom by Love and Sweetness we might readily win and recal again?

Let us win and bring over these Men by Reason; Let them be cited to a Free Council; it may be they shall not be proved Hereticks, neither that they maintain Opinions condemned by the Ancient Councils. Let their Religion be compared and parallel'd with the Religion of the First Age of the Church.

Shall we hold this People worse than the Jews, which yet have their Synagogues at Rome it self? Let them receive Instructions from a free and lawful Council, and forsake their Errors, when they shall be clearly and fairly demonstrated unto them. Heresy is an Error in the fundamental Grounds of Religion; Schism intendeth a Resolution in Separation: Let a good Council be convoked, and see if they be ready, or not, to re-unite themselves to us.

That which they believe is not evil, but to some it will appear they believe not enough, and that there is in them rather a Defect of Good than any Habit of Evil. Other Points, when they shall be consider'd, shall be found to consist in external Ceremonies of the Church, rather than in Substance of Doctrine, or what is essential to Christianity. These Men should be judg'd before condemn'd, and they should be heard before they be judg'd; which being holily and uprightly done we shall find it is not our Religions, but our private Interests and Passions which troubleth us and the State.

The King followed not this Opinion, but gave himself over to the Counsel and Government of the Prelates. They remonstrated to him, " That he should not rashly alter approv'd and long received Customs; that there was nothing more dangerous in Government, than to abase the Authority of antient Laws. Let him well consider and set before his Eyes the Malice of Man, who ever when he is drawn off one Course of Evil precipitateth himself in a Worse. It was less evil in the State to tolerate Disorders known, unto which usual and accustomed Remedies might be applyed, than by altering and changing Foundations to give Way to new; to find out Remedies to which, would take up and consume a whole Age. That this would be a Way, not only to take away the Abuses, but even the good Uses of every Thing, and put in Hazard all Matters and main Points concerning Religion. They desired him to consider how there were Two Sorts of Persons affecting these new Opinions and studying Novations. The Multitude or common People, and some of the Nobility and Gentry. It was likely the common People might be deceiv'd; and to give them Satisfaction, and appease them, by granting them a Reformation or Change in Religion, would not be a Means to illuminate and instruct them, but to bring in a popular Licence. If he should suffer them to misbelieve, distrust, and call in Question Points of Religion, or search or find out more Light, they would immediately thereafter presume to make Laws and limit the Government, by Degrees restraining the Sovereign Authority, and after they had examined, sifted narrowly, and discuss'd Ecclesiastical Authority, they would essay to correct and find out the Difficulties of the Temporal. That it was more easy to oppose and resist the First Demands of the Multitude, than pleasing them in a Part, after to bound and limit their Desires and Petitions. As to the great Men of his Nobility and Gentry he might be assured they had no Religion and Piety for their Ends, but to impatronize and lay hold on the Church Rents, and Ecclesiastical Goods; to turn absolute and free Men, acknowledging neither Church nor King. To this End, many reserved themselves, and kept close their Opinions, attending the Change; which once appearing, their Faces would turn all one Way. Which imminent Evils, if the King would prevent, there was no other Means than to use his Authority and Power, whilst the most and greatest Part of his Kingdom yet obey'd him. That Celerity in this was most necessary, before their Number increas'd, and ere they discover'd that universal Commodity, which would follow the embracing of these New Opinions. It was safer to compose these Tumults by his absolute Command and Authority; and, if this produced not the wished Effect, to perform it by Arms, than to give Reins to a popular Licence, and the Ambition of Great Men.

After this Counsel had prevailed, most rigorous Inquisitions are established, and Punishments denounced against all who professed Opinions differing from the Church of Rome.

Whereupon some out of a muffled Zeal of Religion, others to Revenge their particular Quarrels, most to possess Moveables and Lands, pursue many to Judgment. Of which some are executed by Fire, others banished, many imprisoned, amongst which was that famous Poet and Historian *George Buchanan*, who whilst his Keepers slept, escaped by a Window of the Prison, the Muses holding the Cable. The more frequent the publick Executions were and Banishments, the greater Number embraced the Opinions of them which suffered.

The King of *England* having understood that the Pope, giving out the confirming of a Peace between the Emperor and the *French* King, had a Meeting with them at *Nice* (a Maritime Town upon the Confines of *Provence*) and assuring himself that Matters there would be both consulted upon, and determined to his Prejudice, sendeth again to his Nephew the King of *Scotland*, that he would come and see him at *York*, for now he had more vehemently irritated the Pope, having condemned as Rebels, and confiscated the Goods of all who maintained Papal Authority, and raised from their Tomb the Bones of *Thomas Becket* (commonly named *Saint Thomas of Canterbury*, canoniz'd by Pope *Alexander III.* for being kill'd for the Maintenance of the Liberties of the Church 1171. to whom there was yearly a Festival Day kept by the *Roman* Church) and by the Hands of a common Executioner caused burn to Ashes, and throw them into the River. The revealing of which to the World was a Secret more derogatory to the Pontifical State, than any stumbled upon heretofore, or opened up. Upon this the Sentence of Excommunication, some Years deferred, was pronounced against him. By which he was deprived of his Kingdom, and those who adhered to him, declared incapable of what they possessed. His Subjects were absolved from their Oath of Allegiance, and discharged to Obey him. Strangers were inhibited Traffick with his Kingdom. All Christians charged to arise in Arms against him. The Estates, Goods and Persons of such Subjects as followed him, given over to be a Prey and Spoil to any would invade them.

It was Time for him to look to himself. Such of the Nobility as loved Peace, and the Weal of the Two Kingdoms, stirr'd up King *James* to this Interview, especially they who favour'd the Reformed Religion; assuring him " King *Henry* was disposed with all Demonstrations of good Will; that his Person would be far from any Danger. And if by this Conference they should join in Bands of Amity, a great Benefit to themselves, Country and Posterity would

redound

“redound. Why would King *Henry*, in the Face of the World and Neighbour Princes, brand
 “so his Reputation, as to break the Laws of Hospitality, wrong a Prince whom he had invi-
 “ted to come and see him? Why would he violate those of Consanguinity, attempting against
 “his own Nephew? The Emperor *Charles V.* had been his Guest, and after Royal Entertain-
 “ment, was friendly dismissed. He met with *Francis* the French King at *Buloign*; which
 “Meeting seemed rather of Brothers come to countenance some Marriage-Pomp, than conten-
 “ding Neighbours. If King *Henry* had born any Discontent against his Nephew, he might
 “long ere now have satisfied his Ambition, and at more easy Rate, when the King his Father
 “with most of the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland* receiv’d that fatal Overthrow by the Hills
 “of *Flowden* and Banks of *Till*: The refusing of an Interview might divide the King and his
 “Uncle, upon which might follow some unnatural War.

Upon the other Part the Church-men set all their Power to hinder this Interview, perswading
 themselves it would give a terrible Blow to their Estates or Religion. “The Principal Cause
 “(say they) why the King of *England* is so passionately earnest to have this Meeting, is to per-
 “swade his Nephew to conform Church-matters in *Scotland* to those already begun in *Eng-*
 “*land*; to abolish the Pope’s Authority, to drive Religious Persons from their Lands, Rents,
 “and Houses; and to invest the Jewels and Ornaments of the Churches. Which Counsel and Ex-
 “ample if *James* should follow, he would hazard or lose the Friendship he had with the Pope,
 “Emperor and French King, his best Confederates, abandoned of which he and his Kingdom
 “would be left a Prey to the Tyranny of his Uncle. If *Henry* kept no Faith to God, Men had
 “no Reason to trust him. That this Interview was to intrap his Person; He being the Man
 “whom the Pope and Emperor had designed to set upon his Throne, and revenge their Quar-
 “rels; That it was grossly to err, to be carried away with a Shadow and Appearance, and
 “leave a Substance, to trust at once his Crown, Person and Liberty to an Enemy. And since
 “Examples move more than Precepts, let him think upon the Hazard of King *James I.*
 “Eighteen Years Prisoner, and after sold to his Subjects; *Malcolm* and *William* Kings of *Scot-*
 “*land*. He should remember (if yet he were therein to be instructed) that Princes serve them-
 “selves with Occasions over their Neighbours; that they have greater Care to satisfy their
 “Ambition, than Fear of Shame for doing of Wrongs with the present Times and Posterity.
 “That their Oaths were no longer kept than they observed their Advantages. That after he
 “fallerh into his Hands, he must follow his Manners, and Religion, forsaking and giving over
 “his own natural Disposition, Manners and Freedom, and have no other Affections nor Mo-
 “tions than his. For who cometh under the Roof of a Tyrant turneth Slave, though he was
 “a free Man ere he did enter. That this Meeting with the Body, would endanger the Soul,
 “and infect it with his Errors, corrupting it with false Opinions grounded upon a Liberty to
 “live to Sensuality and *Epicurean* Pleasure. If upon the Slighting of this Interview, King
 “*Henry* should denounce War against King *James*, and invade his Country, they in his just
 “Defence should furnish Money to entertain an Army and overturn his Proceedings. For the
 “present Necessity they offer to pay to him Fifty Thousand Crowns yearly; and in any
 “Hazard of the Estate voluntarily to contribute all their Rents and Revenues, providing it
 “would please his Majesty to suffer Justice to proceed against those who scandalously had se-
 “questred themselves from the Holy Church, and to the Contempt of his Laws publicly
 “made Profession of the Opinions of *Luther*. That the Goods of all who should be convict of
 “Heresy (which they esteemed to no less than an Hundred Thousand Crowns of yearly Rent)
 “should be brought to the Exchequer, and their Lands annex to the Crown. To this effect
 “they intreat his Majesty, to give them sufficient Judges, truly Catholick and full of Zeal and
 “Severity.

After long Reasoning upon both Sides, it was agreed, that the King should not altogether refuse
 to meet his Uncle, but adhere to the first Offers propounded to his Ambassador concerning this In-
 terview. The Meeting to be at *Newcastle*, One Thousand at the most in Train with either
 King, the Time to be the Feast of St. *Michael* the Arch-Angel.

These Conditions not being embraced by King *Henry*, would, if not abolish totally, at the
 least prolong the Time of this Meeting. The King of *England* thinketh his Nephew too imperi-
 ous, to assume the Injunction of the whole Circumstances of their Meeting, but, rather than his
 Suit should take no Effect, accepteth both of the Place and Number of the Train: And that he
 might have some Point yielded unto him, requireth the Time may be the first of *August*.
 These Conditions being almost agreed upon, Three or Four Hundreth *Riddesdale* and *Tinedale*
 Men, with other Borderers, break in upon *Liddesdale*, and there with large Incursions kill and
 forrage. This during the Treaty falling miserably forth, so much irritated King *James*, that,
 accepting the Offers of his Clergy, he gave over inwardly all Intentions of any Interview: By
 prolonging Time labouring to wind himself out of the Maze. Hereupon he sendeth Letters
 full of Excuses for his Stay, representing his many Grievances and Wrongs suffer’d; and the Seeds
 of Discord began now to be sown amongst them. To lighten and recreate his cloudy Thoughts,

the Queen is delivered at *Stirling* of another Son, who with great Solemnity is baptized in the Chapel of the Castle, and named *Arthur*.

The Prelates, after mature Deliberation, present Sir *James Hamilton*, natural Son to the Earl of *Arran*, to be supream Judge of the Inquisition, against all suspected of Heresy and new Opinions differing from the Faith of the *Roman Church*. The King approving their Judgments, in their Choice, admitteth him. Sir *James* chearfully accepteth this new Honour: For now his Ambition will find many guilty and miserable Supplicants: Yet was this Charge his Ruin. For whilst he persecuteth all who were informed against to be suspected of the Reform'd Religion, having many in Goals, and Numbers in his Scrolls to bring within the Labyrinth of a Process, the supream Providence arresteth himself.

James Hamilton Sheriff of *Linlithgow*, Brother to Mr. *Patrick Hamilton* Abbot of *Ferne*, (who had suffered for Religion, and was Cousin to Sir *James Hamilton* of *Fennard*, Lord Inquisitor) for embracing his Brother's Opinions, had been pursued so by the Church-men, that he was constrained to forsake his own Country, and some Years wander as a bannish'd Man abroad: But, by his Friends at Court, having purchased a Licence or Protection for some Months to see his desolate Family, and put his private Affairs in Order, cometh Home. Where finding the Censorian Power to be in his Cousin's Hands, (For where should he have Sanctuary, if he were challenged by so near a Kinsman for Matters of Religion?) imagining to himself an Over-sight and Preterition, outdateth, by his Stay, his Protection. Sir *James* to curry the Favour of the Church-men, and testify how dearly the Cause of the Catholick Faith touched him, resolveth to begin with his Cousin. For if he were so burnt up with Zeal, that he spared not his own Blood in the Quarrel of the *Roman Faith*, what Heretick could pass unpunish'd? Besides the investing himself in the Sheriff's Office and Lands (which he never minded to restore) he had a Picque against him, for that, whilst he sat Judge in *Linlithgow*, he had pronounced a Sentence by which he was interested in some petty Gain.

The Sheriff falling so far short of his Expectation, that he findeth himself the first Subject of his Cousin's Justice, and highly resenting his Kinsman's Cruelty, whom he knew under Pretext of Piety ready to execute his own Revenge, resolveth to prevent his Mischief. He had been sometime familiar with Sir *James*, had known his Bypaths; his secret Plots and airy Brags had not escaped his Observation. Some alike in Kindred to them both, were Emissaries suborned, to mark not only his Actions, but Words and Behaviour, by which one Way or other he might be intrap'd: He knew Sir *James* stood in some Umbrage with the King, and that some Suspicions by no Innocence could be taken away. When at last he had found his Hot-spur Cousin (who threatened him with Death and Fire) within the Circle of his Conjurations, he directeth his Son to the King, who at that Time was ready to pass the *Forth* in his Barge. This bashful Messenger giveth Advertisement from his Father, that the King should make his Person sure from his Foes at Home; for Sir *James Hamilton* had secret Intelligence and Plots with the Earl of *Angus* and the *Dowglasses*, and that he attended only the Occasion when he might surprize him, either alone, or with a mean Retinue, and then, or openly he would Invade him, or, breaking up his Chamber-doors, Assassinate him. The King giving attentive Ear to a Business which concerned him no less than the Safety of his Person, the Accusation being given by a Cousin of the Person suspected, against a Family, which a little Disorder in the State might turn Successors to the Crown, directeth the young Man to *Edinburgh*, and, beyond his private Instructions, giveth him a Ring (well known by the chief Officers to be a Token of Power and Secrecy) to assemble so many of the Council as were resident. Sir *Thomas Erskine* Secretary, Sir *James Learmont* Master of the Household, *William Kirkcaldie* Treasurer, and others, meet, consult upon the Treason, labour how to prevent it, come to Sir *James's* Lodging, make sure his Person in the Castle of *Edinburgh*; and at that same Time proceed, according to the King's Direction to instruct his Process. Sir *James* passionately resenting his Imprisonment, by his Friends imploreth the Aid of the Church-men upon his Innocence. They apprehending his Accusation to be a Stratagem of State forg'd by these of the Reformed Religion, for the stopping any further Progress of the Inquisition, already so furiously begun, interpose their Credit with the King for his Liberty to the discharging of his Commission against Hereticks. "If the King should hearken to every Informer against a Man in State and Office, he should never have an End; for thus no Man is so innocent, who may not be detracted and calumniated. Sir *James* was known to be a Man rash and insolent in Words, his Brains having been a little giddy (like one looking from a great Height) by his Advancement to Honours and Place in Court; but sincere in the Service of his Prince, and Loyal. If he was arrogant in boldness of Terms, that was to acquire some more Credit with the Commons, that he might do better Service to his Prince.

They who committed Sir *James Hamilton*, knowing the King facile and easy to be wrought upon by the Clergy, some of them too, professing or giving way to the Reform'd Religion, resolve (if he should escape free of this Accusation) that an imminent Ruine hung over their Persons and Estates. Necessity and Fear combining the distracted Powers of their Minds, they come prostrate

strate before the King, beseech him, " Not so much to look to the Quality and Circumstances of the Crime, as to the evil Inclination of the Man, who, Powerful, Factious, and naturally Vindictive, would never forgive nor forget the Danger he was driven unto; That his Majesty would consider his past Life, terrible and cruel against all whom he could reach. That to give him Liberty, and relieve him of his Imprisonment, before the Crimes of which he was accus'd were clearly proved, or not, would be their, and the Accusers Overthrow; whom they esteemed loyal Subjects, and except upon evident Probabilities, had never given Informations against him. That he was a Man perfectly hated of the People, and a more acceptable Sacrifice could not be offer'd unto their Fury, if he prov'd guilty. At their Supplications the King gave the Judges full Power to proceed against him, and administer Justice according to their Consciences and the Laws of the Kingdom. The *Pannal* being found guilty of such Points of the Inditement as was laid against him, was condemned to die, and thereafter accordingly beheaded, his Quarters being set aloft on the Town Gates, and his Lands annex'd to the Crown.

The Crimes of which he was found guilty (as from those who lived near that Time they have by Tradition been received) were; He had Intelligence with the Earl of *Angus* and the *Dowglasses*, whom he laboured to have restored, though with the King's Death: He had a Plot to have broken up the King's Chamber-doors, and killed him, devolving the Title of the Crown, or at least the Government of the Kingdom to his Kindred. Being directed to have repaired a Castle in *Bute*, and to this Effect receiving Three Thousand Crowns in *April*, he went not thither, attending some Change in the State, which was to be accomplished by Treason against the King's Person. He kept still with him Men of desperate Minds and Fortunes, who at his Direction durst enterprize any Mischief.

Where he had repaired some of the King's Houses, he had placed a Statue resembling himself, or which to some he had named his Statue (What Mole-hills are turned into Mountains when a Prince will pry into the Actions of a disgraced Subject?) above the King's Arms. He had detracted from his Master, naming him the King of Clowns and Priests, and Scourge of the ancient Nobility; He had laboured to hinder the King's Marriage at his being in *France*.

To these Points the People (who rejoiced in his Ruin) added, he had slain cruelly the Earl of *Lennox* at the Battel of *Linlithgow*, after he was Prisoner to *Pardow*; and he had Way-laid *Gilbert* Earl of *Cassils*, who was killed by his Direction and Counsel.

This Back-blow of Fortune proveth, that it is dangerous once highly to offend a Prince, and after remain in his Service; for Princes put old Offences up as neglected, and when the Occasion serveth them, surprize long after the Delinquents for some Faults of which they are scarce guilty.

Sundry of the Nobility, appall'd at this sudden Fall of Sir *James Hamilton* (for tho' they loved not the Man, they hated the Example of such strict Justice) left the Court, retiring to their own Dwelling-houses; which made the King suspicious of them, and believe they favoured the Reformed Religion, and preferred the Friendship of King *Henry* his Uncle to his. Neither was he herein far mistaken: For some feared not to send him Word, that they had learned, that the Church-men had set him on Work to extirpate his ancient Nobility, as if it were an easy Matter to create as many new out of the Gentry, in whom (being his own Creatures) he might have greater Confidence than any made by his Predecessors.

After this he turned so retired, sullen and melancholy, that every Thing displeased him, and he became even insupportable to himself, not suffering his Domestick Servants to use their ordinary Desport and Recreations near him. And as all Day he projected and figured to himself new Cares to perplex himself, some of which might fall forth, others could never come to pass; So in the Night-time the Objects of his daily Projects working upon his Fancy, limned their dark Shadows of Displeasures, which gave him terrible Affrightments in his Sleep. Amongst many of which, Two are recorded as notable; one in the History of the Church, the other common; both seem to have been forged by the Men of those Times, who thought Fictions as powerful to breed an Opinion in discontented Minds, as Verities, and they may challenge a Place in the Poetical Part of History. As he lay in the Palace of *Linlithgow* about the Midst of the Night, he leaped out of his Bed, calleth for Lights, commandeth his Servants to search *Thomas Scot*, his Justice Clerk, who (he said) stood by his Bed-side accompanied with hideous Wights, cursing the Time that ever he had served him; for by too great Obedience to him, he was, by the Justice of God, condemned to Everlasting Torments.

Whilst they about him labour to cure his wounded Imagination, News came that *Thomas Scot* about that same Hour of the Night was departed to the other World at *Edinburgh*, and with no better Devotion than he was represented to the King.

After Sir *James Hamilton* had ended his Part of this Tragi-comedy of Life, he seemed to the King to have returned on the Stage, and in a gaily Manner, with a naked Sword in his Hands, he thought he parted both his Arms from him, advertising him he would come again shortly, and be more fully revenged, till which Occasion he should suffer these Wounds. The next Day after this Vision (which is recorded to have been the 7th of *August*) Word came that both his

Sons were deceased, and that almost in one Hour ; *James* the Prince (then one Year old) at *St. Andrew's*, *Arthur*, one Month old, at *Stirling*.

The King of *England*, finding himself disappointed by his Nephew of their Meeting, and understanding it to have been occasioned by the Rhetorick and Liberality of the Church-men ; Having many of the Nobility of *Scotland* of his Faction (whose Innocence interpreted his Religion to be the Reformed, though indeed it was of his own Stamp, for he abolished the Pope but not Popery) by making Prizes of *Scottish* Ships upon the Seas with his Fleet, and Incurfions of his garrison'd Souldiers upon Land, beginneth the Prologue of an unnecessary War.

King *James*, to stop the *English* Incurfions, placeth *George Gordon* Earl of *Huntly* with his full Power and Authority at the Borders, and directeth *James Learmont* of *Darcy* towards his Uncle, to give sufficient Reasons of his not meeting him at *Newcastle* ; withal to seek Restitution of his Ships, since taken before any lawful War was proclaimed, and to expostulate the Hostility of the Borderers.

King *Henry* not only refuseth to render the Ships, or give a Reason for the breaking forth of the Garrisons on the Borders, but delaying the Answer of the *Scottish* Ambassador upon Advantage of Time, sendeth Sir *Robert Bowes*, seconded with the Earl of *Angus* and Sir *George Dowglas*, in hostile Manner to invade *Scotland*. These, to the Number of Three Thousand, burn and spoil small Villages, and ravage the Country near the debatable Bounds. The Earl of *Huntly* omitteth no Occasion to resist them, places Garrisons in *Kelso* and *Fedburgh*, assembling all the hardy Borderers, and invadeth the *English* and *Scottish* Forces at a Place named *Hall-den-rig* ; here it is soundly skirmished, till the Lord *Hume* by the advancing of Four Hundred fresh Launces turned the Fortune of the Day ; for the *English* were put to Flight, the Warden Sir *Robert Bowes* Captain of *Norham*, Sir *William Mowbray*, *James Dowglas* of *Parkhead* with a natural Son of the Earl of *Angus*, were taken Prisoners (the Earl by the Advantage of his Horse escaping) with others to the Number of Six Hundred. The Warden stayed in *Scotland* till the King's Death.

This Road happened prosperously to the *Scots*, the 24 of *August* 1541. being a Disfmal *St. Bartholomew* to the *English*.

The War continuing till Midsummer, King *Henry* sent the Earl of *Norfolk*, whom he named the Rod of the *Scots*, with great Power towards *Scotland* ; with him the Earls of *Shrewsbury*, *Derby*, *Cumberland*, *Surrey*, *Hereford*, *Angus*, *Rutland*, and the Lords of the North Parts of *England*, with an Army of Forty Thousand Men, as they were esteemed. With them he directeth *James Learmont* of *Darcy*, the *Scottish* Ambassador, to keep an equal March till they came to *Berwick*, and there to stay, that he should not give Advertisement to his Master of any of his Proceedings ; the Earl of *Huntley* upon Advantages of Places resisting the adventuring Routs who essayed to Cross the *Tweed*. But King *James* hearing the old Duke of *Norfolk* was their Leader, raiseth from all the Parts of his Kingdom Companies, and, assembling them upon *Sawtry-edge*, mustered Thirty Thousand Men. They encamped on *Fallow-Moor*, the King having Advertisement that the Duke would march towards *Edinburgh*. Ten Thousand strong, with the Lords *Hume*, *Seaton*, and *Erskin*, to make up the Earl of *Huntley's* Forces, are sent towards the Borders : The King himself expecting the Artillery and other Furniture of War, stayeth with the Body of the Army in the Camp. During this Time it is reported the Lords plott a Reformation of the Court, according to the Example practised at *Lawder-Bridge* : Especially against such who were named Pensioners of the Priests ; but because they could not agree among themselves about those who should stretch the Ropes, every one striving to save his Kinsman, or Friend, they escaped all the Danger. This Attempt being revealed to the King, he dismisseth some of his Favourites in great Fear to *Edinburgh*. So malicious is Faction armed with Power.

Thomas Duke of *Norfolk*, by such in the *Scottish* Camp who favoured King *Henry*, having understood the Preparation and Mind of King *James* to meet him in an open Field, well knowing that Fortune had that much of a Woman to favour young Men more than old, and that honourable Retreats are no Ways inferiour to brave Charges, retireth off the *Scottish* Ground, and keeps his Forces on their own Marches. For the Valour and Resolution of this young Prince might (perhaps) spoil and divest him of his former purchased Lawrels and Palms, to the Applause of King *Henry*, who some thought (being weary of his Service) to this Effect sent him to *Scotland*. A great Number of the *Lancastrians* and *Northumbrians*, who, upon Hopes of Spoil, had followed him, pretending want of Victuals, and the rigorous Season of the Year, with Arms and Baggage leave this Army. Having done little Harm to the *Scots*, and suffered much Hunger and Cold at *Berwick*, he prepareth a Retreat towards *London*.

When King *James* understood the Duke had repassed the *Tweed*, he encouraged his Army to follow him. The Common Souldier was indifferent ; the Noblemen refuse to Fight except upon *Scottish* Ground. The King urgeth them " with the Commodity and Advantage of a " Revenge of the old Wrong of the Duke, commanding an Army neither of the Gentry, nor " many Nobles of *England*, but of Hirelings and pressed Artizans, whose Number would " prove

“ prove hurtful to themselves, and turn them into a disordered Confusion. They had many
 “ Days suffered Famine, and all Necessities of War; their Vigour and Courage was spent;
 “ that the *English* fought far off, and they at Home. There wanted not Matter to answer,
 “ but a Man to deliver the King an Answer; generally they refuse to Fight. “ To defend the
 “ Person of their Prince, the State and Country, they would hazard their Lives, and if they had
 “ any thing more dear. If the Enemy would stay on *Scottish* Ground, they would do their ut-
 “ termost to make him Retire, or by main Force expel him: But to invade *England* and tempt
 “ an Army, who not only was retired, but returned to their own Bounds, they neither had so
 “ just a Quarrel as they wisht, nor were they sufficient at that Time to pursue them. Their
 “ Provisions for War were spent, the Winter approached, and Victuals were consumed: That
 “ Despair often turned it self into true Fortitude, and Men in good Order retiring would not
 “ be too near followed, that even flying Enemies should have Bridges of Gold. Now if they
 “ were to charge the Enemy they would not have the King's Presence, a Man young, rash, and
 “ valorous, upon whose Life, not only the Glory of the Battel, but the Life of the Common-
 “ wealth depended, his Two Sons being lately departed. For if the Fortune of War brought
 “ a Period to his Life, the Crown would remain at the Mercy of the Victor; that the King's
 “ Glory was not little, that he had in so short a Time with so small Forces, and these sudden-
 “ ly gathered, stopt the Progress of so mighty an Army, which was so long in gathering, and
 “ boasted of such great Matters, yet which durst not advance One Mile in *Scottish* Ground.
 “ Whether the *English* fly or retire, they had suffered as much Wrong as they had done, and
 “ now to fight them (and that perhaps) with Disadvantage, was to put in Hazard what was al-
 “ ready acquired.

The Duke of *Norfolk* returning to *London*, the King with his Army comes to *Edinburgh*, which immediately he disbanded; but he forgot not the Secret Plot against his Favorites, nor the open Refusal of his Nobles to fight on *English* Ground: As if the Earth were not all one Piece and Matter, and Men the destin'd Inhabitants of it every where; the Cardinal *David Beaton*, *Oliver Sinclair*; *Craigy-Ross*, and others add Fuel to these Flames, *Fala-Moor* Plot mightily instigating them.

The King avouched publicly, That the Nobility neither loved his Honour, nor desired his Continuance among them.

To cool these smoking Humours, and breed in the King fairer Hopes of his Nobles, the Lord *Maxwel* offereth, giving him Ten Thousand Men to command (if the State thought it expedient) to invade *England* at *Sulway*, affirming the State and Fortune of those who assail, to be better than theirs who are still put to their Defence. The *English* Forces being divided, he doubted not to stay longer on *English* Ground, than the Duke had done on the *Scottish*, and to effectuate something to the King's Content. The King thanking him for his Offer, appointeth a Rendezvous to be at the West Marches. No Proclamations are divulged for the Levies of Men, but close Letters sent.

The Cardinal and the Earl of *Arran* (the one a Church-man of a Mind above many Nobles, the other a Nobleman of an Humility under any Church-man) to give a false Perspective to those Proceedings, by Sound of Trumpet, and beating of Drums raise Men openly, and march towards *Haddingtoun*, and the East Borders; Whilst the Earls of *Cassils*, *Glencairn*, Lords *Fleming*, *Somervail*, *Erskine*, Barons *Ayton*, *Langton*, *Ormeiston*, *Waughton*, and many others, accompanied with the King's domestick Servants ride to the West Borders.

The Night before the Road, the King himself came to *Loch-Maban*, attending the Event of the Incurfion. Companies coming from all Quarters of the Countries about, none knowing of another, with the Power of the *Scottish* Borderers, pass the Water of *Esk*, burn certain Hamlets of the *Grabams* on the very Limits.

Sir *Thomas Wharton*, Warden of these Marches, not a little troubled at such a frequent Assembly of the *Scottish* Riders, raising the Power of the Country, placeth them by a little Hill, where he might take a View of their Forces, in good Order; with him were Bastard *Dacres*, and *Jack Musgrave*, Two valiant Captains.

The *Scottish* Lords beholding the *English*, range themselves in a Battalion, desire to know the King's Lieutenant General, for now it was Time to marshal their Companies, and every Man to take him to his Charge. Presently *Oliver Sinclair*, upon crossed Pikes, is mounted, the King's Banner displayed, and the Commission read, in which he is designed Lieutenant, and all are commanded, in the King's Name, to obey and follow him.

It hath been reported by those who were acquainted with *Oliver*, that the Commission was not read, but that at his very Sight, such a Tumult, confused Clamour, and Enter-shouldering of Male-contents arose, their Ranks were broken, and the military Order turned into a Confusion, none so repining as the Lord *Maxwel* and the Borderers; Who if he had had Patience to have heard the Commission (as *Oliver* protested,) was Lieutenant, and not he, whose Charge was only to present it.

The *English*, who now were ready for the Fight, observing this Disorder, take the Advantage upon the Occasion, and break forwards with a military Shout, whilst the others are in Doubt whether to fly or stand, and the Guidiats and Scullions are pell mell thronging with the Foot-souldiers, and they with the Horsemen. Here is a general Surprise, most part willingly rendring themselves to the *English* without any Shew of Defence, or the Slaughter of any Person of any Side. This Overthrow proveth, that neither Arms, nor the Multitude and Numbers of Souldiers without their Love and Hearts availeth any Thing in a Field, yea rather they are hurtful the more in Number they be, if their Affection be alienated from their Commanders.

It is recorded, that at this Road, which was named *Sulway-Moss*, every *English* Man had Three or Four *Scots* for Prisoners; and when they wanted Men to take them, the Women of the neighbouring Hamlets and Boys had Prisoners; the Earls of *Cassils* and *Glencairn*, the Lords *Maxwel*, *Fleming*, *Somervail*, *Oliphant*, *Gray*, *Robert Erskine* Son to the Lord *Erskine*, *Oliver Sinclair*; The Lairds of *Craigy*, *Ayton*, *Langton*, *Ormeiston*, *Waughton*, many of the King's Domestick Servants were taken Prisoners, brought to *London*, and remained there till after the King's Death.

The Certainty of this voluntary Defeat coming to the King at *Loch-Maban* (or *Carlaverock*, as others say) so astonished all the Powers of his Mind, that he had neither Counsel nor Resolution what to follow, neither remembering his own Valour, nor the Number of his Subjects yet flourishing; he remained as one distracted, and abandoned of all Hopes. The Plot of the Nobles at *Fala-Moor* against his Servants, the refusing to give Battel on *English* Ground, made him apprehend that the whole Body of his Nobility had conspired his Overthrow.

The Cardinal and Earl of *Arran* coming to *Edinburgh*, he also returned; all so cast down that they were ashamed to come within Sight of each other some Days.

After which, in a retired Manner, he passed to *Fife*, and from *Hall-yards* to *Falkland*, where he gave himself over to Sorrow. No Man had Access unto him, no, not his own Domesticks. Now are his Thoughts busied with Revenge, now with Rage against his scornful Nobility: Long Watchings, continual Cares and Passions, Abstinence from Food and Recreation, had so extenuated his Body, that pierced with Grief, Anguish, Impatience and Despair, he remained fixt to his Bed.

In these Trances, Letters come from *Linlithgow* to him, That the Queen was delivered of a Daughter the Eighth of *December*. When he heard it was a Daughter was born, he is said to have turned his Face from them that read the Letters, and sighing a Farewel to the World, *It will end as it began*; (says he) *the Crown came by a Woman, and it will with one go: Many Miseries approach this poor Kingdom; King Henry will either make it his by Arms or Marriage.*

The Cardinal put in his Hands some blank Papers, of which they composed a Latter-Will, which whether he subscribed or not, is uncertain. After which he said not many Words which could be understood, but mused on the Discomfiture of his Servants at the *Sulway-Moss*. In which Fits he left this World the Thirteenth of *December* 1542, the Three and Thirtieth Year of his Age, and Two and Thirty of his Reign.

Some record, he was troubled by an unkindly Medicine, and that the Cardinal was conscious to it, but upon far Conjectures: For the Event proved that his Death was not only the Ruine of the Cardinal, but of the whole Church-men of the Kingdom, and Frame of the *Roman* Religion. His Body was conveyed from *Falkland* to *Edinburgh*; the Cardinal, Earls of *Arran*, *Argile*, *Roths*, and *Marshall*, accompanying it; and in *January* buried in the Abby Church of *Holyrood-house*, near the Body of *Magdalen* his first Queen. He left behind him many natural Children; of his Marriages only One Daughter, Five Days old at his Death, the Heir of his Kingdom and Misfortunes.

This King was of a well made Body and excellent Mind, if it had been carefully polished; he was of a middle Stature; Nature had given him Strength and Ability equal to any; but by Exercise he had so confirmed it, that he was able to endure any Travel, and practise all Feats of Arms, as his pursuing Malefactors proved; for he was ordinarily thought the First of his Troops who pursued them, and the last that left the Chase, being daring and forward. In his private Affairs he was attentive and liberal, yet spared his Treasure that he should not want, and when Occasion required, caring for no Charges. Never Man did entertain Sovereignty more familiarly, being of as easy Access to the meaner Sort as to the great. He was studious of all good Arts, naturally given to Poesy, as many of his Verses yet extant testify. He was of as great Sobriety as of little Continency: He was a great Favourer of Learned Men. The Poor Man loved him, the Great feared him: He made the Rush-Bushes keep the Herds of Cattel: He was thankful towards his Friends, and dangerous towards his Enemies. He infinitely obliged his People by establishing a Justice-Court among them, and bringing all Sorts of Manufactures from neighbour Nations Home. By the *Germans* he found the Gold Mines of *Crawford-Moor*, being unknown to this Part of the World before him, out of which he extracted Treasure. He left his Arsenals furnish'd with all Sorts of Arms and Furniture for War. Now, as in

Pictures

Pictures not only the Light but the Shadow is observable, let us look upon him in all his Umbrages. This Prince in his long Pursuit of the *Dowglasses* seems to have had a strange Humour, that he could never Forgive: And most of his Miseries may be traced to this Source: These he would have extirpate, and the King of *England* could not forsake a Man who was his Brother-in-law, and had been ever obsequious to him, seeking only that he might be restored to his own, out of which he was cast, not by any Treason or aspiring to the Crown, but of an Ambition he had to be near the King, and equal to any Subject; his own Worth, Kindred and Followers animating him thereunto, having married the King's Mother, and one of the greatest Kings Sister of those Times.

The burning alive of the Lady *Glamis*, beheading of the Master of *Forbes*, and after him Sir *James Hamilton*, turned many of the Hearts of his Nobles from him, and made the Commons detract him: For though they delight sometimes to have great Men made equal to them, when they find not evident Proofs and sound Grounds of their Sufferings and Executions, they abhor the Actors. Princes should remember, that as the People are their Subjects, so are they the Subjects of Time and Providence.

This Humour of Revenge made many believe, if he had not been prevented by Death, many Scaffolds had been embued for *Fala-Moor* Plot and *Sulway-Moss*. The Lord *Maxwel*, who had studied the Character of the King, at that Road vowed (when he might have escaped among his known Boderers) he would rather be the KING of *England's* Prisoner, and see him at *London*, than return home, and be shamefully hanged at the Cross of *Edinburgh*.

He studied very much the Overthrow of his ancient Nobility, not considering that the Titles of Crowns in Hereditary Kingdoms belong only to Kings, for that they are the most ancient Noblemen, and also First of the Primitive Blood.

In his last Years he was altogether governed by *Romish* Prelates, dangerous Pilots in the Ocean of a troubled State; that Body, in which one Humour signorizeth, cannot last long; and a Prince perisheth when he is governed by only one Sort of Men. Neither was he ruled so much by them out of great Zeal to Religion (being a Prince altogether given to his own Pleasures) as that he found them counterpoise the Nobility, whilst he swayed the Ballance.

His Death proveth his Mind to have been raised to the Highest Strain, and above Mediocrity; for he could die, but could not digest a Disaster. He seemeth to have had too much Confidence in himself, and that he forgot the Conditions of Mortality, whilst he suffered himself to be carried away by the Current of Grief, and swallowed up in the Gulf of Despair.

All his Faults are but as some few Warts in a most pleasing and beautiful Face. He was very much beholding to the excellent Poets of his Time, whose Commendation shall serve him for an Epitaph. *Ariosto*, who knew him only by Fame, in the Person of *Zerbino*, whom he nameth Prince of *Scotland*, glaunceth at his Worth.

*Zerbin di Bellezza e di Valore
Sopra tutti i Signori eminente,
Di virtu essemplio e di Bellezza raro.*

But *Ronsard*, who with his Queen came to *Scotland*, and was his Domestick Servant, describeth him more to the Life.

*Ce Roy d'Escoffe estoit en la fleur de ses ans :
Ses Cheveux non tondus comme fin or luisans
Cordonnez et crespez flotans dessus sa face,
Et sur son col de laiët luy donnoit bonne grace.
Son Port estoit royal, son regard vigoureux.
De vertus, et d'honneur, & de guerre amoureux.
La douceur, et la force, illustroient son visage,
Si que Venus et Mars en avoient fait partage.*

So happy is a Prince when he cherisheth and is entertain'd by the rare Spirits of his Time, that even when his Treasures, Pomp, State, Followers, Diadems, and all external Glory leave him, the sweet Incense of his Fame, in the Temple of Honour, perfumeth his Altars. A Prince's Name is surer preserved, and more deeply ingraven in Paper, than in all the rusting Medals, blasted Arches, entombed Tombs (which may serve to any as well as to him) raised with such

Loss of Time, vain Labours of Artizans, and vast Expence, to be the Sport of the Winds, Rains, Tempests, Thunder, Earthquakes, or, if they shun all these, of Superstition, Faction and civil Broils.

After this Prince had some Years rested in a Tomb, not only it, but the most Part of the Church was made equal to the Ground, by the Armies of his Uncle King *Henry VIII.* whose Malice left him not even when he was dead, proving as horrible an Uncle, as *Nero* was a Son. A while after he was transported to another Vault, by the Piety of his matchless Grand-child *James* King of Great Britain; where he was embalmed again, enshrined, and his Coffin adorned with the Arms of the Kingdom, Cognizances and a Crown. With which Honours I leave him, till some famous Pen, encouraged by the Favours of his Royal Successors, raise his Fame from the Dust of obscure Papers to Eternity.

THE END.

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Cyprefs Grove.



THOUGH it hath been doubted, if there be in the Soul such imperious and super-excellent Power, as that it can, by the vehement and earnest working of it, deliver Knowledge to another without bodily Organs, and by the only Conceptions and Ideas of it, produce real Effects; yet it hath been ever and of all held as infallible and most certain, that it often (either by outward Inspiration, or some secret Motion in it self) is Augur of its own Misfortunes, and hath Shadows of approaching Dangers presented unto it before they fall forth. Hence so many strange Apparitions and Signs, true Visions, uncouth Heaviness, and causeless uncomfortable Languishings, of which to seek a Reason, unless from the Sparkling of God in the Soul, or from the God-like Sparkles of the Soul, were to make Reason unreasonable, by reasoning of Things transcending her Reach.

Having often and diverse Times, when I had given my self to rest in the quiet Solitariness of the Night, found my Imagination troubled with a confused Fear, or Sorrow or Horror, which, interrupting Sleep, did astonish my Senses, and rowse me all appalled, and transported in a sudden Agony and Amazedness: Of such an unaccustomed Perturbation not knowing, nor being able to dive into any apparent Cause, carried away with the Stream of my then doubting Thoughts, I began to ascribe it to that secret Fore-knowledge and presaging Power of the prophetic Mind, and to interpret such an Agony to be to the Spirit, as a sudden Faintness and universal Weariness useth to be to the Body, a Sign of so flowing Sickness; or as Winter Lightnings Earth-quakes, and Monsters are to Common-wealths and great Cities, Harbingers of wretched Events, and Emblems of their sudden Destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange, if whatsoever is humane should befall me, knowing how Providence overcomes Grief, and discountenances Crosses; and that, as we should not despair in Evils which may happen to us, we should not be too confident, nor lean much to those Goods we enjoy; I began to turn over in my Remembrance all that could afflict miserable Mortality, and to fore-cast every Thing which could beget gloomy and sad Apprehensions, and with a Mask of Horror shew it self to humane Eyes: Till in the End, as by Unities and Points Mathematicians are brought to great Numbers, and huge Greatness, after many fantastical Glances of the Woes of Mankind, and those Incumbrances which follow upon Life, I was brought to think, and with Amazement, on the last of humane Terrors, or (as one termed it) the last of all dreadful and terrible Evils, Death.

For to ease Censure it would appear, that the Soul, if it can fore-see that Divorcement which it is to have from the Body, should not without great Reason be thus over-grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustom'd Sorrow: Considering their near Union, long Familiarity and Love, with the great Change, Pain, and Ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable Attendants of Death.

They had their being together, Parts they are of one reasonable Creature, the harming of the one, is the weakning of the working of the other. What sweet Contentments doth the Soul enjoy by the Senses? They are the Gates and Windows of its Knowledge, the Organs of its Delight. If it be tedious to an excellent Player on the Lute, to abide but a few Months the want of One, how much more the being without such noble Tools and Engines be painful to the Soul? And if Two Pilgrims which have wandred some few Miles together, have a heart-grief when they are near to part, what must the Sorrow be at parting of Two so loving Friends and never-loathing Lovers, as are the Body and Soul?

Death is the violent Estranger of Acquaintance, the eternal Divorcer of Marriage, the Ravisher of the Children from the Parents, the Stealer of Parents from their Children, the Interrer of Fame, the sole Cause of Forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many Shadows or age-worn Stories: All Strength by it is enfeebled, Beauty turned into De-

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formity,

formity and Rottenness, Honour into Contempt, Glory into Baseness. It is the reasonless Breaker off of all Actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet Pleasures of Earth, nor contemplate the stately Revolutions of the Heavens. The Sun perpetually setteth, Stars never rise unto us: It, in one Moment, robbeth us of what with so great Toil and Care in many Years we have heaped together: By this are Successions of Linages cut short, Kingdoms left heirless, and greatest States orphaned: It is not overcome by Pride, soothed by Flattery, tam'd by Intreaties, brib'd by Benefits, softned by Lamentations, nor diverted by Time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help every Thing. By Death we are exiled from this fair City of the World, it is no more a World unto us, nor we any more a People unto it. The Ruines of Phanés, Palaces, and other magnificent Frames, yield a sad Prospect to the Soul, and how should it without Horror view the Wrack of such a wonderful Master-piece as is the Body?

That Death naturally is terrible, and to be abhorred, it cannot well and altogether be denyed; it being a Privation of Life, and a not being, and every Privation being abhorred of Nature, and evil in it self, the Fear of it too being ingenerated universally in all Creatures: Yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a Mind by Nature only resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in Conceit than in Verity; and at the First Glance, than when well pryed into; and that rather by the Weakness of our Fantasy, than by what is in it; and that the marble Colours of Obsequies, Weeping, and funeral Pomp (which we our selves paint it with) did add much more Ghastliness unto it, than otherwise it hath. To averr which Conclusion, when I had gathered my wandring Thoughts, I began thus with my self.

If on the great Theatre of this Earth amongst the numberless Number of Men, *To dy* were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst Reason to repine at so severe and partial a Law: But since it is a Necessity, from which never any Age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd, (no Consequent of Life being more common and familiar) why shouldst thou with unprofitable and nought-availing Stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a Condition? This is the High-way of Mortality, and our general Home: Behold what Millions have trod it before thee, what Multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same Instant run. In so iniversal a Calamity (if Death be one) private Complaints cannot be heard: With so many Royal Palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor Cabin burn. Shall the Heavens stay their ever-rolling Wheels, (for what is the Motion of them but the Motion of a swift and ever-whirling Wheel, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our Life) and hold still Time to prolong thy miserable Days, as if the highest of their Working were to do Homage unto thee? Thy Death is a Pace of the Order of this *All*, a Part of the Life of this World; for while the World is the World, some Creatures must dy, and others take Life. Eternal Things are raised far above this Sphere of Generation and Corruption, where the first Matter, like an ever flowing and ebbing Sea, with divers Waves, but the same Water, keepeth a restless and never tiring Current; what is below in the Universality of the Kind, not in it self doth abide: *Man* a long Line of Years hath continued, *This Man* every Hundred is swept away. This Globe environed with Air, is the sole Region of Death, the Grave where every Thing that taketh Life must rot, the Stage of Fortune and Change, only Glorious in the Inconstancy and varying Alterations of it, which though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never agreeing Bodies of the Elemental Brethren turn one into another; the Earth changeth her Countenance with the Seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowry: Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those Celestial Bodies, that Mother of Months, and Empress of Seas and Moisture, as if she were a Mirrour of our constant Mutability, appeareth (by her too great Nearness unto us) to participate of our Changes, never seeing us twice with that same Face; now looking black, than pale and wan, sometimes again in the Perfection and Fulness of her Beauty shining over us. Death no less than Life doth here act a Part, the taking away of what is old, being the making Way for what is young. This Earth is as a Table-book, and Men are the Notes, the first are washen out, that New may be written in. They who fore-went us did leave a Room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite Rarities of an Antiquary's Cabinet, is grieved that the Curtain be drawn, and to give Place to new Pilgrims? And when the Lord of this Universe hath shewed us the amazing Wonders of his various Frame, should we take it to Heart, when he thinketh Time, to dislodge? This is his unalterable and inevitable Decree: As we had no Part of our Will in our Entrance into this Life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very Will giveth Being to all that it Wills; and reverencing the Orderer, not repine at the Order and Laws, which al-where and always are so perfectly established, that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire Things beyond the Level of Possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us, He hath bestow'd upon us, and freely granted; and what He hath not bestow'd nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain, that there shall be a Time in which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a Time in which thou was not; and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening Planet of Time? For not to have been a Thousand Years before this Moment, is as much to be deplored, as not to live a Thousand after it, the Effect of them both being one: That will be after us, which long long before we were, was. Our Children's Children have that same Reason to murmur, that they were not young Men in our Days, which we have to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The Violets have their Time, though they impurple not the Winter, and the Roses keep their Season, though they disclose not their Beauty in the Spring.

Empires, States, and Kingdoms, have, by the Doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal Periods; great Cities ly sadly buried in their Dust; Arts and Sciences have not only their Eclipses, but their Wainings and Deaths. The ghastly Wonders of the World, raised by the Ambition of Ages, are overthrown and trampled: Some Lights above, not idly intituled Stars, are lost, and never more seen of us: The excellent Fabrick of this Universe it self, shall one Day suffer Ruin, or a Change like a Ruin; and should poor Earthlings thus to be handled complain?

But is this Life so great a Good, that the Loss of it should be so dear unto Man? If it be, the meanest Creature of Nature thus are happy; for they live no less than he. If it be so great a Felicity, how is it esteemed of Man himself at so small a Rate, that for so poor Gains, nay one disgraceful Word, he will not stand to lose it? What Excellency is there in it, for which he should desire it perpetual, and repine to be at Rest, and return to his old Grand-mother Dust? Of what Moment are the Labours and Actions of it, that the Interruption and leaving off of them should be to him so distasteful, and with such grudging Lamentations received?

Is not the Entering into Life, Weakness? the Continuing, Sorrow? In the one, he is exposed to all the Injuries of the Elements, and like a condemned Trespasser (as if it were a Fault to come to the Light) no sooner born than manacled and bound; in the other, he is restlessly, like a Ball, tossed in the Tennis-Court of this World, when he is in the brightest Meridian of his Glory, there needeth nothing to destroy him, but to let him fall his own Height; a Reflex of the Sun, a Blast of Wind, nay the Glance of an Eye, is sufficient to undo him: How can that be any great Matter, which so small Instruments and slender Actions are Masters of?

His Body is but a Mass of discording Humours, composed and clemented by the conspiring Influences of superior Lights, which, tho' agreeing for a Trace of Time, yet can never be made uniform, and kept in a just Proportion. To what Sicknes is it subject unto, beyond those of the other sensible Creatures; no Part of it being which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one, nay every Part with many; yea so many, that the Masters of that Art can scarce number or name them: So that the Life of divers of the meanest Creatures of Nature hath, with great Reason, by the most Wise, been preferred to the natural Life of Man: And we should rather wonder, how so frail a Matter should so long endure, than how so soon dissolve and decay.

Are the Actions of the most Part of Men, much differing from the Exercise of the Spider; that pitcheth Toyls, and is Tapist, to prey on the smaller Creatures, and for the weaving of a scornful Web eviscerath it self many Days, which when with much industry finished, a little Puff of Wind carrieth away both the Work and the Worker? Or, are they not like the Plays of Children? Or (to hold them at their highest Rate) as is a May-Game, or, what is more earnest, some Study at Chess. Every Day we rise and lie down, apparel and disapparel our selves, weary our Bodies and refresh them, which is a Circle of idle Travels and Labours (like *Penelope's* Task) unprofitably renewed. Some Time we are in a Chase after a fading Beauty; now we seek to enlarge our Bounds, increase our Treasure, feeding poorly, to purchase what we must leave to those we never saw, or (happily) to a Fool, or a Prodigal Heir. Raised with the Wind of Ambition, we court that idle Name of Honour, not considering how they, who are mounted aloft in the highest Ascendant of Earthly Glory, are but like tortured Ghosts, wandering with golden Fetters in glistening Prisons, having Fear and Danger their unseparable Executioners, in the midst of Multitudes rather guarded than regarded. They whom opaque Imaginations and inward Melancholy, have made weary of the World, though they have withdrawn themselves from the Course of vulgar Affairs, by vain Contemplations, and curious Searches, are more disquieted, and live a Life worse than others; their Wit being too sharp to give them a Taste of their present Infelicity, and to increase their Woes; while they of a more shallow and simple Conceit, have Want of Knowledge and Ignorance of themselves, for a Remedy and Antidote against all the Calamities of Life.

What *Chameleon*, what *Euripe*, what *Rainbow*, what *Moon* doth change so often as Man? He seemeth not the same Person, in One and the same Day; what pleaseth him in the Morning is in the Evening unto him distastful. Young, he scorns his childish Conceits, and wading deeper in Years (for Years are a Sea, into which he wadeth until he drown,) he esteemeth his Youth Inconstancy, Rashness and Folly: Old, he begins to pity himself, complaining, because he is changed, that the World is changed; like those in a Ship, which when they launch from the Shore, are brought to think the Shore doth fly from them. He hath no sooner acquired what

he did desire, but he beginneth to enter into new Cares, and desire what he shall never be able to acquire. When he is freed of Evil in his own Estate, he grudges and vexes himself at the Happiness and Fortunes of others; he is pressed with Care for what is present, with Sorrow for what is past, with Fear for what is to come, nay, for what will never come: As in the Eye one Tear forceth out another, so makes he one Sorrow follow upon a former, and every Day lay up Stuff of Grief for the next.

The Air, the Sea, the Fire, the Beasts, are cruel Executioners of Man; yet Beasts, Fire, Sea and Air, are pitiful to Man in comparison of Man: For more Men are destroyed by Men, than by them all. What Scorns, Wrongs, Contumelies, Imprisonments, Torments and Poysons, receiveth Man of Man? What Engines and new Works of Death are daily found out by Man against Man? What Laws to thral his Liberty? Fancies and Bugbears to infatuate and inveigle his Reason? Amongst the Beasts, is there any that hath so servile a Lot in another's behalf as Man? Yet neither is content, nor he who reigneth, nor he who serveth.

The Half of our Life is spent in Sleep, which hath such a Resemblance to Death, that often it separates, as it were, the Soul from the Body, and teacheth it a Sort of Being above it, making it soar beyond the Sphere of sensual Delights, and attain Knowledge unto which, while the Body did awake, it could scarce aspire. And who would not, rather than abide chained in this loathsome Galley of the World, sleep ever, (that is, die,) having all Things at one Stay; and be free from those Vexations, Disasters, Contempts, Indignities, and many many Anguishes, unto which this Life is invassalled and subdued? And, if well look'd unto, our greatest Contentment and Happiness here, seemeth rather to consist in the being released from Misery, than in the enjoying of any great Good.

What have the most eminent of Mortals to glory in? Is it Greatness? Who can be Great on so small a Round as is this Earth, and bounded with so short a Course of Time? How like is that to Castles or Imaginary Cities raised in the Sky by Chance-meeting Clouds? Or to Giants modelled (for a Sport) of Snow, which at the hotter Looks of the Sun melt away, and ly drowned in their own Moisture? Such an impetuous Vicissitude towseth the Estates of this World. Is it Knowledge? But we have not yet attained to a perfect Understanding of the finallest Flower, and why the Grass should rather be green than red. The Element of Fire is quite put out; the Air is but Water rarified; the Earth moveth, and is no more the Centre of the Universe, and is turned into a Magnes; Stars are not fixed, but swim in the Ethereal Spaces; Comets are mounted above the Planets. Some affirm there is another World of Men and Creatures, with Cities and Towers in the Moon; the Sun is lost, for it is but a Light made of the Conjunction of many shining Bodies together, a Cleft in the lower Heavens, through which the Light of the highest shines. Thus Sciences by the diverse Motions of this Globe of the Brain of Man are become Opinions, nay Errors; and leave the Imagination in a Thousand Labyrinths. What is all we know, compared with what we know not? We have not yet agreed about the chief Good and Felicity. Is it (perhaps) artificial Cunning? How many Curiosities are framed by the least Creatures of Nature, unto which the Industry of the most Curious Artizans doth not attain? Is it Riches? What are they but the Idols of Fools, the Casting out of Friends, the Snares of Liberty, Bands to such as have them, possessing rather, than posselt; Metals which Nature hath hid (fore-seeing the great Harm they should occasion) and the only Opinion of Man hath brought in Estimation? Like Thorns which laid on an open Hand, may be blown away, and on a closing and hard gripping, wound it. Prodigals mispend them, Wretches miskeep them: When we have gathered the greatest Abundance, we our selves can enjoy no more thereof, than so much as belongs to one Man: They take not away Want, but occasion it: What great and rich Men do by others, the meaner Sort do by themselves. Will some talk of our Pleasures? It is not (tho' in the Fable) told out of Purpose, That Pleasure in haste being called up to Heaven to disburden her self and become more light, did here forget her Apparel, which Sorrow thereafter finding (to deceive the World) attired her self with: And if we would say the Truth of most of our Joys, we must confess that they are but disguised Sorrows; the Drams of their Honey are sowed in Pounds of Gall; Remorse ever ensueth them, nay, in some they have no Effect at all, if some wakening Grief hath not preceeded and fore-went them. Will some Ladies vaunt of their Beauty? That is but Skin-deep, of Two Senses only known, short even of Marble-Statues and Pictures, not the same to all Eyes, dangerous to the Beholder, and hurtful to the Possessor, an Enemy to Chastity, a Thing made to delight others, more than those which have it; a superficial Varnish hiding Bones and the Brains, Things fearful to be looked upon; Growth in Years doth blast it, or Sicknes, or Sorrow preventing them. Our Strength, matched with that of the unreasonable Creatures, is but Weakness: All that we can set our Eyes on, in these intricate Mazes of Life, is but vain perspective and deceiving Shadows, appearing far otherwise afar off, than when enjoyed and gazed upon at a near Distance. O! who before he had a Being, could he have Knowledge of the manifold Miseries of it, would enter this woful Hospital of the World, and accept of Life upon such hard Conditions.

If Death be good, why should it be feared? And if it be the Work of Nature, how should it not be good? For Nature is an Ordinance and Rule, which God hath established in creating this Universe (as is the Law of a King) which cannot err. For how should the Maker of that Ordinance err, since in him there is no Impotency and Weakness, by which he might bring forth what is imperfect; no Perverseness of Will, of which might proceed any vicious Action; no Ignorance, by which he might go wrong in working; being most Powerful, most Good, most Wise, nay, all-wise, all-good, all-powerful. He is the First Orderer, and Marshallath every other Order, the highest Essence, giving Essence to all other Things; of all Causes the Cause; He worketh powerfully, bounteously, wisely, and maketh, his Artificial Organ, Nature, do the same. How is not Death of Nature? Since what is naturally generate, is subject to Corruption, and such an Harmony (which is Life) rising from the Mixture of the Four Elements, which are the Ingredients of our Bodies, can not ever endure; the Contrariety of their Qualities (as a consuming Rust in baser Mettals) being an inward Cause of a necessary Dissolution. Again, How is not Death good? Since it is the Thaw of all those Vanities, which the Frost of Life bindeth together. If there be a Satiety in Life, then must there not be a Sweetness in Death? Man were an intolerable Thing, were he not Mortal: The Earth were not ample enough to contain her Off-spring, if none dyed: In Two or Three Ages (without Death) what an unpleasant and lamentable Spectacle, were the most flourishing Cities? For what should there be to be seen in them, save Bodies languishing and curbing again into the Earthly Pale, disfigured Faces, Skeletons instead of Men? And what to be heard, but the Exclamations of the young, Complaints of the old, with the pitiful Cries of sick and pining Persons? There is almost no Infirmary worse than Age.

If there be any Evil in Death, it would appear to be that Pain and Torment, which we apprehend to arise from the breaking of those strait Bonds which keep the Soul and Body together; which, since not without great Struggling and Motion, seems to prove it self vehement and most extreme. The Senses are the only Cause of Pain, but before the last Trances of Death, they are so brought under, that they have no (or very little) Strength, and their Strength lessening, the Strength of Pain too must be lessened. How should we doubt, but the Weakness of Sense lesseneth Pain, since we know, that weakned and maimed Parts which receive not Nourishment, are a great deal less sensible, than the other Parts of the Body; and we see that old decrepit Persons leave this World almost without Pain, as in a Sleep? If Bodies of the most sound and wholesom Constitution be these which most vehemently feel Pain; it must then follow, that they of a distempered and crazy Constitution, have least Feeling of Pain: And by this Reason, all weak and sick Bodies should not much feel Pain, for if they were not distempered and evil complexioned, they would not be sick. That the Sight, Hearing, Taste, Smelling leave us without Pain, and unawares, we are undoubtedly assured; and why should we not think the same of the Feeling? That, by which we are capable of Feeling, is the vital Spirits, animated by the Brain, which, in a Man of perfect Health, are spread and extended through the whole Body; and hence is it that the whole Body is capable of Pain: But in dying Bodies we see, that, by Pauses and Degrees, the Parts which are furthest removed from the Heart, become Cold, and being deprived of natural Heat, all the Pain which they feel, is that they do feel no Pain. Now even as, before the Sick are aware, the vital Spirits have withdrawn themselves from the whole Extension of the Body, to succour the Heart (like distressed Citizens which finding their Walls battered down, fly to the Defence of their Cittadel) so do they abandon the Heart without any sensible Touch: As the Flame, the Oil failing, leaveth the Wick, or as Light the Air, which it doth invest. As to the shrinking Motions, and Convulsions of Sinews and Members, which appear to witness great Pain, let one represent to himself the Strings of a high tuned Lute, which breaking, retire to their natural Windings; or a Piece of Ice, that without any outward Violence cracketh at a Thaw: No otherwise do the Sinews of the Body, finding themselves slack and unbended from the Brain, and their wonted Labours and Motions cease, struggle, and seem to stir themselves, but without either Pain or Sense. Swooning is a true Pourtrait of Death, or rather it is the same, being a Cessation from all Action, Motion and Function of Sense and Life: But in Swooning there is no Pain, but a silent Rest, and so deep and sound a Sleep, that the Natural is nothing in Comparison of it. What great Pain then can there be in Death, which is but a continued Swooning, a sweet Ignorance of Cares, and a never again Returning to the Works and dolorous Felicity of Life? The Wise and All-provident Creator hath made Death, by many Signs of Pain, appear terrible, to the effect, that if Man, for Relief of Miseries and present Evils, should have unto it Recourse, it being apparently a worse, he should rather constantly endure what he knows, than have Refuge unto that which he feareth, and knoweth not. The Terrors of Death seem the Guardians of Life.

Now, although Death were an extream Pain, since it is in an Instant, What can it be? Why should we fear it? For while we are, it cometh not, and it being come we are no more. Nay, Though it were most painful, long continuing, and ugly, why should we fear it? Since Fear is a foolish Passion, but where it may preserve: But it cannot preserve us from Death; yea

rather the Fear of it, banishing the Comforts of present Contentments, makes Death to advance and approach the more near unto us. That is ever terrible which is unknown: So do little Children fear to go in the dark, and their Fear is increased with Tales.

But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious Pageant of the World removed from thee, in the Spring and most delicious Season of thy Life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present Fruition of these Things be unprofitable and vain, What can a long Continuance of them be? If God had made Life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new Halcyon, why would thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy Waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this World, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy Years, which are now and thou shalt find, that whereas Ten have out-lived thee, Thousands have not attained this Age. One Year is sufficient to behold all the Magnificence of Nature, nay, even One Day and Night; for more is but the same brought again. This Sun, that Moon, these Stars, the varying Dance of the Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. They which have the longest Time lent them to live in, have almost no Part of it at all, measuring it either by the Space of Time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care, whether thy Days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, parallel'd with Eternity, as a Tear is to the Ocean? To die young, is to do that soon, and in some fewer Days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a Game, that after never so many Hazards, must be lost. When thou hast lived to that Age thou desirest, or one of *Plato's* Years, so soon as the last of thy Days riseth above thy Horizon, thou wilt then, as now, demand longer Respite, and expect more to come. The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is Hope of long Life that maketh Life seem short. Who will behold, and with the Eye of Judgment behold, the many Changes attending humane Affairs, with the After-claps of Fortune, shall never lament to die young. Who knows what Alterations and sudden Disasters, in outward Estate or inward Contentments, in this Wilderness of the World, might have befallen him who dyeth young, if he had lived to be old? Heaven fore-knowing imminent Harms, taketh those which it loves to itself before they fall forth. Death in Youth is like the leaving a superfluous Feast before the drunken Cups be presented. Pure, and (if we may so say) Virgin Souls, carry their Bodies with no small Agonies, and delight not to remain long in the Dregs of humane Corruption, still burning with a Desire to turn back to the Place of their Rest; for this World is their Inn, and not their Home. That which may fall forth every Hour, cannot fall out of Time. Life is a Journey in a dusty Way, the furthest Rest is Death, in this some go more heavily burdened than others: Swift and active Pilgrims come to the End of it in the Morning or at Noon, which Tortoise-paced Wretches, clogged with the fragmentary Rubbish of this World, scarce with great Travel crawl unto at Midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the Number of them, but after the Goodness. More Compass maketh not a Sphere more compleat, but as round is a little as a large Ring; nor is that Musician most praise-worthy who hath longest played, but he in measured Accents who hath made sweetest Melody: To live long hath often been a let to live well. Muse not how many Years thou mightest have enjoyed Life, but how sooner thou mightest have lost it, neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thyself that it hath been no worse. Let it suffice, that thou hast lived till this Day, and (after the Course of this World) not for nought thou hast had some Smiles of Fortune, Favours of the worthiest, some Friends, and thou hast never been dis-favoured of Heaven.

Though not for Life it self, yet that to After-worlds thou might'st leave some Monument that once thou wast, happily in the clear Light of Reason, it would appear that Life were earnestly to be desired: For, since it is denied us to live ever (said one) let us leave some worthy Remembrance of our once here being, and draw out this Span of Life to the greatest Length, and so far as is possible. O poor Ambition? To what I pray thee mayest thou concredit it? Arches and stately Temples, which one Age doth raise, doth not another raze? Tombs and ad-ped Pillars, ly buried with those which were in them buried: Hath not Avarice defaced, what Religion did make glorious? All that the Hand of Man can up-rear, is either overturned by the Hand of Man, or at length, by standing and continuing, consumed; as if there were a secret Opposition in Fate, the inevitable Decree of the Eternal, to control our Industry, and counter-check all our Devices and Proposals. Possessions are not enduring, Children lose their Names, glorying (like Marigolds in the Sun) on the highest Top of Wealth and Honour (no better than they which are not yet born) leaving off to be; So doth Heaven confound what we endeavour by Labour and Art to distinguish. That Renown by Papers, which is thought to make Men immortal, and which nearest doth approach the Life of these eternal Bodies above; how slender it is, the very Word of Paper doth import: And what it is when obtained, but a Multitude of Words, which future Times may scorn. How many Millions never hear the Names of the most famous Writers, and amongst them to whom they are known, how few turn over their Pages; and of such as do, how many sport at their Conceits, taking the Veri-

ty for a Fable, and oft a Fable for Verity; or (as we do Pleasants) use all for Recreation? Then the arising of more famous doth darken and turn ignoble the Glory of the former; being held as Garments worn out of Fashion. Now, when thou hast attained what Praise thou couldst desire, and thy Fame is emblazon'd in many Stories, never after to be shadowed or worn out, it is but an Echo, a meer Sound, a Glow-worm, which seen afar, casteth some cold Beams, but approached, is found nothing; an imaginary Happiness, whose Good depends on the Opinion of others. Desert and Virtue for the most Part want Monuments and Memory, and seldom are recorded in the Volumes of Admiration; they are often branded with Infamy, while Statues and Trophies, are erected to those, whose Names should have been buried in their Dust, and folded up in the darkest Clouds of Oblivion. So do the rank Weeds in this Garden of the World choke and over-run the sweetest Flowers. Applause, whilst thou livest, serveth but to make thee that fair Mark, against which Envy and Malice direct their Arrows. And, when thou art wounded, all Eyes are turn'd towards thee (like the Sun which is most gaz'd on in an Eclipse) not for Pity or Praise, but Detraction. At best it is like that *Syracusan's* Sphere of Chrystal, as frail as fair: And being, born after thy Death, it may as well be ascribed to some of those were in the *Trojan* Horse, or to such as are yet to be born an Hundred Years hereafter, as to thee, who nothing knows, and art of all unknown. What can it avail thee to be talked of, whilst thou art not? Consider in what Bounds our Fame is confined, how narrow the Lists are of humane Glory, and the furthest she can stretch her Wings. This Globe of the Earth which seemeth huge to us, in respect of the Universe, and compared with that wide Pavilion of Heaven, is less than little, of no sensible Quantity, and but as a Point: For the Horizon which boundeth our Sight, divideth the Heaven as in Two Halfs, having alwaies Six of the *Zodiack* Signs above, and as many under it, which if the Earth had any Quantity compared to it, it could not do. More, if the Earth were not as a Point, the Stars could not still in all Parts of it appear to us of a like Greatness; for where the Earth raised it self in Mountains, we being more near to Heaven, they would appear to us of a greater Quantity; and where it is humbled in Valleys, we being further distant they would seem unto us less; But the Stars in all Parts of the Earth appearing of a like Greatness, and to every Part of it the Heaven imparting to our Sight the Half of its Inside, we must avouch it to be but as a Point. Well did one compare it to an Ant-hill, and Men (the Inhabitants) to so many Pismires and Grasshoppers, in the Toil and Variety of their diversified Studies. Now of this small indivisible Thing, thus compared, how much is covered with Waters? How much not at all discovered? How much uninhabited and desert? And how many Millions of Millions are they, which share the Remnant amongst them, in Languages, Customs, and Divine Rites differing, and all almost to others unknown? But let it be granted that Glory and Fame are some great Matter, and can reach Heaven it self, since they are oft buried with the honoured, and pass away in so fleet a Revolution of Time, what great Good can they have in them? How is not Glory temporal, if it increase with Years and depend on Time? Then imagine me (for what cannot Imagination reach unto?) one could be famous in all Times to come, and over the whole World present; yet shall he ever be obscure and ignoble to those mighty Ones, which were only heretofore esteemed famous amongst the *Assyrians*, *Persians*, *Romans*. Again, the vain Affectation of Man is so suppressed, that though his Works abide some Space, the Worker is unknown: The huge *Egyptian* Pyramides, and that Grott in *Pausilipo*, though they have wrestled with Time, and worn upon the Waste of Dayes; yet are their Authors no more known, than it is known by what strange Earth-quakes, and Deluges, Isles were divided from the Continent; or Hills bursted forth of the Valleys. Days, Months, and Years are swallowed up in the great Gulf of Time (which puts out the Eyes of all their Glory) and only a fatal Oblivion remains; of so many Ages past, we may well figure to our selves some likely Appearances, but can affirm little Certainty.

But (my Soul) what ails thee to be thus backward and astonish'd at the Remembrance of Death, since it doth not reach thee, more than Darknes doth those far-shining Lamps above? Rowse thy self for Shame; why shouldst thou fear to be without a Body, since thy Maker and the Spritual and Super-celestial Inhabitants have no Bodies? Hast thou ever seen any Prisoner, who when the Jail-Gates were broken up, and he enfranchised and set loose, would rather complain and sit still in his Fetters, than seek his Freedom? or any Mariner, who in the midst of Storms arriving near the Shoar, would launch forth again into the Main, rather than strick Sail and joyfully enter the Lees of a safe Harbour? If thou rightly know thy self, thou hast but small Cause of Anguish; for if there be any Resemblance, of that which is infinite, in what is finite, (which yet by an infinite Imperfection is from it distant) if thou be not an Image, thou art a Shadow of that unsearchable Trinity, in thy Three essential Powers, Understanding, Will, Memory; which though Three, are in thee but one, and abiding one, are distinctly Three: But in nothing more comest thou near that Sovereign Good, than by thy Perpetuity, which who strive to disprove, by that same do prove it: Like those that by arguing themselves to be without Reason by the very arguing shew how they have some. For, how can what is

wholly mortal more know what is immortal, than the Eye can know Sounds, or the Ear question about Colours; if none had Eyes, who would ever dispute of Light or Colours; and if all were deaf, who would descant of Musick. To thee nothing in this visible World is comparable; thou art so wonderful a Beauty, and so beautiful a Wonder, that if but once thou couldst be gazed upon by bodily Eyes, every Heart would be inflamed with thy Love, and ravished from all servile Baseness and earthly Desires. Thy Being depends not on Matter; hence, by thine Understanding, dost thou dive into the Being of every other Thing; and therein art so pregnant, that nothing by Place, Similitude, Subject, or Time, is so conjoined, which thou canst not separate; as what neither is, nor any way can exist, thou canst feign, and give an abstract Being unto. Thou seemest a World in thy self, containing Heaven, Stars, Seas, Earth, Floods, Mountains, Forrests, and all that liveth; yet rests thou not satiated with what is thy self, nor with all in the wide Universe (because thou knowest their Defects) until thou raise thy self to the Contemplation of that first illuminating Intelligence far above Time, and even reaching Eternity it self, into which thou art transformed; for by receiving, thou (beyond all other Things) art made that which thou receivest. The more thou knowest, the more apt thou art to know, not being amazed with any Object that excelleth in Predominance, as Sense by Objects Sensible. Thy Will is uncompellible, resisting Force, daunting Necessity, despising Danger; triumphing over Affliction, unmoved by Pity, and not constrained by all the Toils and Disasters of Life. What the Arts-Master of this Universe is in governing this Universe, thou art in the Body; and as he is wholly in every Part of it, so art thou wholly in every Part of the Body. Like unto a Mirror, every small Parcel of which apart doth represent and do the same what the whole did intire and together. By thee Man is that *Hymen* of eternal and mortal Things; that Chain together binding unbodied and bodily Substances, without which the goodly Fabrick of this World were imperfect. Thou hast not thy Beginning from the Fecundity, Power, nor Action of the Elemental Qualities, being an immediate Master-Piece of that great Maker. Hence hast thou the Forms and Figures of all Things imprinted in thee from thy first Original. Thou only at once art capable of Contraries, of the Three Parts of Time, thou makest but One. Thou knowest thy self so separate, absolute, and diverse an Essence from thy Body, that thou art dispossessed of it as it pleaseth thee, for in thee there is no Passion so weak which mastereth not the Fear of leaving it. Thou shouldst be so far from Repining at this Separation, that it should be the Chief of thy Desires; since it is the Passage and Means to attain thy Perfection and Happiness. Thou art here but as in an infected and leprous Inn, plunged in a Flood of Humours, oppressed with Cares, suppressed with Ignorance, defiled and distained with Vice, retrograde in the Course of Virtue; small Things seem here great unto thee, and great Things small, Folly appeareth Wisdom, and Wisdom Folly. Freed of thy fleshly Care, thou shalt rightly discern the Beauty of thy self, and have perfect Fruition of that all-sufficient and all-sufficing Happiness, which is GOD himself; to whom thou owest thy Being, to him thou owest thy Well-being, He and Happiness are the same. For, if GOD had not happiness, He were not GOD, because Happiness is the highest and greatest Good. If then GOD have Happiness, it cannot be a Thing differing from Him; for if there were any Thing in him, differing from Him, He should be an Essence composed and not simple: More, what is differing in any Thing, is either an Accident or a Part it self: In GOD Happiness cannot be an Accident, because He is not subject to any Accidents; if it were a Part of Him (since the Part is before the Whole) we should be forced to grant, that some Thing was before GOD. Bedded and bathed in these Earthly Ordures thou canst not come near this Sovereign Good, nor have any Glimple of the afar off Dawning of His inaccessible Brightness, no not so much as the Eyes of the Birds of the Night have of the Sun. Think then by Death, that thy Shell is broken, and thou then but even hatched, that thou art a Pearl, raised from thy Mother, to be enchaced in Gold, and that the Death-day of thy Body, is thy Birth-day to Eternity.

Why shouldst thou be fear-stricken and discomfited, for thy Parting from this mortal Bride thy Body, since it is but for a Time, and such a Time as she shall not care for, nor feel any Thing in, nor thou have much Need of her? Nay, since thou shalt receive her again, more goodly and beautiful, than when in her fullest Perfection thou enjoyed her; being by her Absence made like unto that *Indian* Chrystal, which, after some Revolutions of Ages, is turned into purest Diamond. If the Soul be the Form of the Body, and the Form separated from the Matter of it, cannot ever so continue, but is inclined and disposed to be reunited thereunto: What can let and hinder this Desire, but that sometime it be accomplished, and, obtaining the expected End, rejoin it self again unto the Body? The Soul separate hath a Desire, because it hath a Will, and knows it shall by this Re-union receive Perfection: As the Matter is disposed, and inclineth to its Form when it is without it, so would it seem that the Form should be towards its Matter in the Absence of it. How, is not the Soul the Form of the Body, since by it, it is, and is the Beginning and Cause of all the Actions and Functions of it? For, though in Excellency it pass every other Form, yet doth not that Excellency take from it the Nature of a Form? If the Abiding of the

the Soul from the Body be violent, then can it not be everlasting, but have a Regress. How is not such an Estate of Being and Abiding not violent to the Soul, if it be natural to it to be in Matter, and separate, after a strange Manner, many of the Powers and Faculties of it (which never leave it) are not duly exercised? This Union seemeth not above the Horizon of natural Reason, far less impossible to be done by God; and though Reason cannot evidently here demonstrate, yet hath she a misty and groping Notice. If the Body shall not arise, how can the only and Sovereign Good, be perfectly and infinitely good? For, how shall He be just, nay, have so much Justice as Man, if He suffer the evil and vicious, to have a more prosperous Life, than the Followers of Religion and Virtue; which ordinarily useth to fall forth in this Life? For the most Wicked are Lords and Gods of this Earth, sleeping in the Lee-port of Honour, as if the spacious Habitation of the World had been made only for them; and the virtuous and good, are but forlorn Cast-aways, floating in the Surges of Distress, seeming here either of the Eye of Providence not pitied, or not regarded: Being subject to all Dishonours, Wrongs, and Wracks; in their best Estate, passing away their Days (like the Daisies in the Field) in Silence and Contempt. Since then He is most good, and most just, of Necessity there must be appointed by Him, another Time and Place of Retribution, in which there shall be a Reward for living well, and a Punishment for doing evil, with a Life wherein both shall receive their due; and not only in their Souls divested. For, since both the Parts of Man did act a Part in the Right or Wrong, it carrieth great Reason with it, that they both be arraigned before that high Justice, to receive their own: Man is not a Soul only, but a Soul and Body, to which either Guerdon or Punishment is due. This seemeth to be the Voice of Nature in almost all the Religions of the World; this is that general Testimony, charactered in the Minds of the most barbarous and savage People; for all have had some roving Guessees at Ages to come, and a dim duskish Light of another Life, all appealing to One General-Judgment-Throne. To what else could serve so many Expiations, Sacrifices, Prayers, Solemnities and Mystical Ceremonies? To what such sumptuous Temples, and Care of the Dead? To what all Religion, if not to shew that they expected a more excellent Manner of Being, after the Navigation of this Life did take an End? And who doth deny it, must deny that there is a Providence, and a God; confess that his Worship, and all Study and Reason of Virtue are vain; and not believe that there is a World, are Creatures, and that He himself is what He is.

As those Images were pourtraicted in my Mind; (the Morning Star now almost arising in the East,) I found my Thoughts in a mild and quiet Calm; and not long after, my Senses, one by one forgetting their Uses, began to give themselves over to Rest, leaving me in a still and peaceable Sleep; if Sleep it may be called, where the Mind awaking is carried with free Wings from our fleshly Bondage? For heavy Lids had not long covered their Lights, when I thought, nay, sure, I was, where I might discern all in this great *All*, the large Compass of the rolling Circles, the Brightness and continual Motion of those Rubies of the Night, which (by their Distance) here below cannot be perceived; the Silver-countenance of the wandring Moon, shining by another's Light, the hanging of the Earth, as environed with a Girdle of Chrystal; the Sun Enthronized in the Midst of the Planets, Eye of the Heavens, and Gem of this precious Ring the World. But whilst with Wonder and Amazement I gazed on those Celestial Splendors, and the beaming Lamps of that glorious Temple, like a poor Country Man brought from his solitary Mountains and Flocks, to behold the Magnificence of some great City, there was presented to my Sight a Man, as in the Spring of his Years, with that self same Grace, comely Feature, and Majestick Look, which the late () was wont to have; on whom I had no sooner set mine Eyes, when (like one Planet-stricken) I became amazed: But he with a mild Demour, and Voice surpassing all humane Sweetness, appeared (methought) to say;

What is it doth thus anguish and trouble thee? Is it the Remembrance of Death, the last Period of Wretchedness, and Entry to these happy Places; the Lantern which lighteth Men to see the Mystery of the Blessedness of Spirits, and that Glory which transcendeth the Curtain of Things visible? Is thy Fortune below on that Dark Globe (which scarce by the Smiliness of it appeareth here) so great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leave it? What if thou wert to leave behind thee a () so glorious in the Eye of the World (yet but a Mote of Dust encircled with a Pond) as that of mine, so loving () such great Hopes, these had been apparent Occasions of lamenting; and but apparent? Dost thou think thou leavest Life too soon? Death is best young. Things fair and excellent, are not of long Endurance upon Earth. Who liveth well liveth long. Souls most beloved of their Maker, are soonest relieved from their bleeding Cares of Life, and most swiftly waisted through the Surges of Humane Miseries. Opinion, that Great Enchantress and Poiser of Things, not as they are but as they seem, hath not in any Thing more, than in the Conceit of Death, abused Man: Who must not measure himself, and esteem his Estate, after his earthly Being, which is but as a Dream: For, though he be born on the Earth, he is not born for the Earth, more than the Embryo for the Mother's Womb. It complaineth to be delivered of its Bands, and to come to the Light of this World; and Man bewaileth to be loosed from the Chains with

which he is fettered in that Valley of Vanities. It nothing knoweth whither it is to go, nor ought of the Beauty of the visible Works of God; neither doth Man of the Magnificence of the Intellectual World above, unto which (as by a Mid-wife) he is directed by Death. Fools, which think that this fair and admirable Frame, so variously disposed, so rightly marshalled, so strongly maintained, enriched with so many Excellencies, not only for Necessity, but for Ornament and Delight, was by that supreme Wisdom brought forth, that all Things in a circular Course, should be and not be, arise and dissolve, and thus continue: As if they were so many Shadows cast out and caused by the encountering of these Superiour Celestial Bodies, changing only their Fashion and Shape, or Fantastical Imageries, or Prints of Faces into Chrystal. No no, the Eternal Wisdom hath made Man an excellent Creature, though he fain would un-make himself, and return to nothing: And though he seek his Felicity among the reasonless Wights, he hath fixed it above. He brought him into this World, as a Master to a sumptuous well order'd and furnished Inn, a Prince to a populous and rich Empire, a Pilgrim and Spectator to a Stage full of delightful Wonders, and wonderful Delights. Look how some Emperor or great King on the Earth, when he hath raised any Stately City, the Work being atchieved, is wont to set his Image in the Midst of it, to be admired and gazed upon: No otherwise did the Sovereign of this All, the Fabrick of it being perfected, place Man (a great Miracle) formed to his own Pattern, in the Midst of this spacious and admirable City, by the Divine Splendor of his Reason to be the Interpreter and Trunchman of His Creation, and admir'd and revered by all His other Creatures. God containeth all in Him as the Beginning of all; Man containeth all in him as the Midst of all; Inferiour Things are in Man more nobly than they exist; Superiour Things more meanly; Celestial Things favour him; Earthly Things are vassalled unto him; he is the Bond of both; neither is it possible but that both of them have Peace with Man, if Man have Peace with Him, who made the Covenant between them and him. He was made, that he might, in the Glasse of the World, behold the infinite Goodness, Power and Glory of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing love, and loving enjoy; and hold the Earth of him, as of his Lord Paramount; never ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the Compass of Conceit, to think that that Wisdom, which made every Thing so orderly in the Parts, should make a Confusion in the whole, and the chief Master-piece; that bringing forth so many Excellencies for Man, it should bring forth Man for Baseness and Misery. And no less strange were it, that so long Life should be given to Trees, Beasts, and the Birds of the Air, Creatures inferiour to Man, which have less Use of it, and which cannot judge of this goodly Fabrick, and that it should be denyed to Man: unless there were another Manner of living prepared for him, in a Place more noble and excellent.

But alas! (said I) had it not been better, that, for the Good of his Native Country, a () endowed with so many peerless Gifts, had yet lived? How long will ye (reply'd he) like the Ants, think there are no fairer Palaces, than their Hills; or like to purblind Moles, no greater Light, than that little which they shun? As if the Master of a Camp knew when to remove a Sentinel, and he who placeth Man on the Earth, knew not how long he had need of him? Life is a Government and Office, wherein Man is so long continued, as it pleaseth the Installer; of the Administration and Charge of which, and what hath past during the Time of his Residence, he must render an Account, so soon as his Term expirerh, and he hath made Room for others. Every one cometh there to act his Parr of this Tragi-Comedy, called Life, which done, the Courtain is drawn, and he removing is said to dy. As Men's Bodies differ in Stature, so do they vary in that Length of Time, which is appointed for them to live upon the Earth. That Providence which prescribeth Causes to every Event, hath not only determined a definite and certain Number of Dayes, but of Actions, to all Men, which they cannot go beyond.

Most () then answered I, Death is not such an Evil and Pain, as it is of the Vulgar esteemed? Death (said he) nor painful is, nor evil, except in Contemplation of the Cause, being, of it self, as indifferent as Birth: Yet can it not be denyed, but amidst those Dreams of earthly Pleasures, the Uncouthness of it, with the Wrong Apprehension of what is unknown in it, are noysom. But the Soul sustained by it's Maker, resolved, and calmly retired into it self, doth find that Death (since it is in a Moment of Time) is but a short, nay, sweet Sigh; and is not worthy the Remembrance, compared with the smallest Dram of the infinite Felicity of this Place. Here is the Palace Royal of the Almighty King, in which the Incomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth Himself; in Place highest, in Substance not subject to any Corruption or Change, for it is above all Motion, and being solid turneth not, in Quantity greatest, for, if one Star, one Sphere, be so vast, how large, how huge in exceeding Dimensions, must those Bounds be, which do them all contain? In Quality most pure, and orient; Heaven here is all but a Sun, or the Sun all but a Heaven. If to Earthlings the Foot-stool of God, and that Stage which he raised for a small Course of Time, seemeth so glorious and magnificent, What Estimation would they make, if they could see his eternal Habitation and Throne? And, if these

these be so wonderful, What is the Sight of him, for whom and by whom all was created; of whose Glory to behold the Thousand Thousand Part, the most pure Intelligences are fully satiated, and with Wonder and Delight rest amazed, for the Beauty of His Light, and the Light of His Beauty are incomprehensible? Here doth that earnest Appetite of the Understanding content it self, not seeking to know any more: For it seeth before it, in the Vision of the Divine Essence, (a Mirror in which not Images or Shadows, but the true and perfect Essence of every Thing created, is more clear and conspicuous, than in it self) all that may be known or understood: And whereas on Earth our Senses show us the Creator by his Creatures, here we see the Creatures by the Creator. Here doth the Will pause it self, as in the Center of its eternal Rest, glowing with a fervent Affection of that infinite and all-sufficient Good; which being fully known, cannot (for all the infinite Motives and Causes of Love which are in him) but be fully and perfectly loved: As he is only the true and essential Bounty, so is he the only essential and true Beauty, deserving alone all Love and Admiration, by which the Creatures are only in so much fair and excellent, as they participate of his Beauty and excelling Excellencies. Here is a blessed Company, every one joying as much in another's Felicity, as in that which is proper, because each seeth another equally loved of God; thus their distinct Joys are no fewer, than the Copartners of the Joy. And as the Assembly is, in Number, answerable to the large Capacity of the Place, so are the Joys answerable to the numberless Number of the Assembly. No poor and pitiful Mortal, confined to the Globe of Earth, who hath never seen but Sorrow, or interchangeably some painted superficial Pleasures, and had but Guessees of Contentment, can rightly think on, or be sufficient to conceive the termless Delights of this Place. So many Feathers move not on Birds, so many Birds dint not the Air, so many Leaves tremble not on Trees, so many Trees grow not in the solitary Forests, so many Waves turn not in the Ocean, and so many Grains of Sand limit not those Waves, as this triumphant Court hath Variety of Delights, and Joyes exempted from all Comparison. Happiness at once here is fully known and fully enjoyed, and as infinite in Continuance as Extent. Here is flourishing and never-fading Youth without Age, Strength without Weakness, Beauty never blasting, Knowledge without Learning, Abundance without Loathing, Peace without Disturbance, Participation without Envy, Rest without Labour, Light without rising or setting Sun, Perpetuity without Moments; for Time (which is the Measure of Duration) did never enter into this shining Eternity. Ambition, Disdain, Malice, Difference of Opinions, cannot approach this Place. And resembling those foggy Mists, which cover those Lists of Sublunary Things, all Pleasure, paragon'd with whar is here, is Pain, all Mirth Mourning, all Beauty Deformity. Here one Day's Abiding, is above the Continuing in the most Fortunate Estate on the Earth many Years, and sufficient to countervail the extreamest Torments of Life. But, although this Bless of Souls be great, and their Joys many, yet shall they admit Addition, and be more full and perfect, at that long wished and general Meeting with their Bodies.

Amongst all the Wonders of the Great Creator, not one appeareth to be more wonderful (replied I) than that our Bodies should arise, having suffered so many Changes, and Nature denying a Return from Privation to a Habit.

Such Power (said he) being above all that the Understanding of Man can conceive, may well work such Wonders; For if Man's Understanding could comprehend all the Secrets and Counsels of that Eternal Majesty, it must of Necessity be equal unto it. The Author of Nature is not thrall'd to the Laws of Nature, but worketh with them or contrary to them, as it pleaseth him: What He hath a will to do, He hath a Power to perform. To that Power, which brought all this *All* from Nought, to bring again in one Instant any Substance which ever was in it, unto what it was once, should not be thought impossible; for who can do more can do less, and his Power is no less, after that, which was by him brought forth, is decayed and vanished, than it was before it was produced; being neither restrained to certain Limits, or Instruments, or to any determined and definite Manner of Working: Where the Power is without Restraint, the Work admitteth no other Limits, than the Worker's will. This World is as a Cabinet to God, in which the small Things (however to us hid and secret) are nothing less kept than the great. For, as he was wise and powerful to create, so doth his Knowledge comprehend his own Creation; yea every Change and Variety in it, of which it is the very Source. Not any Atome of the scatter'd Dust of Mankind, though daily flowing under new Forms, is to him unknown: And his Knowledge doth distinguish and discern, what once his Power shall awake and raise up. Why may not the Arts-Master of the World, like a Moulder, what he hath framed in divers Shapes, confound into one Mass, and then severally Fashion them again out of the same? Can the Spagyrick by his Art restore, for a Space, to the dry and withered Rose, the natural Purple and Blush; and cannot the Almighty raise and refine the Body of Man, after never so many Alterations on the Earth? Reason her self finds it more possible for infinite Power to cast out from it self a finite World, and restore any Thing in it, though decayed and dissolved, to what it was first, than for Man, a finite Piece of reasonable Misery, to change the Form of Matter made to his Hand: The Power of God never brought forth all that it can, for then were

it bounded, and no more infinite. That Time doth approach (O haste ye Times away) in which the Dead shall live, and the Living be changed, and of all Actions the Guerdon is at Hand; then shall there be an End without End, Time shall finish, and Place shall be altered, Motion yielding unto Rest, and another World of an Age eternal and unchangeable shall arise. Which when he had said, (methought) he vanished, and I all astonish'd did awake.

MEMORIALS

MEMORIALS OF STATE.

Considerations to the KING.

December
1632.



HERE is nothing more dangerous to a King, than to suffer Majesty, and that sacred Respect which a Subject oweth him, to be violated, and his Fame and Reputation lessened by other Mens Boldness, whose Presumption may lead them forwards not only to dally with his Person, but with his Crown. But his Ears are so often guarded by these Men, that he never heareth Verities, till he hath granted what he cannot well amend, and his Wounds be incurable. If a Prince hold any Thing dear, it should be the Right and Title of his Crown, which concerneth not only himself but his Posterity; out of which a small Jewel taken away, maketh it the less Radiant; And to all Subjects that should be as Mount *Sinai*, not to be approached. In every Case we should take greater Heed to what in it is hurtful, than to what is in it profitable; for what Profit and Commodity any Thing carrieth with it, easily presenteth it self unto us; but any one Point which may hurt us, unless it be observed and carefully taken away, may overthrow and bring to nought all that hath been rightly intended.

The restoring of the Earl of *Menteith* in Blood, and allowing his Descent and Title to the Earldom of *Strathern*, is thought to be disadvantageous to the King's Majesty, and that a more dangerous Blow could not be given to the Nobleman himself. We may easily conjecture of Things to come, and imagine them by these of the like Nature which have preceeded. The Stage of the World is the same still, though in Times the Actors be changed, and come about again.

For the King's Majesty, it would be considered, if *Henry VI.* King of *England* would, if it had been in his Power, have reclaimed the Approbation, restoring in Blood, and allowing of the Descent and Title of *Richard Duke of York*; who, openly in Parliament, thereafter made Claim for the Crown, as in his own Right, laying down thus his Title:

The Son of *Anne Mortimer* who came of *Philip* the Daughter and sole Heir of *Lionel Duke of Clarence*, Third Son to King *Edward III.* is to be preferred, by very good Right in Succession of the Kingdom, before the Children of *John of Gaunt* the Fourth Son of the said *Edward III.* But *Richard Duke of York* is come of *Philip* the Daughter and sole Heir of *Lionel Duke of Clarence*, Third Son to K. *Edward III.* then to be preferred before the Children of the Fourth Son who was *Henry*.

The like Reason may be alledged in the Title of the Earl of *Strathern*. The Children of a First Marriage, by the Common Law, are to be preferred in the Succession before the Children of the Second Marriage; for the Marrying of *Elizabeth Mure* * did but Legitimate and make her Children to succeed after the Children of the First Marriage.

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* Our Author (being misled by our Historians *Boethius*, *Lesly* and *Buchanan*) goes upon a wrong Supposition, that *Elizabeth Mure* was only *Robert II.*'s Second Wife, but the contrary of this is clearly demonstrated by the Earl of *Cromerty*, Mr. *Rymer*, Dr. *James*, and particularly in the new Introduction prefix'd to our Author's History of the Five King *James's*.

As for the Authority of a Parliament, it would be considered, Whether or not the Authority of a Parliament may confer and entail a Crown from the lawful Heir thereof, to the next apparent Heirs? Or, If an Oath given unto a King by Man's Law should be performed, when it tendereth to the Suppression of Truth and Right, which stand by the Laws of God? Then, if one Parliament hath Power to entail a Crown, Whether may not another Parliament, upon the like Considerations, restore the same to the righteous Heirs?

But the Subject resigneth all his Right to his King. It would be considered, whether a Subject may safely capitulate with his Prince, that is to say, give over and quit-claim all Right and Title which he hath to his Sovereign's Crown, his Right being Sufficient, and if by his Capitulation his Heirs be bound, and if it be Honourable for a Prince to accept his Conditions?

The Trouble which *Edward Baliol* raised in *Scotland*, is yet recent to the Readers of Histories. Notwithstanding that his Father *John Baliol* had resigned unto *Robert*, King of *Scotland*, all the Right and Title which he or any other of his had, or thereafter might have, to the Crown of *Scotland*, concerning any Interest or Claim which might be avouched for any Cause or Consideration: He, *Anno 1355.* gave to *Edward III.* King of *England*, a full Resignation of his pretended Right to the Crown of *Scotland*; as before, being assisted by the said King and the Confederate Gentlemen of *Scotland*, in a Parliament holden at *Perth*, he had been confirmed King of *Scotland* by the Three Estates.

It would be considered, if the Pope, the Kings of *Spain* or *France*, after some Revolutions of Years, seeking to trouble the Estate and Peace of this Isle, should entertain and maintain One of the Heirs of the Earls of *Strathern* (as Queen *Elizabeth* did *Don Antonio* the Prior of *Crato*, who claimed the Crown of *Portugal*, to reclaim whose Kingdom She sent the Earl of *Essex* and *Drake*) or should marry One of them to their nearest Kinswomen, and send him armed with Power to claim his Title to the Crown of *Scotland*, as King *James IV.* of *Scotland* practised upon *Perkin Warbeck* naming himself *Richard Duke of York*; to whom he gave in Marriage *Lady Katharine Gordon*, Daughter to the Earl of *Huntley*, and thereafter with all his Forces, to establish his said Ally in his Title, invaded *England*. It would be considered whether they had a fair Bridge to come over to this Isle?

It would likewise be considered, if the Earl of *Strathern*, though a mean Subject, these Two Hundred Years, having been debarred from all Title to the Crown, and now by the Indulgence and exceeding Favour of the Prince, being restored to his Descent in Blood, and served Heir to his great Progenitors, and indirectly, as by Appendices, to the Crown; if either out of Displeasure, or for want of Means to maintain their Estates, he or his should sell and dispose their Rights and Titles of the Kingdom of *Scotland* to some Mighty and Foreign Prince, such as is perhaps this Day the King of *Sweden*, who wanteth nothing but a Title to Invade a Kingdom, not knowing whither to discharge his victorious Forces: It would be considered, if that Title, disposed to that Prince, were sufficient to make him King of *Scotland*. Or, if establishing his Right upon fair Conditions, such as is Liberty of Conscience, Absolution and Freedom from all Taxes and Subsidies, the transferring of Ward-lands into few'd; the People of *Scotland* might give him their Oath of Allegiance; or if he might oblige the King of *Scotland* to give him Satisfaction and compound for his Right to the Crown of *Scotland*?

It would to these be considered, If Times should turn away the Minds of Subjects from their Prince, by Superstition, Sedition and absolute Rebellion, (as what may not befall an inconstant ever wavering Nation?) to an *Aristocracy*, *Oligarchy*, *Democracy*, or absolute *Anarchy*, If the Rebellious Subjects and abused Populace might not make Advantage of such Men, who draw their Titles from *Evander's* Mother, to trouble the present Times?

That nothing could be more dangerous to the Nobleman himself than this Service, may be understood by the like Examples.

Clouis King of *France*, having understood that a Nobleman of *Artois* named *Canacare*, blown up by Power, had vaunted that he was come and lineally descended from *Clodion le Chevelu*, and by that same Succession was Heir of the Crown of *France*, closed not his Ears to it (says the History) but caused extirpate that Sower of Impostures, and all his Race.

Henry IV. King of *England*, after the Deposition of King *Richard II.* kept *Edmond Mortimer* Earl of *March*, who had a just Title to the Crown, under such Keepers, that he could never do, nor attempt any Thing, till he died. But *Henry VII.* King of *England* took away *Edward Plantagenet*, Duke of *Warwick*, Heir to *George Duke of Clarence*, by Reason of his Jealousy of Succession to his Uncle *Edward IV.*

Margaret Plantagenet his sole Daughter (married to Sir *Richard Pole* Knight) by *Henry VIII.* restored to the Earldom of *Salisbury*, was attainted Threescore and Two Years after her Father had suffered, and was in the Tower of *London* beheaded; in whose Person died the Surname of *Plantagenet*.

Anne Plantagenet, Daughter to *Edward IV.* being married to *Thomas Howard* Earl of *Surrey* and Duke of *Norfolk*, was the Ground and chief Cause wherefore King *Henry VIII.* cut off the Head

Head of *Henry* Earl of *Surrey*; though the pretended Cause whereon he was arraigned, was the bearing certain Arms of the House of *Tork*, which only belonged to the King.

Mary Queen of *England* cut off the Head of *Lady Jane Gray* and the Lord *Guilford* her Husband, for their Title to the Crown; and that same Reason was the Overthrow and final Destruction of *Mary*, Queen of *Scotland*, by Queen *Elizabeth*.

The Duke of *Guise*, by a Genealogy deduced from *Charles* the Great, in the Reign of *Henry* III. the *French* King, was thought to aspire to the Crown of *France*, and suffered at last for this and his other Presumptions.

It is notoriously known, that, these Two Hundred Years, the Race of *Eupheme Ross*, in her Children *David* Earl of *Strathern* and *Walter* Earl of *Atbole*, and all their Succession by all the King's of *Scotland* since, have been ever suppress'd and kept under, and for Reason of State should still be kept low and under, unless a Prince would for greater Reason of State advance them, to give them a more horrible Blow, and by suborning mercenary Men, make them aim above their Reach to their last Extirpation.

*Dum nesciunt distinguere inter summa & precipitia.
Princeps, quem persequitur, honorat & extollit in altum.*

An intended SPEECH at the West Gate of Edinburgh to King CHARLES I. Anno 1633.

SIR,

IF Nature could suffer Rocks to move, and abandon their natural Places, this Town, founded on the Strength of Rocks (now by the chearing Rays of your Majesty's Presence, taking not only Motion but Life) had with her Castle, Temples and Houses, moved towards you, and besought you to acknowledge her yours, and her Indwellers your most humble and affectionate Subjects; and to believe, how many Souls are within her Circuits, so many Lives are devoted to your sacred Person and Crown. And here, Sir, she offers by me, to the Altar of your Glory, whole Hecatombs of most happy Desires; praying all Things may prove prosperous unto you; that every Virtue and Heroick Grace, which make a Prince eminent, may with a long and blessed Government attend you; Your Kingdoms flourishing Abroad with Bays, at Home with Olives: Presenting you, Sir, who are the strong Key of this little World of Great *Britain*, with those Keys which cast up the Gates of her Affection, and design you Power to open all the Springs of the Hearts of these her most Loyal Citizens.

Yet this almost is not necessary; For as the Rose, at the fair appearing of the Morning Sun, displayeth and spreadeth her Purples; So at the Noise of your happy Return to this your Native Country, their Hearts (if they could have shined through their Breasts) were with Joy and fair Hopes made spacious: Nor did they ever in all Parts feel a more comfortable Heat, than the Glory of your Presence at this Time darteth upon them.

The old forget their Age, and look fresh and young at the Appearance of so Gracious a Prince; the Young bear a Part in your Welcome, desiring many Years of Life, that they may serve you long; all have more Joys than Tongues. For, as the Words of other Nations far go beyond and surpass the Affection of their Hearts; so in this Nation the Affection of their Hearts is far above all they can express by Words. Deign then, Sir, from the highest of Majesty, to look down on their Lowness and embrace it; accept the Homage of their humble Minds; accept their grateful Zeal; and for Deeds accept that great good Will which they have ever carried to the high Deserts of your Ancestors; And shall ever to your own, and your Royal Race, whilst those Rocks shall be overshadowed with Buildings, these Buildings be inhabited by Men, and while Men be indued either with Counsel or Courage, or enjoy any Piece of Reason, Sense, or Life.

An Apologetical Letter.

March 2. 1635.

MY LORD,

IN a Time, when Men for reading of Papers concerning State are challenged, it must be a great Hazard to write them, and a greater to send them from Home, and the most to send them to One so near the Helm as is your Lordship, who the next Day (perhaps) may put in the Prince's Hands what is sent him. And then, though what is set down may be free of great Faults, yet must it pass and be understood as it pleaseth the Prince to construe it. But what *Marius Geminus* said to *Julius Caesar*, may be said to King Charles; *Caesar, qui apud te audent dicere, magnitudinem tuam ignorant; qui non audent, humanitatem.* And writing to your Lordship, I know to whom I write. Thus the Way of Glory lying near the Gates of Danger, I have adventured this Sheet of Paper, of which I beseech your Lordship to be both Judge and Patron.

What a Noise hath been raised in this Country by prosecuting a Piece of Writing, supposed to be derogatory to the Honour of the King's Majesty! No Times have been without such Men. Wise Men keep their Thoughts locked up in the Cabinets of their Breasts, and suffer the Faults of Times patiently; Fools rail, cry out, but amend nothing. What ever Advice hath been given for the putting of Libellers to the Extremity of Law, I would say (with all humble Respect to grave Statesmen) that, in a Matter of Calumny and Reproach with Subjects, a Prince can do nothing more fitting his own Fame and Reputation, than to slight and condemn them, as belonging nothing to him; and that 'twere better to neglect, than to be too curious in searching after the Authors. So *Theodosius*, *Honorius* and *Arcadius* were wont to say, *If any Man speak Ill of the Emperour, if he do it of Lightness, it is to be contemned; if of Madnes, to be pityed; if of Injury, to be remitted.* And *Alexander the Great* used to say, *Regium est benefacere & male audire; or, as Plutarch reporteth it, Regium est, a quibus male audias, magis esse iis beneficium.* Nero (otherwise a terrible Prince) when that Pasquil was given out against him,

*Quis neget Aeneâ magnâ de stirpe Neronem?
Sustulit hic Matrem, sustulit ille patrem.*

Or, as *DION* citeth it,

*Νερον, Ορεστος, Αλκμαίων, Μητροκτονος,
Nero, Orestes, Alcmaeon, Matricida,*

He took no Notice of it, followed not the Writers with any Punishment, sought them not, as ye find in *Suetonius*, *Et quosdam, per indicem delatos ad Senatum, affici graviore pœnâ prohibuit.* Writings, which we scorn and make none Account of, of themselves vanish and turn into nought. If we chafe and fret, it would appear that we have been therein touched, and vividly see in them our own Faults and Misdemeanors taxed and laid open.

If these Papers for the King's Honour were not to be seen and read, or if they did derogate from the Fame of the Nobles, why were they not suppressed and hidden? But is this the Way to suppress and hide them? To imprison, arraign, banish, and execute the Persons near whom they are found? Or is it not rather to turn them a Piece of the Story of the Time, to make such a Noise about them, and by seeking to avoid the Smoak to fall into the Fire? What we would most evite and shun, to be the Authors to bring upon our own Heads?

What gained Queen *Elizabeth*, the Twenty Third of her Reign, by cutting off the Hands of *Stubbes* and *Page*, on a Scaffold, for writing that Book against her Marriage with the Duke of *Anjou*, save that, out of Horror of that new and unpractised Punishment, the People acknowledged her to be the right and not uncertain Daughter of King *Henry VIII.* and she began to be feared, where before she was beloved of her Subjects? Whom a People fear, they hate, and whom they hate they wish taken away. A Prince should be more violent in revenging other Mens Quarrels than his own. That unfortunate Duke of *Buckingham*, in the Time of *Richard III.* could make good Use, against the Succession of the Race of *Edward IV.* in his Speech to the Commons of *London*, by remembring them of the strange Proceeding of King *Edward* against a Merchant named *Burdet*: Who dwelling at the Sign of the Crown, and having said to his Son, that

that after his Death he would make him Heritor of the Crown, meaning his own House, was for this Tale, in Four Hours after, quartered; which Blot is eternally fixt on that Prince.

In the Reign of King *Richard III.* who had ever known that Pasquil against Three of his Courtiers, *Louel, Ratcliff, and Catby,*

*The Rat, the Cat, and Louel that Dog,
Rule all England under the Hog;*

If this Tyranny had not been mightily extended against that poor Gentleman *Collingburn* the Maker of it? Ye will say, it is in a Prince's Power to suppress such Papers by Authority. That is the only Way to make all Men seek them, and, being found, highly prize them. *Tacitus* telleth us of certain Verses of *Fabricius Veiento* against the Priests and Senators, which were condemned to be burnt; as long as the reading and finding of them was dangerous, they were much sought for, and with Danger read: But being afterwards Licentiate to be read, and the Liberty of having them obtained, they were forgotten, and no Man cared for them.

No Prince, how great soever, can abolish Pens, nor will the Memorials of Ages be extinguished by present Power; the Posterity rendering to every one his due Honour and Blame. It is true, that Great Men should direct their great Care to Fame, and hold nothing more dear unto them; and he who contemneth it, neglecteth those Actions by which it is acquired: But it is Pity, Men should be more careful and studious of Fame for Times to come, in which they are not, than of Honesty in the Present Times in which they live.

Sometimes it is great Wisdom in a Prince not to reject and disdain them who freely tell him his Duty, and open to him his Misdemeanours to the Common-wealth, and the Surmises and Umbrages of his People and Council for the amending Disorders, and bettering the Form of his Government. As if a Man should tell King *Charles*, That there is none in all his Kingdoms here can reckon himself Lord of his own Goods amongst so many Taxes and Taillages, so much Pilling and Polling. So that Substance is dayly plucked and pilled from honest Men to be lashed out amongst Unthrifths, that as *Thucydides* writes of the great Plague in his Time at *Athens*, Men seeing no Hope of Safety spent all they had in one Night: So the Uncertainty of enjoying, and holding what they have for the present, draws the thrifty and unthrifty to one End, for no Man being sure of Lands, and less of Money, every Man is turned into a desperate Carelessness of his Estate.

As to tell him also about this Subject who is the Subject of this Letter, the People say, Kings seeking Treason shall find Land, and seeking Land shall find Treason. The Denyal of a Prince's Desire was the Destruction of an innocent *Naboth*; the Voice of the People should not be kept up from the Ears of a Prince.

As to unfold to a King, if Usury be not lawful at all (for it is against Nature that Money should beget Money, and not tolerated by the Mosaical Law, and in *Ezekiel*, cap. 18. v. 13. it is reckoned among the crying Sins, such as are Adultery and Bloodshed) it being a Sin in the Persons of Subjects, it is a greater Sin in the Person of a Prince; for any Sin is greater in the Person of a Prince, than in the Persons of Subjects; as Sin was worse and greater in Angels than Men. Nothing is profitable to a Prince which is not joined with Honour; and the State of Kings, unless it stand in Pureness and Fidelity, cannot subsist in Power.

As to tell King *Charles*, what a strange Thing it is to swear a Man for the true Value of his own Substance. Since the valuing of Subjects Lands and Rents, Rents were never less, nor the Lands worse; a secret Scourge of God having followed it, the Country scarce affording Bread to the Labourers of it.

Remember *David's* Numbring the People. In the Times of King *Henry VIII.* *Regnante Cardinal Wolseio*, this was held uncouth, strange and terrible; and no wonder if Men fear and start at it now, under a Prince of so meek a Spirit, so innocently good, who preferreth Peace before War, Rest before Business, Honesty before Profit. None of all his Kingdom, no, not One being more Holy, more Chaste, nor a better Man; in whom reigneth Shamefastness and Modesty and Patience, taking all worldly Crosses in good Part; never gaping for Glory, nor thirsting after Riches: But only studying the Health of his Soul, Peace of his Kingdoms, and how to advance the holy Church, and restore her to her First Rents and Integrity. But God knoweth what he hath predestinated and ordained for the Scourge of this Country, against whose Ordinance prevaieth no Counsel.

A Prince should be advertised that the Hatred and Dislike of Men's present Estates and Fortunes setteth them on Work and maketh them exceeding earnest to seek Novations; for finding themselves plunged in the Beggary of a miserable Estate; as many do believe, it turneth not them base, nor keepeth them under, but raiseth in them a mad Desire to change their Fortune; and this hath been the Ensign of Male-content to attempt and enterprize dangerous Matters; for it hath often been found that nothing hath sooner armed a People than Poverty, and Poverty hath never so often been brought upon a Nation by the Unfruitfulness of the Earth, by

Disasters of Seas, and other humane Accidents, as by the Avarice of the Officers and Favourites of Princes; who are brought foolishly to believe that, by tearing off the Skins of the Flock, they shall turn the Shepherd rich. It is no Property of a good Shepherd to shear often his Flock, and ever to milk them. Nor is it of a Prince to gall and perpetually afflict a People by a terrible Exchequer. *Brutorum se Regem facit qui premit suos.* Now in such Themes it were not ill for a Prince, to read *Jan Mariana* and *George Buchanan's* Piece *de jure Regni apud Scotos*, for his own private and the publick Good.

Princes have in their Actions this Disadvantage, that in Matters of Wrong and Injuries concerning their Subjects though they sometimes suffer, by Reason of their Power, being thought stronger, they are ever esteemed to do the Wrong; which should move them to abstain from all violent Courses, and think really their Subjects Losses are their own.

Ye will then say, the Case of Princes is pitiful, if Writers of infamous Libels be not rigorously punished; without all Question the Law is just and necessary against them. But, in some Cases, good Princes never follow the Rigour and Extremity of Punishment set down by their Laws, no, not against the naughtiest Subjects, and especially when the Case concerneth their own Particulars. There is much to be considered in the Convoy of such Libels: If they contain Truths there is small Wrong in such Papers, as to call *Mary Magdalen* a Sinner, *Matthew* a Publican, *Thomas* a Misbeliever, *Paul* a Persecuter, *Peter* a Denyer of his Master, and the Rest Fugitives from him, and these are to be slighted and past over. If they contain mixed Truths and Appearances, they may be neglected; If they admit no Interpretation, but true and flat Railing, then is a Prince's Patience to be tryed, and the Libel to be scorned. If they propound Novelty and Causes of Sedition, upon apparent Grounds, they are to be answered, and by good Reason to be overthrown. If they be presented by Way of Supplications, for redressing of Errors in the State, it is a Question whether they be Libels or not. That Supplication of *Humphrey*, Duke of *Glocester*, to King *Henry VI.* of *England* against the Cardinal of *Winchester*, Arch-bishop of *York*, may have Place amongst Libels; for the King is taxed there of notable Dotage. As that, by the Counsel of the Cardinal, he had set at Liberty the King of *Scots*, suffered his Jewels and Household-Stuff to be sold, granted the Cardinal a Charter of Pardon for taking up his Rents, which were sufficient to have maintained the Wars in *France* many Years; the setting the Duke of *Orleanse* at Liberty, against the Duke of *Burgundy* the great Friend of the *English*, and many other Points. Yet this being done by Way of Supplication, for Redress of Wrongs in the State, he was not threatned for (perhaps) Verity, but remitted to the Council; and, what for Fear, and what for Favour (saith the *English* History) the whole Matter was winked at touching the Duke, and nothing laid against the Cardinal, *Miseria summa, ubi de injuria conqueri pro delicto habetur.*

These, who set their Prince on Work to follow and pursue such an idle Piece of Paper, if they had fair Judges, and powerful Enemies near the Court, may themselves be brought within Compass of that same Punishment which they would have laid upon others; as *Perillus* was brought to take an Essay of his own brazen Bull: For no better are they which relate, divulge, and are Occasioners to have infamous Libels published, than they which write them. And these Men have done what in them lay to make that Paper publick, and have recorded, in the Annals of this Kingdom to all Ages, what should have been smothered in the darke Pits of Oblivion. They have often assembled the King's Majestie's Subjects, to the great Charges and vain Attendance of many Noblemen and Barons, to see their Passions put forward. They have busied the Prince to condemn others by Power (a Minister of their Attempts) and not purge himself to Posterity; for such a Paper should have been answered by a Pen, not by an Ax. There is no Prince living, no, nor dead, but Subjects have and do both write and speak of after their Fancies. *Augustus* in a Letter to *Tiberius*, *Noli in hac re indagare et nimium indignari quemquam esse qui de me loquatur male; satis est enim si hoc habemus ne quis male facere possit.* And *Tiberius*, in the Beginning of his Reign, (though after he killed *Cremutius Cordus* for Words) was wont to say, *in Civitate libera linguam quoque liberam esse debere.* Wise Princes have never troubled themselves much about Talkers; weak Spirits cannot suffer the Liberty of Judgments, nor the Indiscretion of Tongues. To strive to restrain them, is the Work of busy Bodies, who would fain have somewhat to do, but know not what, nor how to help *Domitian* to kill Gnats with his Dagger: Having won Points and Conclusions heretofore in the State beyond their Hopes, they begin to foster great and shameful Hopes beyond the Reach of obtaining. A Prince should be such towards his Subjects, as he would have God Eternal towards him, who, full of Mercy, spareth peopled Cities, and darteth his Thunders amongst the vast and wild Mountains.

Familiar Epistles.

1. To Arabella Countess of Lothian.

MADAM,

AS those Ancients who, when they had given over with Credit any Faculty wherein they excelled, were wont to offer the Tools and Instruments of their Art to the Shrine of some Deity; my Musical Recreations, giving Place to more laborious, and serious, (my Lute these many Days, like my Mind, lying out of Tune, keeping no Harmony in perfect Discord) I offer these Airs and Tabulature to your Ladyship's harmonious Virtues: And to whom could they more deservedly appertain, than unto her whose Goodness of Nature and eminent known Virrues of Mind, may justly intitle her the only Grace and Muse of our Northern Climate. Though the Gift be not much worth, I hope your Ladyship will deign to accept it, as if it were a greater and more precious, from a Giver brought already in Admiration of your Ladyship's Worth, and who desireth nothing more than to remain,

Your Ladyship's to Command,

W. Drummond.

2. To Isabella Countess of Perth.

MADAM,

YOUR Courtesy hath presented me; it being mine to offer you Thanks, both for esteeming me worthy so Honourable a Task, and for measuring those Lines according to Affection, and not their Worth: For if they had any, it was all (as the Moon hath her Light) borrowed from the Rays of your Ladyship's own Invention. But this Quality becometh well your sweet Disposition, and the Generosity of that Noble Stem of which you have your Birth; as doth the erecting of that notable Monument to your all-worthy Lord; by the which ye have not only obliged all his Kindred now living, but in Ages to come the unborn Posterity to render you immortal Thanks. Your Desert and good Opinion of me have, by a gracious Violence (if I can be so happy as to do you Service) won me to remain, your Ladyship's

Ever to Command,

W. Drummond.

3. To the Right Honourable, John Earl of Perth.

MY NOBLE LORD,

THOUGH, as *Glaucus* says to *Diomed* in *Homer*,
Like the Race of Leaves, the Race of Man is,

that deserves no Question; nor receives his Being any other Breath: The Wind in *Autumn* strows the Earth with old Leaves, then the Spring the Woods with new Indews; yet I have ever thought the Knowledge of Kindred, and the Genealogies of the antient Families of a Country, a Matter so far from Contempt, that it deserveth highest Praise. Herein consisteth a Part of the Knowledge of a Man's own self. It is a great Spur to Virtue to look back on the Worth of our Line. In this is the Memory of the Dead preserved with the Living: Being more firm and honourable than any Epitaph. The living know that Band which tyeth them to others. By this Man is distinguished from the Reasonless, and the Noble of Men from the baser Sort. For it often falleth out, though we cannot tell how, for the most Part, that Generosity followeth good Birth and Parentage. This moved me to essay this Table of your Lordship's House, which is not inferior to the best and greatest in this Isle. It is but roughly (I confess) hewen, nakedly limned, and, after better Informations, to be amended. In Pieces of this Kind, who doth according to such Light as he receiveth, is beyond Reprehension.

Your Lordship's humble

Servant and Kinsman,

W. Drummond.

4. To the Right Honourable, John Earl of Traquair.

MY LORD,

THE Ocean, though great Rivers with many Currents pay him Tribute, disdains not to receive also the lesser Loyal, though ignoble Brooks, which by one only Urn pour themselves into his Bosom; no more will your Lordship, after the many Congratulations of your Country, of the State, of your great Friends, reject the Applause of the Muses (fair, though contemned, Mistresses) who by me offer this Posy of Flowers to your Lordship (who is the Flower of Nobleness) in Acknowledgment of your Lordship's constant Zeal towards them, and their many Obligations towards you, congratulating your prosperous Fortunes, which they wish to encrease, and praying the Heavens at last may turn so propitious to Virtue and true Worth, that though they do not reward them upon Earth, yet the World may see that they do not suffer them ever to ly oppressed. They have fair Hopes that the Advancement of your Lordship is the Advancement of them, for the Body preceeding, the Shadow must follow. Your Lordship being near the Helm of the State, they expect a new *Saturnian* World: Knowledge must flourish, Ignorance decay, (as Mists before the Sun) Innocency live guarded, Oppression trampled, and they shall no longer hereafter have Occasion to wish, ask or complain.

Your Lordship's Servant,

W. Drummond.

To

5. To his worthy Friend Master Benjamin Johnson.

S I R,

THE Uncertainty of your Abode was a Cause of my Silence this Time past: I have adventured this Packet upon Hopes that a Man so famous cannot be in any Place either of the City or Court where he shall not be found out. In my last I sent you a Description of *Loch Lomond* with a Map of *Inch-merinloch*, which may by your Book be made most famous; with the Form of the Government of *Edinburgh*, and the Method of the Colleges of *Scotland*. For all Inscriptions I have been curious to find out for you, the *Impresa's* and Emblems on a Bed of State, wrought and embroidered all with Gold and Silk by the late Queen *Mary*, Mother to our sacred Sovereign, which will embellish greatly some Pages of your Book, and is worthy your Remembrance. The First is the Loadstone turning towards the Pole; the Word her Majesty's Name turned into an Anagram, *Maria Stuart, Sa vertu m' attire*, which is not much inferiour to *Veritas armata*. This hath Reference to a Crucifix, before which with all her Royal Ornaments she is humbled on her Knees most lively, with the Word *undique*. An *Impresa* of *Mary of Lorrain* her Mother, a *Phoenix* in Flames, the Word *en sa fin git mon commencement*. The *Impresa* of an Apple Tree growing in a Thorn, the Word *Per vincula crescit*. The *Impresa* of *Henry II.* the French King, a *Crescent*, the Word *Donec totum impleat orbem*. The *Impresa* of King *Francis I.* a Salamander crowned in the Midst of Flames, the Word *Nutrisco et extinguo*. The *Impresa* of *Godfrey of Bullogne*, an Arrow passing throw Three Birds, the Word *Dederitne viam casusve Deusve*. That of *Mercurius* charming *Argos* with his Hundred Eyes expressed by his *Caduceus*, Two *Flutes* and a *Peacock*, the Word *Eloquium tot lumina clausit*. Two Women upon the Wheels of Fortune, the One holding a *Launce*, the other a *Cornucopia*; which *Impresa* seemeth to glance at Queen *Elizabeth* and her self; the Word *Fortuna Comites*. The *Impresa* of the Cardinal of *Lorrain*, her Uncle, a *Pyramid* overgrown with *Ivy*, the vulgar Word, *Te stante virebo*; a Ship with her Mast broken and fallen in the Sea; the Word, *Nunquam nisi rectam*. This is for her self and her Son, a Big *Lyon* and a young Whelp beside her, the Word *unum quidem sed Leonem*. An Emblem of a *Lyon* taken in a Net, and Hares wantonly passing over him, the Word, *Et lepores devicto insultant Leoni*. *Cammomel* in a Garden, the Word, *Fructus calcata dat amplos*. A Palm Tree, the Word, *Ponderibus virtus innata resistit*. A Bird in a Cage and a *Hawk* flying above, with the Word *il mal me peme et me spaventa Peggio*. A Triangle with a Sun in the Middle of a Circle, the Word, *Trino non convenit orbis*. A Porcupine amongst Sea Rocks, the Word, *ne volutetur*. The *Impresa* of King *Henry VIII.* a *Portcullis*, the Word, *altera securitas*. The *Impresa* of the Duke of *Savoy*, the Annunciation of the Virgin *Mary*, the Word, *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*. He had kept the Isle of *Rhodes*. Flourishes of Arms, as Helms, Launces, Corislets, Pikes, Muskets, Cannons and the Word, *Dabit Deus his quoque finem*. A Tree planted in a Church-yard environed with dead Men's Bones, the Word *Pietas revocabit ab Orco*. Eclipses of the Sun and the Moon, the Word, *Ipsa sibi lumen quod invidet aufert*; glancing, as may appear at Queen *Elizabeth*. *Brennus's* Ballances, a Sword cast in to weigh Gold, the Word, *Quid nisi victis dolor?* A Vine-tree watred with Wine, which, instead of making it spring and grow, maketh it fade; the Word, *Mea sic mihi profunt*. A Wheel rolled from a Mountain into the Sea, *Piena di dolor voda de Speranza*: Which appeareth to be her own; and it should be *Precipitio senza speranza*. A Heap of Wings and Feathers dispersed; the Word, *Magnatum Vicinitas*. A Trophie upon a Tree, with Mytres, Crowns, Hats, Masks, Swords, Books, and a Woman with a Vail about her Eyes or muffled, pointing to some about her, with this Word, *Ut casus dederit*. Three Crowns, Two opposite, and another above in the Sky, the Word, *aliamque moratur*. The Sun in an Eclipse, the Word, *Medio occidit die*.

I omit the Arms of *Scotland*, *England*, and *France* severally by themselves, and all quartered in many Places of this Bed. The Workmanship is curiously done, and above all Value, and truly it may be of this Piece said, *Materiam superabat opus*.

I have sent you (as you desired) the Oath which the old valiant Knights of *Scotland* gave, when they received the Order of Knighthood, which was done with great Solemnity and Magnificence.

W. Drummond.

July 1. 1619.

N n

The

The Oath of a KNIGHT.

I Shall fortify and defend the true Holy, Catholick and Christian Religion presently professed, at all my Power.

I shall be Loyal and true to my Sovereign Lord the King his Majesty, and do Honour and Reverence to all Orders of Chevalry and to the noble Office of Arms.

I shall fortify and defend Justice to the uttermost of my Power, but Fear or Favour.

I shall never fly from the King's Majesty my Lord and Master, or his Lieutenant in Time of Battel or Medly with Dishonour.

I shall defend my native Country from all Aliens and Strangers at all my Power.

I shall maintain and defend the honest Adoes and Quarrels of all Ladies of Honour, Widows, Orphans, and Maids of good Fame.

I shall do Diligence, wherever I hear tell there are any Traitors, Murtherers, Rovers, and Masterful Thieves and Outlaws, that suppress the Poor, to bring them to the Law at all my Power.

I shall maintain and defend the Noble and gallant State of Chevalry with Horses, Harnesses, and other Knightly Apparel to my Power.

I shall be diligent to enquire and seek to have the Knowledge of all Articles and Points, touching or concerning my Duty, in the Book of Chevalry.

All and sundry the Premisses I oblige me to keep and fulfil. So help me God; by my one Hand, and by God himself.

6. To the truly Noble, * Sir Robert Carr Gentleman of the King's Majesty's Bed-Chamber.

S I R,

HOW joyful were all here who either love Worth in others, or are conscious of any Part of it in themselves, to hear the happy Event of your late Danger? But yet the Apprehension of what might have fallen forth (if Providence had not otherwise disposed) doth still, with a pensive Fear, possess their Minds. It was too much hazarded in a Point of Honour. Why should true Valour have answered fierce Barbarity, Nobleness Arrogancy, Religion Impiety, Innocence Malice, the Disparagement being so vast? Was it for knowing this when ye left us, that ye graved with your Diamond in a Window;

*Frail Glass thou bear'st this Name as well as I,
And none doth know in which it first shall dye?*

And had ye then, to venture to the Hazard of a Combat, the Exemplar of Virtue, and the Muses Sanctuary? The Lives of Twenty such, as his who hath fallen, in Honour's Ballance would not counterpoise your One. Ye are too good for these Times, in which, as in a Time of Plague, Men must once be sick, and that deadly, ere they can be assured of any Safety. Would I could perswade you in your sweet Walks at Home, to take the Prospect of Court-Shipwracks. Forgive mine Importunity, your many Courtesies in my Behalf, and the World, which is a Witness of them, force me to bear a Part in all your Fortunes, and ever, whilst I remain my self, to be,

February 10.

1620.

To serve you,

W. Drummond.

To

* This Letter was written to him, after he had in a Duel killed that great Giant Charles Maxwell.

7. *To the Right Honourable the Earl of L.*

My Noble Lord,

OF that Duty I owe to your Lordship, and Love to your Honourable Father, I have Adventured to bear a Part in his Obsequies, a Work I must confess profuse; no Verses of mine, or any others, having Power to add any Thing to his Noble Memory, being so strongly upholden by your Lordship, and his other excellent Children, that it is like to be cotemporary with the World. For whatsoever hath now failed of the Honour I intended, I beseech your Lordship to accept my serviceable and infallible Love for all Supplement. If your Lordship esteem these among the Escotcheons, Colours, and other Day-lasting Ornaments of the Funeral Pomp, I shall hold them sufficiently honoured, and in what is within the Compass of my Power, remain,

Your Lordships ever to command,

W. Drummond.

8. *To the Learned and Worthy Gentlewoman Mrs. Anne Hume Daughter to Mr. David Hume of Godscroft.*

Worthy M.

I Should be too ambitious, I will not say arrogant, if I thought that Honour, which you give me in your delicate Verses, to be due to the honoured, and not rather to the Honourer. They reflect and turn back unto your self (as to a more renowned Wonder) that Praise by Desert, which ye bestow upon me of your meer Courtesy. Alas my Muses are of no such Value to deserve the Blazon of so pregnant and rare a Wit. Perhaps ye raised them to show the Highness of your Spirit, which ever transcendeth mean Measures; or to make known how excellently ye can praise any Thing that you please. But howsoever (Praise being the Reward of Virtue, and proceeding from so sound a Judgment, and one so praise-worthy) I will think hereafter my Muses worthy of Praise, because ye held them such; or if they were such before, that they were such because they were ordained to be praised and loved of you. I can but admire your Ingine and thank your Courtesy, and wish that Time and Fortune may prove so gracious, accomplishing my Desires, to make me know how to acquit them, till which Occasion, as ever, you have me,

Your most &c.

9. *To his Worthy Friend Sir George Keith of Powburne.*

S I R,

WHEN out of Curiosity this last Week I had entred these large and spacious Galleries, in which the Fair of St. Germans is kept, and had viewed the diverse Merchandize and Wares of the Nations at that Mart; above the rest I was much taken with the Daintiness of the many Pourtraits there to be seen. The Devices, Posies, Ideas, Shapes and Draughts of the Artificers were various, nice, and pleasant. Scarce could the wandering

Thought light upon any Story, Fable, or Gayety, which was not here represented to the View. If *Cebes*, the *Theban* Philosopher, made a Table hung in the Temple of *Saturn*, the Argument of his rare Moralities; and *Jovius* and *Marini*, the Pourtraicts in their Galleries and Libraries the Subject of some Books; I was brought to think I should not commit a great Fault, if I sent you for a Token, from this Mart, a Scantling of this Ware, which affordeth a like Contentment to the Beholder and Possessor.

The Pictures of the *Roman* Emperors appeared in One Plate, those of the Bishops with the Triple Crowns in another, with those of all the Kings and great Princes in *Europe*. *Lucretia* was showing her bleeding Breast; on this Table *Flora* her bewitching Twins, on that not far from these *Mars* is surprized by the *Lemnian*, and the Senate of the Gods are all laughing; near by, *Jupiter* is coming down in a golden Shower in his *Danae's* Lap. One would have wished *Argos* his Eyes to gaze on *Helen* in the Prime of her Beauty, as when the *Phrygian* Youth stole her away, or *Theseus*, in one Place of the Table; and see her distilling Tears for the Ruin of *Troy* in another. The *Agamemnon* of *Timantes* at the Sacrifice of *Hermione* was here to be seen. And what did surpass that in Invention, a Painter had hidden the Imperfection of the Work of his Work, who having painted a Lady which had but one Eye, he had set her Face so cunningly that her one Side appearing only to the View, left a Desire in the Beholder, to wish for the other, which one could not but imagine beautiful, at which she seemed to smile. The Father of our Fictions *Meonides* himself, was here represented, with closed Eyes, and a long Beard of the Colour of the Night; to whom was the Honour of *Mantua* adjoined, his Head wreathed with Bayes, his Face was somewhat long, his Cheeks scarce with a small Down defcrying his Sex; that they might be known after so many Years, the Crafts-man had set down, *They were thus standing in the Roman Capitol*. The *Cyprian* Goddess was in diverse Shapes represented. The First was naked as she appeared on the Hills of *Ida*, or when she arose from her foamy Mother, but that she should not blush, the Painter had limmed her Entering a green Arbour, and looking over her Shoulder; so that there were only seen her Back and Face. Another had drawn her naked, her Face, Breasts, and Belly to the View exposed, her blind Child by her, but to cover that which delighted *Mars* so much, he made her Arm descend to take hold of *Cupid*, who did embrace her. The Third had drawn her lying on a Bed with stretched out Arms, in her Hand she presented to a young Man (who was adoring her, and at whom little Love was directing a Dart) a fair Face, which with much Ceremony he was receiving, but on the other Side, which should have been the hinder Part of that Head, was the Image of Death; by which *Mortality* he surpassed the others, more than they did him by *Art*. It were to be wished this Picture were still before the Eyes of doating Lovers.

On a Table there was a Horse tumbling on his Back with his Four Feet towards the Heaven, which was thought to be *Sejanus's* so fatal to his Masters, being so proportionable and to the Life painted, a *German* offered Gold for him, but he accused the Painter that he had not painted him running: Which the Painter easily amended by turning up of the other Side of the Table: So small a Distance is between the Extremities of mortal Things. So with little Pains a Countenance laughing is made to weep, and one weeping to laugh. Whose Thoughts are so sad and fixed to the Cares of this World, which could not have been sequestred for a Time from them, and delighted with the Aspect of the Countenances of the Ladies of the differing Climates of the Globe of this Earth, represented unto us as the blazing Asterisms of Heaven? The *Spanish* seeming proud and disdainful, but that her Eye spoke somewhat else, and her pale Colour approaching to Athes, did shew she harboured languishing Perturbations. The *French* looking courteous and toward, but such Courtesy and Towardness seemed not to entertain base Imaginations. The *English* mild and humble, with such Eyes as *Venus* used to smile with in the Days of *Homer*. The *Venetian* Lady appeared the Noblest Lover, for she neither thundered Despair nor promised Hope, yet did she lend her Ear to the Soul-charming Sounds of a Lute. The *Roman* was almost naked from the Waste upwards, discovering the fistering Apples of her Breast, and what might be, without a Blush, seen, which would have rowled old *Nestor*. The *Gracian* resembled our *English*, but that her Face was more round; she wore on her Head a Garland, which made her Looks more grave than the other's. The *Turkish* differed little from the *Roman*, only she somewhat appeared more *Thais*-like. The *Moorish* had her Eyes black, rolling and wanton, and her Face was as black as her Eyes. Where (who could think it, save he who did see it?) by the comely Proportion of her Face, her shining Hair enriched with Jewels, and her Ears beautified with Gems, she was near as pleasant (Beauty mustering it self in Blackness and a comely Behaviour) as those others of *Europe*. I had almost forgotten the *Belgick* and these Neighbour Countries, in whom pure natural Colours of Beauty appeared. The first to show the Lightness of her Sex, was all in Feathers; the others differed not much from her, but was further off from *Art*, and looked more Country-like.

Not far from those was *Cassandra*, her Hair so covering her Face, that *Lycophron* might well have known her. The *Sibyls* by her sighed out their Prophecies.

To these was joined the Picture of a young Lady, whose Hair drew near the Colour of Amber, but with such a bright Lustre that it was above Gold or Amber; her Eyes were somewhat green, her Face round, where the Roses strove to surpass the Lillies of her Cheeks, and such an one she was limned, as *Apelles* would have made Choice of for the Beauty of *Greece*. She was said to be the *Astrea* of the Marquis *D'Ursee*.

Many famous Battles of the Ancients were represented, some of the latter Times, above all others the Crafts-men had striven to shew to the Life the Battle of *Lepanto*, the flying *Turks* and following Christians. Some Gallies made a Sport to the Winds, others all in Flames in the Midst of the Seas; the diverse Postures of Fighting and Perishing Souldiers with the scattered Oars, Planks and Ensigns, might have made some Dream they were amidst these, though in Quietness; and on the Seas, whilst they were safe on Ground. Many Towns were here to be travelled through at an easy Rate, *Rome*, *Naples*, *Florence*, *Constantinople*, *Vienne*, and without passing the Seas, *London* and *Venice*.

Here were many double Pictures, the First View shew old Men and Misers gathering carefully; the Second View shew young Men and Prodigals spending riotously, with *stultitiam patiuntur opes*: Churchmen and grave Senators consulting and seriously deliberating, the One Face of the Picture represented; the other Fools dancing, Souldiers dicing and fighting. A Lady weeping over her dead Husband, accompanied with many Mourners, the First View; the Second representing her Second Nuptials, Nymphs and Gallants revelling naked, and going to Bed.

Now when I had considered all (for these Galleries were a little All, if you please) casting mine Eyes aside I beheld on a fair Table the Pourtraits of Two which drew my Thoughts to more Seriousness than all the other. The First, cloath'd in a Sky-coloured Mantle bordered with some Red, was laughing, and held out his Finger, by Way of Demonstration, in Scorn to another in a Sable Mantle, who held his Arms across, declined his Head pitifully and seemed to shed Tears. The one shewed that he was *Democritus*, the other that he was *Heracitus*. And truly considering all our Actions, except those which regard the Service and Adoration of God Almighty, they are either to be lamented or laughed at, and Man is always a Fool, except in Misery, which is a Whet-Stone of Judgment.

PARIS,
Febr. 12.

10. To Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling.

S I R,

THE Promise, given by me to a dying Friend, shall at this Time, I hope, excuse mine Importunity. He requested me to remember his Love to you, and that Desire he ever had to do you Service. And though dying so lively expressed his Affection, that who would set it in Paper had need of his own Eloquence. This Remembrance he left, made me to be in this his Executor in delivering this Legacy. Some Papers he left also concerning some of your Affairs; which, because Death prevented his delivering of them to me, I think are lost in the Stuff of his Cabinet. Your Absence increased greatly that Melancholy which bereft us of him. If any Thing more precious had been left to my Trust, you might have been assured it had been delivered to you by, Your,

W. Drummond.

11. To the truly Noble Sir Robert Ker, Gentleman of the King's Bed-Chamber.

S I R,

HOW ever Fortune turn her Wheel I find you still your self, and so ballasted with your own Worth, that you may out-dare any Storm. This is that Jewel which neither Change of Court, nor Climates, can rob you of; of what is yours, you have

have lost Nothing. By this Quadrant I have ever measured your Height ; neither here could the Vapours of Court make me err.

Long since I learned not to esteem of any golden Butterflies there, but as of Counters, whose Places give them only Worth. You are born to act brave Parts on this Theatre of the World, as your Prince is wise, so I am assured he is well read in Man, and knows you are not one to be lost. What know you to what End that Sovereign Wisdom, who hath hitherto been so strong a Defence unto you, hath removed you from your Country ? By this Means you may return more welcome, more beloved, and with greater Honour than when you left her. How oft hath plaintful Means brought Men to that Happiness, which in their Prosperity they never could reach in their Thoughts nor expect ? Now since your Departure I verily think all our Life to be but a Dream, and that God hath placed our Happiness elsewhere. He is only miserable and wretched who holdeth himself such ; As that Man only blessed who is content with a little ; Happiness consisting neither in Honour nor Riches, but in an Equality and Moderation of Desires. Forgive my free Writing, I have not had Leisure to vail my Thoughts, your Brother's departing being so unexpected.

W. Drummond.

12. To the Right Honourable, the Earl of Perth.

MY NOBLE LORD,

AFTER a long Inquiry about the Arms of your Lordship's Ancient House, and the turning of sundry Books of *Impresa's* and *Herauldry*, I found your *ONDES* famous and very honourable.

In our neighbour Country of *England* they are born, but inverted upside-down, and diversified. *Torquato Tasso* in his *Rinaldo* maketh Mention of a Knight who had a Rock placed in the Waves with the Word, *Rompe ch'il percote*. And an other hath the Sea's Waves with a *Syren* rising out of them ; the Word *Bella Maria*, which is the Name of some Courtesan. *Antonio Perenoto*, Cardinal *Gravella* had for an *Impresa* the Sea, a Ship in it, the Word *Durate*, out of the First of the *Aeneids*, *Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis*. *Tomaso de Marini Duca di Terra nova* had for his *Impresa* the Waves with a Sun over them, the Word *Nunquam seccabitur astu*. The Prince of *Orange* used for his *Impresa* the Waves with an *Halcyon* in the Midst of them ; the Word *Mediis tranquillis in undis* ; which is, either an Emblem than *Impresa*, because the Figure is in the Word. By Reason of your Lordship's Name and the long Continuance in your House, to none they appertain more rightly than to your Lordship. *Drum* is, in the old *Celtique* and *British* Language, an Height, and *Onde* in all the Countries almost of *Europe* a Wave ; which Word is said to have been given in a Storm by *Margaret* Queen of *Scotland* to a Gentleman who accompanied her, the First of your Lordship's House. But to make an Inquiry in Surnames were now too long.

W. Drummond.

13. To the truly Noble Sir Robert Ker, afterwards Earl of Ancrum.

Contentments are never so really Contentments as when they come after some Calamity.

————— Afflictions meet,
And mingling with our Joys make them more sweet.

After your late Danger and long Absence, by your kindly Returning to your Country and Recovery of lost Favours, this hath doubled it self : We err often by deeming those Things hurtful, which are but Changes for our greater Good : Crosses serve for many Uses, and more than

than Magistracies decipher the Man. Brave Minds like Lamps are discerned when they are canopied with the Night of Affliction; and like Rubies give the fairest Lustre when they are rubbed. The Sight of so many stately Towns and differing Manners of Men, the Conquest of such Friends abroad, and Tryal of these at home, the leaving of your Remembrance so honourable to after Times, have made you more happy in your Distress, than if, like another *Endymion*, you had slept away that swift Course of Days in the Embracements of your Mistress the Court. Forgive my Comparison; for, if Courts be changing Moons, why should not Favourites be *Endymions*? I write often unto you, for that in Way of Friendship I had rather be charged for Super-abundancy than Defect: From him who is no more his own than by Respect and Affection yours,

W. Drummond.

14. To his much honoured Friend Dr.
Arthur Johnston, Physician to the
KING.

IT is more Praise-worthy in noble and excellent Things to know something, though little, than in mean and ignoble Matters to have a perfect Knowledge. Amongst all those rare Ornaments the Mind of Man, *Poesy* hath had a most eminent Place, and been in high Esteem, not only at one Time, and in one Climate, but during all Times, and through all those Parts of the World, where any Ray of Humanity and Civility hath shined. So that she hath not unworthily deserved the Name of the Mistress of Humane Life, the Height of Eloquence, the Quintessence of Knowledge, the loud Trumpet of Fame, the Language of the Gods. There is not any Thing endureth longer: *Homer's Troy* hath out-lived many Republicks, and both the *Roman* and *Grecian* Monarchies; she subsisteth by her self; and after one Demeanor and Continuance her Beauty appeareth to all Ages. In vain have some Men of late (Transformers of every Thing) consulted upon her Reformation, and endeavoured to abstract her to *Metaphysical* Ideas, and *Scholastical* Quiddities, denuding her of her own Habits, and those Ornaments with which she hath amused the World some Thousand Years. *Poesy* is not a Thing that is yet in the finding and search, or which may be otherwise found out, being already condescended upon by all Nations, and as it were established *jure Gentium*, amongst *Greeks*, *Romans*, *Italians*, *French*, *Spaniards*. Neither do I think that a good Piece of *Poesy*, which *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petrarch*, *Bartas*, *Ronsard*, *Boscan*, *Garcilasso* (if they were alive, and had that Language) could not understand, and reach the Sense of the Writer. Suppose these Men could find out some other new *Idea* like *Poesy*, it should be held as if Nature should bring forth some new *Animal*, neither Man, Horse, Lyon, Dog, but which had some Members of all, if they had been proportionably and by right Symmetry set together. What is not like the Ancients and conform to those Rules which hath been agreed unto by all Times, may (indeed) be something like unto *Poesy*, but it is no more *Poesy* than a Monster is a Man. Monsters breed Admiration at the First, but have ever some strange Loathsomeness in them at last. I deny not but a Mulet is more profitable than some Horses, yet is it neither Horse nor Ass, and yet it is but a Mulet. There is a Tale told of a poor miserable Fellow accused of Bestiality; and he at his Arraignment confessed, That it was not out of any evil Intention he had done it, but only to procreate a Monster, with which (having nothing to sustain his Life) he might win his Bread going about the Country. For the like Cause it may be thought these Men found out their new *Poesy* differing from the Matters, Manners, and Rules of former Ages; either they did not see the Way of *Poesy* or were afraid to enter it. The Verses of *Camillus Quernus* as they are imitated by *Strada* seem very plausible and to Admiration to some, but how far they are off right *Poesy* Children may guess. These Men's new Conceptions approach nearer his, than to the Majesty and Stateliness of the great Poets. The Contempt and Undervaluing of Verses hath made Men spare their Travel in adorning them; but *Poesy*, as it hath overcome Ignorance, at last will overcome Envy and Contempt. This I have been bold to write unto you, not to give you any Instruction, but to manifest mine Obedience to your Request.

W. Drummond.

15.

To——

Should you think to escape this Enemy of Virtue, Fortune, when she never spareth the most Worthy? Who hath ever yet in many Excellencies been eminent, whom she hath not either after one Fashion or other, if not trampled yet tossed? And make not a long search in the old Ages of the World, and through the Mists of Antiquity, but look upon our own Times, and our Fathers. You have *Sidney* cropt in the Vigour of his Youth by a murdering Bullet; *Rawleigh* brought to a fatal Scaffold; *La Noue*, with the Marquis *D'Urfee* complaining in miserable Prisons; *Tasso* famishing in the like Thralldom; the two Counts of *Mirandula* Spectacles of Pity and Cruelty, the one by too soon a Death (if Death can be too soon) the other by being assassinated by his nearest Kinsmen. As if Excellencies were the only Object of Disasters, and some secret Influence laboured to make the bravest of Men and the basest equal: Or that the superiour Powers thought Glory to belong only to them, and no praise-worthy Actions should befall poor Mortals. Yet should they not envy silly Men a dusty Honour, which in some small Moments of Time vanisheth, and reacheth no further than the narrow Bounds of some few Climates of this small Globe of the Earth. We may doubt whether Excellencies and Heroical Virtues were to be desired with so many Dangers and Miseries lackeying them, or a home-bred, untaught, and rude *Plebeian* Life.

W. Drummond.

16. To Sir William Alexander.

S I R,

MY Silence this Time past proceeded no ways of any Forgetfulness of you, but from my many new Cares, and Sorrows. The Loss of so many Friends this Season hath estranged me from my self, and turned my Mirth into Mourning; what civil Arms and Discord have performed in other Kingdoms of *Europe*, a still Mortality hath done in this. So many Funerals these many Years have not been seen as in this one. There are few Bands of Kindred, Societies, Acquaintances, or Friendship, which, by Death, are not broken here, without Respect of Age, Vigour, Rank, or Quality: And justly this Mortality might claim the Name of Pestilence, if the Dead were deprived of customary Burial. Well have some Astrological Divines guessed that this Year should be the great Judgment. What is recorded of the Years 100. and 120. that Church-yards were not ample enough to contain the dead Bodies, but that new Ground was digged up, is true in this; and what of the Year 1348. that the Third of Mankind was sweep'd from the Earth; We may say, that though this Country hath not lost the Third, yet that the Almighty Providence hath taken away the Tenth Part of the People. This is (perhaps) a Part of that Judgment which the late blazing Lights of Heaven did signify unto us, the Defects of the Sun, besides the malignant Influences of other *Celestial* Bodies. This one Year is enough to make Men hereafter if not altogether believe, yet fear Astrological Predictions; which, though they fail in Particulars, yet strangely hold true in some Generals. Heavens, I hope, shall preserve you *ad molliora et meliora tempora*; to be a Witness and Recorder of their Just Proceeding on this Globe of the Earth, for the Good of your self, your Friends, and all that love you,

1623.

W. Drummond.

17. To his Loving Cousin——

IF Wishes could have Place or prevail, I wish you could be moved to separate your self from the frequent Conversation and Company of that envious Gentleman, otherwise keep your self so close and secret in your Demour, that of your chief and most sovereign

Actions

Actions he be altogether ignorant. All other Evils may be remedied, Envy excepted, which, though they have the worst that are affected with it, yet, as a Plague, it doth hurt to all who approach it. Give me an ambitious Man, though he were of a more transcendent Conceit than Pride her self, if I render him imagined Honour, praise him, use him with all due Respects, I shall in a little Time turn him my Friend: Place me with a *Damouret*, if I cope not with him, if I praise him in the Presence of his Mistress, he will be ready to perform like Duties to me: If I shall converse with an Avaritious, a little Gain will win him to me: Only the Envious with nothing is satisfied, no Drug can cure that Plague; if thou wouldst amend it, it must be with thine own Life: There remaineth no Way to make him thine, save by turning miserable, that thus he may pity thee. The Envious doth not mark and observe any good in another, but fixeth only Imperfections, and setting apart Conditions and Qualities, which are praise-worthy in a Person, turneth his Eyes to those few Blemishes which may be reprehended and amended: Each other Vice seemeth humane, Envy the Vice and Sin of Devils. A strange Gangren of a perverse Mind, that others Happiness should turn it miserable.

What I have else to advertise you of, expect in my next.

W. Drummond:

December 6.

1623.

18. To the Right Honourable the Earl of Stirling.

WHEN the pitiful News came of so dear Funerals, though I had an Intention to have written to your Lordship, I refrained my self, both because your Wound was flagrant, and that I had not an Argument of Comfort, which was not your own. Nothing is now left me but to manifest that the Sense of this Loss could not but perplex him grievously, who never made any Difference between your Fortunes and his own. I hold my self Copartner of all your Griefs, as I have been of your Prosperities. I know your Fatherly Affection, I know too your Constancy, which being seasoned with Piety, will not suffer you to repine at that which is the determined Will of God. Your Erudition and Experience instruct you, that such Accidents should be taken in good Part, and chearfully, which are not incident to us alone, and which by our Sighs, Tears, and Plaints, we may not evite and put far from us: You must not attend till Time mitigate your Languor, for this do the vulgar Sort of Men, with *Sola dies poterit tantum lenire dolorem*. A wise Man should prevent and anticipate Time, over-run new born Grief, which is an ungrateful Guest, thrusting out and ransacking the Masters of their Inn. I, who am conscious to your Patience and Wisdom, am assured you have performed all this already, upon which Confidence I will leave off to trouble you further; or lay a heavier Burthen and needless Task upon my self.

W. Drummond:

19. To Sir Maurice Drummond.

IT is much argued amongst those Men, who will have a Reason of every Thing, why good Men ordinarily are deserted of Fortune, and many evil arise to Preferments. The First Answer is, That lewd and bold Men have strong Fantasies, and attempt upon many divers Matters, which good Men by their Bashfulness and Towardness never essay to reach. The next Answer is, That lewd Men suffer themselves to be guided by Nature, or the Starry Influences, or rather (being Fools) give themselves over (like Beasts) to be carried by their Appetites, and the Virtuous are led by Reason, which often counter-checketh it self, and, by long Meditation and Advice what to do, leave of all doing, and suffer others in the Interim to carry the Garland. You have spent now many Years at Court, and yet that Clock which hath struck Ten to others, is still pointing at One or Two to you. Have you not yet taken a Distaste and Satiety of that old Mistress of yours the Court? Her long Delay in preferring you,

P p

tells

tells you are too honest. Methinks you should have a Desire to recreate your self at last in your native Country with the Remembrances of passed Contentments at Court, as your Kinsmen here have a Longing after so long a Time to see you, and unanimously now salute you.

May 12.

1630.

W. Drummond.

20. To his loving Friend A. Cunningham L. of Barnes.

THIS is no small Misery of us Islanders, that, as exiled, we can not take a View of God's fair and spacious Earth without crossing the stormy and deceitful Seas; And it is no less a Misery here in this Part of our Island, that we can hardly repair unto you *Demi-islanders* without dancing and tossing on your Arm of Sea. Of all Pastimes and Exercises I like Sailing worst, and had rather attend the Hunters and Falconers many Days, ere I sailed one Half-day. It is a Part of *Noah's* Judgment: If it shall be my good Fortune to arrive in your Island, prepare no Games of Strength for our Recreation, and after a Satiety of Discourse and Reading, let us not trouble our selves with any sedentary Pastimes. The Dice are for the End of a Drum amongst Souldiers, the Tables for goutish and apoplectick Persons to make them move their Joints; the Cards for Women to observe their Discretion. But if we shall have a Desire of Change of Thoughts, let us not refuse the Chess, the only Princely Game (next Government) in the World, yea the true Image and Pourtrait of it, and training of Kings. Here is a King defended by a Lady, Two Bishops, Two Knights, at the End of the Lists, with Two Rooks, Fortresses, or Castles. Before those, to prepare and make plain the Passages, march Eight Pawns, *Enfans perdues*, exposed to all desperate Services, every one standing for their *Monarch*. The Deviser of this would represent unto us a Game of State. First for the Bishops; That nearest to Kings should be Ecclesiastical grave Men, who by oblique, traverse and mystical Ways (such is their Passage) should effectuate their Master's Designs and Safety. Though the Knights be not always nearest to the Kings, it falleth forth that even as the Knights at Game of Chess by their Leap, giving a Check to their King, the Kings are constrained to change Places, from which by covering and overshadowing themselves with some other Piece, in any other Checks they may escape free and exempted; so there is no Danger in the State a King should so much Fear as the Revolt of his Nobles. For the Towers or Castles named Rooks, these are the walled Towns, which serve for a Refuge for the Conservation of the Kingdom. Here is a King resembled who marched but one Pace, whilst all the other Pieces of the Chess-board put themselves now on the offensive, then on the defensive, for his Safety: To teach Kings, that it is not for them, upon whose Life the Peace and Happiness of the whole Subjects rely, to expose themselves to every Shock and Hazard of Battel, as a Captain: Since for the Safety of the King, he may make an extraordinary Leap from his own Station to the Station of the Rook or Tower, as to a Fortress holdable and impregnable against the greatest Assaults of his Enemies. The Privilege of the Lady is considerable, she may sometimes progress on the Ways of the Bishops, then on those of the Rooks or Towers, only she is hindered and inhibited from the leap-skip Bound of the Knights, as a Thing undecent, though *Plato* in his Republick permitteth Women to fight. The Game is concluded with the Mate of the King, that is, a Fool or Madman in the *Italian*. If the other Pieces keep not themselves, they may, as dead, be taken and removed of the Chess-board, but the King by Loss of Men loseth not the Victory, he may by a Hazard carry it with the meanest of his Pieces, as his Army is wisely and warily conducted. The King receiveth not that Disgrace in Imagination as that they Dream of his taking, but it is enough that they bring upon him such Confusion and Disarray, that, blocked up and denuded of all Support, he cannot march to any Hold or Station: Which brought to pass, we tell he is Mated, that is, either Madman or Fool: To signify what Disaster soever befall a King we should not attempt on his Person. Moreover, even in the Midst and Throng of all his best Pieces the Mating of the King is the Conclusion of the Game; which shows us, that on the Preservation or Overthrow of our King the Overthrow or Preservation of our State dependeth. The Recompence of the Pawns is not to be forgotten. When they can win and ascend the furthest Part of the Chess-board on the Sunny Side, as the First, which mount a Breach, in this Case they are surrogated in those void Rooms of the Pieces of Honour, which, because they suffered themselves to be taken, were removed off the Board; which in Effect is to represent the Punishment and Guerdon due in a Common-wealth to good or evil Actions.

The

The Game ended, Kings, Queens, Bishops, Knights, Pawns pell-melled are confusedly thrown into the Box, the Conclusion of all earthly Actions and Greatness. If *Hieronymus Vida* can be found with *Baptista Marino* his *Adone*, we shall not spare some Hours of the Night and Day at their Chess; for I affect that above the other, and here have we played without a Chess-board on Paper for a Preamble to our Meeting.

W. Drummond.

21. To the Right Honourable the Earl of Perth.

My Noble Lord,

IN this Storm of the State I had resolved to set my Affairs in Order, exposing all to the Hazard of what might fall forth, and fly to the Shadow of your Lordship; finding, at this Time, that not to prove true, *Minima parvitate sua tuta sunt*; for the Humility of my Fortune, and my retired and harmless Form of living, could not save me from being employed to serve here the Ambition of the great Masters of the State; as if I had no more to do with Time, I was appointed to spend it in attending the Committee of the Shire; at my first Initiation charged to be at that fatal Service, and horrible Execution of *Dunglass*; they directed me to ravage and plunder the more peaceable Neighbours about. This *Trojan Horse* laboured to give me a Command over Horses. All which Employments being contrary to my Education and Estate, knowing, that *Pareil sur Pareil a nulle Puissance*, and that they were not my lawful Masters, I shun'd and performed no more than pleased me, which acquired me no small Spite. If the Parliament of *England*, and Matters since fallen forth, had not a little cooled this Fervency or Frenzy, I knew not where to have found Sanctuary, save with your Lordship, nor knew I what Thanks to render your Lordship, for your gracious Protection, and many Courtesies offered me. If I should sacrifice my Fortunes, Liberty, and Life, I would rather lose them for your Lordship, than for any *Democracy*. Your Lordship's Favours shall ever be remembered, and sought to be deserved, in what is within the Compass of performing, and the Power of

Your Lordship's

Humble Servant,

Hawthornden,
Decemb. 1. 1640.

W. Drummond,

22. To his Worthby Friend, M. A. G.

INever found any greater Folly in the Actions of Men than to see some busy themselves to understand the future Accidents of their Lives. This Knowledge of Things to come not revealed to us, is noways needful for us. Wheresoever this Superstition is once received, Men are driven, and, as it were, haunted with Furies, and are deprived of all Calmness, Quietness and Rest. I never knew any who had Recourse to those unlawful Curiosities who liv'd the ordinary Age of Man. God Omnipotent removing his Grace from them giveth them over to fall under the Fate of their own Fears. By the Credulity and violent Desire of him who inquireth to know these Things, *Astrological* Predictions come to pass, not by the Nature of the Things themselves, which are fortuitous Events, and have no natural Causes, being voluntary. The Mistakings and Uncertainties of these Predictions should make us contemn them, *Astrologi fingunt, non docent*. The Truth of *Astrological Predictions* is not to be referr'd to the Constellations of Heaven, the *Genethliaticks* have other Observations than the Stars; they conjecture by the Disposition, Temper, Complexion of the Person, by the Physiognomy, Age, Parents, Education, Acquaintance, Familiarity, and Conversation, out of all which they collect many Appearances, Possibilities, Likelyhoods: and their Prophecies are referr'd *ad Sortem, ad Pacta, ad Prudentiam consultorum, & stultitiam Consulentium*: the Sagacity of the *Astrolo-*

ger, the Blockishness of the Consulter. Of Contingencies, no certain Knowledge can be obtained by Art.

But all those Events, which *Astrologers* averr to come, are fortuitous and casual Contingents, then they cannot be learned or known by any Precepts of Art. How can a *Chaldean* by that short Minute, Instant, or Moment of Time in which a Man is born, set down the diverse Changes, Mutations and Accidents of his Life? If we were to consider of those Things, it would appear we should not be solicitous so much, and take Notice how the Air is affected at the Infant's coming in this World, as we should observe and respect the Matter and Disposition of the whole Body, in which a greater Virtue is infused, or of the Time of the Conception. Then how unlikely is it, and without any Semblance of Truth, that the many almost numberless Conjunctions of Stars, which occur and present themselves in the Progress of a Man's Life, should match and countervail that one Horoscope or Conjunction which is found at his Birth? Moreover, to find out and know the Actions of the Free-wil of Man, of what Importance should we hold Nourishment Education, Age, the Place, and his Conversation, every one of which after their own Manner contributing to the Constitution and Complexion of the Person, how great Effects must all these together produce? If that Moment of the Time of Birth be of such Moment, Whence proceedeth the great Differences of the Constitutions of Twins, which, though together born, have strange, divers and contrary Fortunes in the Progress of their Lives? All that Knowledge (if there be any such) of Things contingent, to which we attain by the Aspects of Stars, is uncertain, frivolous and changeable. This the Devils themselves confessed, when, upon Consultations of Things to come, for the most part they gave doubtful and ambiguous Answers. The Stars are not malignant, mischievous and spiteful, nor by their Aspects malicious; if they were such, that should be either by Election or Nature: They are not by Election; for then they should have Senses and Souls, and, as Animals, be troubled with Perturbations, and tossed like unto us, which followeth Election. They are not malicious by Nature, since God created them, and God is not a Creator of what is Evil, nor is the Framers of what's not Good; the Heavens are all Good, and in every Degree and Figure the Divine Bounty shineth. Why do not *Astrologers* at their Pleasure procreate Kings; for they have no great Labour but to choose out *opportunam horam*, and ask Counsel of the fatal Stars? Had *Gyges*, who of a Servant became a King, a Kingly Aspect; or *Servius Tullus*, or that *Tartar*, *Tamerlane*, Royal Images and Figures? Vain should all Laws be, all Sentences and Dooms of Judges, vain the Rewards of Virtue and good Men, vain the Punishments of Vices and Evils; if the great Beginnings and Originals of them were compelled, driven and forced, and if what is Just or Wrong were not in a Man himself. The Thief should not be a Thief, the Murtherer a Murtherer, Wicked and Unjust they should not be, the one being necessitated to Steal, the other to shed Blood by the Stars. Trust in the First Cause, God Almighty, and scorn vain Predictions. That infinite, eternal Essence, though the Stars should incline, yea necessitate, and be averse, can countermand and turn them propitious: All Things turn unto the best unto such as rely on his Eternal Goodness.

W. Drummond.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Never before Printed.

1. *To his very worthy Friend, Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.*

S I R,

I HAVE sent you here a Sonnet, which the King made the last Week, moved by the Roughness of the Season, as you may perceive by his Allusion to *Saturn* and *Janus* Meeting. This forced the Other from me. The last Day being private with his Majesty, after other Things, we fortun'd to discourse of *English* Poesy, and I told one Rule that he did like of exceedingly, which was this; *That, to make a good Sound there must still be first a short Syllable, and then a long, which is not long positively of it self, but comparatively, when it followeth a shorter: So that one Syllable may be long in one Place and short in another, according as it is matched; for a Syllable seems short when it is as it were born down with a longer.* Though this Letter would seem idle to some; yet I know it will prove serious to you, and I seek in this but to fit your Humour to whom I write. You will find this, by your own Observation, better than a Man can express it with Words, though few or none have ever remark'd it. I have presently written a Number of serious Letters; and last of all have recreated my Mind with this, where- with I end,

Newmarket, the 4th
of February, 1616.

Your Brother,

W. Alexander.

A Sonnet by King James VI.

HOW cruelly these Catives do conspire;
What loathsome Love breeds such a baleful Band,
Betwixt the cankred King of Creta Land,
That Melancholy, Old, and Angry Sire,
And him who wont to quench Debate and Ire
Amongst the Romans, when his Ports were clos'd,
But now his double Face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's Help, to freeze us at the Fire.
The Earth o're covered with a Sheet of Snow,
Refuses Food to Fowl, to Bird and Beast,
The chilling Cold lets ev'ry Thing to grow,
And surfeits Cattel with a starving Feast,
Curs'd be that Love, and mought continue short,
That kills all Creatures, and doth spoil our Sport.

A Poem by Sir William Alexander.

WHEN Britain's Monarch, in true Greatness great,
 His Council's Counsel, did Things past unfold,
 He (eminent in Knowledge as in State)
 What might occur oraculously told;
 And when far rais'd from this Terrestrial Round,
 He numbrous Notes with measur'd Fury frames,
 Each Accent weigh'd, no Farr in Sense, or Sound,
 He Phœbus seems, his Lines Castalian Streams,
 This Worth (though much we owe) doth more extort;
 All Honour should, but it constrains to Love,
 While ravish'd still above the vulgar Sort
 He Prince, or Poet, more than Man doth prove:
 But all his due who can afford him then,
 A God of Poets, and a King of Men.

This Day, design'd to spoil the World of Peace,
 And accessory to so foul a Crime,
 Why should it rest in the Records of Time,
 Since stain'd by Treason forfeiting the Place.
 O! but those err who would it odious make:
 This Day from Danger Britain's Monarch sav'd,
 That Day when first the Mischief was conceiv'd,
 Let it accurst still clad with Clouds look black.
 Then happy Day, to which by Heaven's Decree
 (As consecrated) Festual Pomp is due,
 Long may thy Saint (a living Martyr) view,
 All Hearts for Love of Him to Honour Thee.
 More length we wish, but what thou wantst of Light
 Shall be by Fire extorted from the NIGHT.

2. To his very worthy Friend Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.

BROTHER,

I Have perused those Pieces, which you sent me, but in such Haste, that I have rather marked the Faults than mended them; which are very few, some of the Printer, some of the Accent, and others in the Congruity according to the Phrase here. This is only in a few Particulars, but the whole is good, especially your Song. I may have mistaken some Defects which I find; but I am too free a Friend not to be a Critick at such Times. Be plain with me again, for no Fortune can change me from what I am to you. Yesterday M. John Murray died. Eight Days ago I wrote a Sonnet, divining his Death, which you shall receive here: The King commended it much, but thought that I gave him too much Praise, at least it was a generous Error. I envy no Man, and shall never be a Niggard to any Man's Worth in that which I can afford. It may be I come to Scotland the Year for a Forth-night; if I do, I will forwarn you to be where we may meet, and I shall be loath to want you all the Time. Commend me to Scots-Tarbet. So continues

London, 12 of
 April, 1615.

Your loving Brother,

W. Alexander.

MOURN

MOURN *Muses, mourn, your greatest Gallant dies,
 Who still in State did court your sacred Train;
 Your Minion Murray, Albion's sweetest Swain,
 Who soar'd so high, now low neglected lies.
 If of true Worth the World had right esteem'd,
 His lofty Thought, what Bounds could have confin'd?
 But Fortune, fear'd to match with such a Mind,
 Where all his Due, and not her Gift had seem'd.
 Fair Nymphs, whose Brood doth stand with Time at Strife,
 Dare Death presume, Heaven's Darlings thus to daunt?
 To flattering Fancies then in vain you vaunt,
 That you for ever will prolong a Life.
 He grac'd your Band, and not your Bays his Brow,
 You happy were in him, he not by you.*

3. To his very worthy Friend Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Worthy Friend,

I Received your Letter and your Verses, which I liked very well, and am glad that you exercise your Muse, since *Samuel Daniel* is dead. I doubt not you have heard how *Sir Robert Ker* hath kill'd *Charles Maxwell* in Combat, which was so much pressed upon him, and so well carried, that my Lord *Maxwell* and the Gentleman's Brother who are here, and know all the Circumstances thereof, have very generously protested, that they shall never quarrel nor dislike him for it: So remembering my Love to your worthy Brother *Sir John* and his Lady, I rest,

*Newmarket,
 7. February,
 1620.*

Your truly loving Friend,

W. Alexander.

4.

BROTHER,

I Received your last Letter, with the Psalm you sent, which I think very well done: I had done the same, long before it came, but he prefers his own to all else, tho' perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the Three. No Man must meddle with that Subject, and therefore I advise you to take no more Pains therein; but I, as I have ever wished you, I would have you to make choice of some new Subject worthy of your Pains, which I should be glad to see. I love the Muses as well as ever I did, but can seldom have the Occasion to frequent them. All my Works are written over in one Book, ready for the Press, but I want leisure to print them: So referring all further to our old Friend, *Sir Archibald Archibson*, who is coming Home, I continue,

*London, 18.
 April, 1620.*

Your loving Friend,

W. Alexander.

5.

My Noble Friend,

I Was very glad to see your Letter, but displeased with that Part thereof, whereby you excuse the Discontinuance of Writing to me; for no Distance of Degree nor Place, should have Power to interrupt the Course of so harmonious an Unitedness, as hath so long con-

tinued between us. As for the Fairy Queen, of whom you wrote to me, her Apparitions of late have bewitched so many, that I find sundry ready to dance with the Fairies; but I shall use my best Means (for the Nymph's sake that dwelleth upon the Lake) to conjure them, and shall ever approve my self,

Newmarket 22.
October, 1636.

Your very loving Friend to serve you,

Sterline.

6. To my worthy Friend Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.

S I R,

EVERY wretched Creature knows the Way to that Place where it is most made of, and so do my Verses to you, that was so kind to the last, that every Thought I think that Way haltes to be at you: It is true I get Leisure to think few, not that they are *cara* because *rara*, but indeed to declare, that my Employment and Incline concur to make them, like *Jacob's* Days, few and evil. Withal I can think of no Subject which doth not so resolve in a Vein so opposite to this World's Taste, that my Verses are twice lost, to be known like *Indians* among *Spaniards* for their cross Disposition, and as coming from me that can make none without an Hammer and the Fire, so as justly they cannot be *auribus hujus sæculi accommodata*. The best is, I care as little for them as their Fame; yet if you do not dislike them, it is Warrant enough for me to let them live till they get your Doom. In this Sonnet I have sent you an Approbation of your own Life, whose Character howsoever I have mist, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it, and indeed would fainer practise it. It may be, the All-wise God keeps us from that kind of Life we would chuse in this World, lest we should be the unwilling to part with it when He calls us from it. I thank God that hath given me a great Good-Will to be gone whensoever He calleth; only I pray with *Ezekias*, That He will give me leave to set my poor House in such a moderate Order, that the wicked World have not Occasion altogether to say of me, there was a foolish Courtier, that was in a fair Way to make a great Fortune, but that he would seek it (forsooth) by the desolate Steps of Virtue and Fair-dealing, and loving only such seckless Company, as God knoweth, I can neither love nor sooth any other, be they never so powerful, at least their Good must exceed their Ill, or they must appear so to me. Yet do not think that I will repine if I get no Part of this Desire, but my utmost Thought, when I have done all I should, is ever, *fiat voluntas Domini*. And thus I commend my Sonnet to you, and my self, as

Cambridge, where the Court was the
Week past, about the Making of the
French Match, 16. December, 1624.

Your constantly Loving Friend to Command,

Ro. Kerr.

A Sonnet in praise of a Solitary Life.

SWEET solitary Life, lovely dumb Joy,
That need'st no Warnings how to grow more wise,
By other Men's Mishaps, nor the Annoy,
Which from sore Wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
* The Morning's second Mansion, Truth's first Friend,
Never acquainted with the World's vain Broils;
Where the whole Day to our own Use we spend,
And our dear Time no fierce Ambition spoils.
Most happy State that never tak'st Revenge
For Injuries received, nor do'st fear

The

* Because the next Way the Morning goeth from the Lap of *Thetis*, is to those that dwell in the Country; for, at Court, and the great Places of the World, they ly a-bed, and miss it, and Truth getteth first Welcome among those that be at leisure to consider of her Excellency.

*The Court's great Earthquake, the griev'd Truth of Change:
Nor none of Falshood's favoury Lyes doſt bear,
Nor know'ſt Hope's ſweet Diſeaſe, that charms our Senſe,
Nor it's ſad Cure, dear bought Experience.*

R. K. A.

*The Date of this ſtarved Rhime, and
the Place, was the very Bed-Cham-
ber, where I could not Sleep.*

7. *To my honourable Friend Mr. William
Drummond, in Scotland.*

My dear Noble Drummond,

YOUR Letters were as welcome to me, as if they had come from my Miſtreſs, which I think is one of the faireſt and wortheiſt Living. Little did you think how oft, that Noble Friend of yours, Sir William Alexander, (that Man of Men) and I, have remember'd you, before we traffick'd in Friendſhip. Love me as much as you can, and ſo I will you: I can never hear of you too oft, and I will ever mention you with much Reſpect of your deſerved Worth. I enclodſed this Letter in a Letter of mine to Mr. Andrew Hart of Edinburgh, about ſome Buſineſs I have with him, which he may impart to you. Farewel, Noble Sir, and think me ever to be,

London, 9.
Nov. 1618.

Your Faithful Friend,

Michael Drayton.

Joſeph Davis is in Love with you.

8. *To my Noble Friend Mr. William
Drummond of Hawthornden.*

My Noble Friend,

I HAVE at laſt received both your Letters, and the Laſt in a Letter of Sir William Alexander's incloſed, ſent to me into the Country, where I have been all this Winter, and came up to London not above Four Days before the Date of theſe my Letters to you: I thank you, my dear ſweet Drummond, for your good Opinion of *Poly-Olbyon*: I have done Twelve Books more, that is, from the Eighteenth Book, which was *Kent*, (if you note it) all the Eaſt Parts, and North to the River of *Tweed*; but it lyeth by me, for the Bookſellers and I are in Terms: They are a Company of baſe Knaves, whom I both ſcorn and kick at. Your Love, worthy Friend, I do heartily embrace and cheriſh, and the oſter your Letters come, the better they ſhall be welcome. And ſo, wiſhing you all Happineſs, I commic you to God's Tui- tion, and reſt ever

London, 14.
April 1619.

Your aſſured Friend,

Michael Drayton.

*I have written to Mr. Hart a
Letter, which comes with this.*

R r

9.T.

9. *To my dear Noble Friend Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, in Scotland.*

Noble Mr. Drummond,

I Am oft thinking whether this long Silence proceeds from you or me, whether I know not; but I would have you take it upon you, and excuse me; and then I would have you lay it upon me, and excuse your self: But if you will, (if you think it our Fault, as I do) let us divide; and both, as we may, amend it. My long being in the Country this Summer, from whence I had no Means to send my Letter, shall partly speak for me; for, believe me, worthy *William*, I am more than a Fortnight's Friend; where I love, I love for Years; which I hope you shall find. When I wrote this Letter, our general Friend, *Sir William Alexander*, was at Court at *Newmarket*; but my Lady promised me to have this Letter sent to you: Let me hear how you do, so soon as you can; and know that I am, and will be ever,

London, 22. November 1621. in haste.

Your Faithful Friend,

Michael Drayton.

10. *To my most Worthby and ever Honoured Friend Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, in Scotland.*

S I R,

IT was my Chance to meet with this Bearer, *Mr. Wilson*, at a Knight's House in *Glocestershire*, to which Place I Yearly use to come, in the Summer Time, to recreate my self, and to spend some Two or Three Months in the Country; and understanding by him, that he was your Country-man, and after some Enquiries of some few Things, I asked him, if he had heard of such a Gentleman, (meaning your self) who told me he was of your inward Acquaintance, and spake much Good to me of you: My Happiness of having so convenient a Messenger, gave me the Means to write to you, and to assure you that I am your perfect faithful Friend, in spite of Destiny and Time. Not above Three Days before I came from *London*, (and I had not been here above Four Days) I was with your Noble Friend and mine, *Sir William Alexander*, when we talk'd of you; I left him, his Lady and Family in good Health: This Messenger is going from hence, and I am call'd upon to do an earnest Business for a Friend of mine; and so I leave you to God's Protection, and rest ever

Clifford, in *Glocester-Shire*,
14. July 1631. in haste.

Your Faithful Friend,

Michael Drayton.

11. *To my Worthby, Honoured and Beloved Friend Mr. William Drummond, Edinburgh.*

Most Loving and Beloved Sir,

A GAINST which Titles I should most knowingly offend, if I made you not at length some Account of my self, to come even with your Friendship. I am arrived safely, with a most Catholick Welcome, and my Reports not unacceptable to His Majesty: He

He professed (I thank God) some Joy to see me, and is pleased to hear of the Purpose of my Book: To which I most earnestly solicit you for your Promise of the Inscriptions at *Finky*, some Things concerning the Loch of *Lomound*, touching the Government of *Edinburgh*, to urge Mr. *James Scot*; and what else you can procure for me with all speed: Especially I make it my Request, that you will enquire for me, whether the Students Method at *St. Andrew's* be the same with that at *Edinburgh*, and so to assure me, or wherein they differ. Though these Requests be full of Trouble, I hope they shall neither burden nor weary such a Friendship, whose Commands to me I will ever interpret a Pleasure. News we have none here, but what is making against the Queen's Funeral, whereof I have somewhat in hand, which shall look upon you with the next. Salute the beloved *Fentons*, the *Nisbets*, the *Scots*, the *Levingstons*, and all the Honest and Honoured Names with you; especially Mr. *James Writb*, his Wife, your Sister, &c. And if you forget your self, you believe not in

Your most true Friend and Lover,

*London, 10th of
May 1619.*

Ben. Johnson.

To the Honouring Respect,
Born

To the Friendship contracted with

The Right Virtuous and Learned,

Mr. *William Drummond*,

And the Perpetuating the same by all Offices of Love

Hereafter,

I *Benjamin Johnson*,

Whom he hath honoured with the Leave to be call'd His,

Have with mine own Hand, to satisfy his Request,

Written this Imperfect Song,

On a Lover's Dust, made Sand for an Hour-Glass.

DO but consider this small Dust, here running in the Glass,
By Atomes mov'd;
Could you believe that this the Body ever was
Of one that lov'd?

And, in his Mistress Flame, playing like the Flye
Turn'd to Cinders by her Eye!

Tes: And in Death, as Life, unblest
To have it exprest,

Even Ashes of Lovers find no Rest.

Yet that Love when it is at full, may admit Heaping,
Receive another; and this a Picture of my self.

I doubt that Love is rather Deaf than Blind,

For else it could not be,

That she,

Whom I adore so much, should so slight me

And cast my Suit behind.

I'm sure my Language to her is as sweet,

And all my Closets meet

In Numbers, of as subtile Feet

As makes the youngest He,

That sits in Shadow of Apollo's Tree.

O! but my conscious Fears

That fly my Thoughts between,

Prompt me, that she hath seen

My Hundreds of Gray Hairs

Told Six and Fourty Years,

Read so much wast, as she cannot embrace

My Mountain Belly and my Rocky Face;

And all those through her Eyes have stopt her Ears.

January 19. 1619.

Ben. Johnson.

12. *To the Right Honourable, William Earl of Morton.*

MY LORD,

THE Love which you bear to the Muses, and your especial Desert in my Behalf, have imbolden'd me to offer you these few Madrigals; a small Monument of that great Zeal and Affection, which I have vowed to your Lordship's Vertues. I know how unworthy they are of your Noble View, being but Toyes of Youth, and those Youthfully handled, and only apparel'd by Nature; yet know I, that sometimes, to the most delicate Ear, the Warblings of the Wild Birds in the Solitary Forrests, are wont to be as delightful as the Artificial Notes of the learned Poppingayes in the Guilt Cages: And (if my Thoughts do not much deceive me) your Courtesy and generous Disposition will not wage Duty with Dislike; but forgive a Presumption caused by your own Worth: Which duly to be recommended, would require a larger Paper. Vouchsafe then (Noble Lord) to accept them, and in them that Intention and earnest Desire which I have ever to serve your Lordship.

W. Drummond.

13. *To the Right Honourable, Thomas Lord Bining, President, Secretary to the King's most Excellent Majesty, and One of His Privy-Council in both the Kingdoms.*

MY LORD,

HAVING to these Seas of Joy, which overflow this Kingdom, added this small Brook or Nymph of mine, and not forgetting your chearful accepting of such like Effays heretofore, I was emboldened to make her hold her first Course to your Lordship. I am not ignorant of her many Defects; but in great Things high Aims should countervail whatsoever Events: Besides, I know your Worth can, and your Courtesy will, forgive, if not excuse them: Looking for no sweeter Musick of a River, than a whispering Murmure; nor for better Ornament than Reeds, Rushes or Water-Lillies. That she can now be so happy as to approach him, whom she seeks to praise, it is beyond both her Hopes and Wishes: Her next Ambition is to be favourably looked upon by your Lordship, and Witness his Affection, whom your Lordship may

Ever Command,

W. Drummond.

Pro-

14. *Protection from the Right Honourable,
the Marquess of Montrose, to Mr. Wil-
liam Drummond of Hawthornden,*

*James, Marquess of Montrose, His Majesty's Lieutenant General of the
Kingdom of Scotland.*

THES E are to will and command all Officers and Souldiers, imployed in this present Expedition, (for repressing of this treasonable and most unnatural Rebellion, so perversly hatched against his Majesty's sacred Person and Authority) that none of them trouble or molest Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, his said Lands, with Houses, Bings, Yards, Parts, Pendicles and Pertinents thereof, or his Men, Tenents, Cottars, Servants and Indwellers thereupon, and their Wives, Bairns and Families, in their Bodies, Goods or Gear directly nor indirectly; as they, and every one of them, will answer on the contrary at their highest Peril. Given at our Leaguer, at Bothwel, the 28th of August, 1645.

Montrose.

15. *To the Right Honourable, the Mar-
quess of Montrose.*

MY NOBLE LORD,

AT the Beginning of the Troubles of this Kingdom having ever according to my Conscience and Duty continued Loyal to the King's Majesty, I contributed my best Endeavours, in an Essay of a Remonstrance, for perswading his Majesty's Subjects to Obedience towards him, and Peace amongst themselves, which I had an Intention to have published at his Majesty's being here: But finding his Majesty's Authority so fearfully eclipsed, and the Stream of Rebellion swelled to that Height, that honest Men, without Danger, dar'd hardly speak, let's publish their Conceptions in Write, I suppressed the Papers. Now since, by the Mercy of God, in your Excellency's victorious Arms, the Golden Age is returned, his Majesty's Crown re-established, the many-headed Monster near quell'd; if that Piece can do any Service at this Time, your Excellency, so soon as it can be transcribed, shall command it, either to be buried in Oblivion, if it deserve, or published to the View of the World. So your Excellency, as you have granted me a Protection of my Fortunes, will be my Patron and Protector of my Papers, and deign to accept of him, who shall ever continue.

Your Excellency's most humble Servant,

W. Drummond.

16. *To Mr. William Drummond of
Hawthornden.*

S I R,

WE being informed of your good Affection to His Majesty's Service; and that you have written some Pieces vindicating Monarchy from all Aspersions, and another, named *Irene*: These are to desire you to repair to our Leagure, bringing with your or sending such Papers, that we may give Order for putting of them to the Press, to the Contentment of all his Majesty's good Subjects.

Montrose.

Dated 1645.

S f

To

17. *To Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.*

S I R,

HAVING the Occasion of this so trusty a Bearer, I could not but remember to you all my best Respects, and acknowledge your good Affection and all your friendly Favours: For which, and your so constant Loyalty towards his Sacred Majesty and his Service, besides your own so much Personal deserving, I must intreat you to believe, That, in all Times and Fortunes, you shall find me ever,

Sir,

Your most Affectionate and faithful Friend,

*Montrose, August
19th 1646.*

Montrose.

18. *A Letter to William Drummond of Hawthornden, with a Censure of some Poets ancient and modern, by William Earl of Stirling.*

To my much honoured Friend, Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.

S I R,

I Would have this Piece appear to the World with your Name, as well for a Testimony to After-times of our Friendship and Love, as for that (to my Knowledge) there is not any in our Northern Country who hath more diligently perused the Authors cited in this Censure, and who can so universally discern of every of them in their own Language, as your self. My daily Cares at Court, and Employments in Matters of the State, have not granted me Leisure to set the last Hand unto it: Neither have I went so through all, but that you (if you please) in that Solitariness and Leisure which you enjoy, may proceed and spend some flying Hours upon this same Subject. And, I am assured, our Pieces cannot but with Applause and Contentment be read and embraced by the thankful Posterity; who after Death will render to every Man what is his due.

Your loving Friend

and Brother,

Stirling.

A N A-

ANACRISIS:

O R,

*A Censure of some Poets Ancient and Modern.*By *William Earl of Stirling.*

AFTER a great Travel both of Body and of Mind, which (since not voluntary but imposed upon me) was the more painful, by retiring for a Time where I was born, of late, gladly embracing this rarely offered Opportunity to refresh my self, and being curious, as the most dainty Kind of Pleasure for such as are capable of their Delicacies, to recreate my self with the Muses; (I may justly say recreate, since they create new Spirits, which shaking off gross Affections, diving into the Depths, reaching the Heights, and contemplating both, are transported with these Things which are only worthy to entertain so noble a Thing as the Mind of Man): I began to renew my Acquaintance there, having of a long Time been a Stranger with them; so that at the first I could not begin to practise as one of their ordinary Train, but only to court with these whose Credit might procure my Access. I conversed with some of the Modern as well as with the Ancients, kindling my Fire at those Fires which do still burn out of the Ashes of ancient Authors, to whom I find them no Way inferior, though like affectioned Patriots, by writing in the vulgar Tongues, seeking to grace their own Country. I have pitied the Ignorance of some who might be admitted for Versifiers and Poets, that would extol, as an excellent Piece of Poesy, that, which wanting Life, had nothing but Language, masking Ignorance with *Greek* and *Latin*, whose Treasure long feeding upon, they had by Time digested, and converted to their own Use, though venting it but in Excrements.

Language is but the Apparel of Poesy, which may give Beauty, but not Strength: And when I censure any Poet, I first dissolve the general Contexture of his Work in several Pieces, to see what Sinews it hath, and to mark what will remain behind, when that external Gorgeousness, consisting in the Choice or Placing of Words, as if it would bribe the Ear to corrupt the Judgment, is first removed, or at least only marshalled in its own Degree. I value Language as a Conduit, the Variety thereof to several Shapes, and adorned Truth or witty Inventions that which it should deliver: I compare a Poem to a Garden, the disposing of the Parts of the one to the several Walks of the other: The Decorum kept in Descriptions, and representing of Persons, to the Proportions and Distances to be observed in such Things as are planted therein, and the Variety of Invention to the Diversity of Flowers thereof; whereof Three Sorts do chiefly please me: A grave Sentence, by which the Judgment may be bettered; a witty Conceit, which doth harmoniously delight the Spirits; and a generous Rapture expressing Magnanimity, whereby the Mind may be inflamed for great Things. All the rest, for the most Part, is but a naked Narration or gross Staff to uphold the general Frame; yet the more apt, if well contrived and eloquently delivered, to angle vulgar Readers, who perchance can scarce conceive the other.

I condemn their Opinions, who as they would include all Perfection in one, do prefer some one with whom they sympathize, or whom they have most practised, to all others. There is none singular in all, and yet all are singular in some Things: There is none so excellent that is not excelled in some Pieces by some others, and every one hath his own particular Grace, none being positively but only comparatively to be praised, and that for Parts, not in the whole; Men's Works, like themselves, not being all of one Quality, nor ever alike.

I like the Phrase, Style, Method and discreet Carriage of *Virgil*; the Vigour and Variety of Invention in *Ovid*; the deep Judgement and grave Sentences of *Horace* and *Juvenal*; the Heroical Conceptions, showing an innate Generosity, in *Statius Papinianus* and *Lucan*: And I cannot wonder enough at that Man (deservedly renowned and admirably learned) who with a passionate Kind of Partiality (the more strange that it is against dead Men who have exceeded Envy, having their just Value set upon them by sundry Ages) would advisedly vilify *Lucan* in so extreme

a Measure, saying, *Videtur potius latrare quam canere*, whom *Statius Papinianus* and *Martial* (his Superiours in Poefy) both celebrating his Birth by eternal Testimonies, have magnified so much

*Hæc est illa dies, quæ magni conscia partus,
Lucanum populis et tibi, Polla, dedit.]*

And thereafter,

*Vatis Apollinei magno memorabilis ortu,
Lux redit, Aonidum turba favete sacris.
Hæc meruit, cum te terris, Lucane, dedisset,
Mixtus Castaliæ Boetis ut esset aquæ.*

Julius Scaliger doth aggravate much any Hyperbole, wherein he hath seemed to exceed, and hath not remarked, at least will not remember, the unmatched Height of his Ravishing Conceits to provoke Magnanimity: If he had as narrowly sifted *Virgil*, whom he will needs justify, as without any Blemish, without reposing, as by an implicate Faith, upon his Sufficiency, he would have found an Error in him more gross than any that is in *Lucan*; as this, where the Praise of an *Epick* Poem, is to feign a Person exceeding Nature, not such as all ordinarily be, but with all the Perfections whereof a Man can be capable; every Deficiency in that imaginary Man being really the Author's own, whose unlimited Invention, for Lack of Judgment, could reach to no greater Height. He, (seeking to extol the Valour of *Æneas*, which only could be done by the Valour of some valorous Enemy whom he had vanquished) doth so extreemly extenuate the Courage of *Turnus* at his Death, leaving him no Time to recover it, that where out of a Poetick Liberty he should have afforded more than was ordinary, wanting nothing but Fortune, and at least inferiour to none but to him whom he would grace with his Ruin, he doth make him die like a Dastard, casting thereby down all the Glory intended for *Æneas*, overcoming but a Coward; and in a more abject Manner than the lowest minded Man could have descended to conceive, burdening the Gods with his Cowardice, whose Mind, in whatsoever State his Body was, should have continued free, not basely begging his Life.

*Ille humilis supplexque oculos dextramq; precantem
Protendens, equidem merui, nec deprecor, inquit.
Utere sorte tua; Miseri te si qua Parentis
Tangere cura potest, oro (fuit & tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectæ;
Et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis,
Redde meis: Viciisti, tua est Lavinia conjux.*

Thus would he unworthily ransom his Life with Loss of his Honour and of his Lady: And I never read that Part of *Virgil*, but I remember the Speech of *Paulus Æmilius*, when *Perseus*, King of *Macedon*, came with Tears a Suiter to him, that he might not be led in Triumph. *Fy upon you, Beast*, said he, *you beg that which you ought to give unto your self, and hath disgraced my Victory, who now, after all my Travels, can have no Credit, having only overcome such a base Coward, as was not worthy to have been contended with.* If I have been too bold in censuring *Julius Scaliger*, let me be excused by his Example in censuring all his Betters; and it is only to give *Lucan* his Due, not to derogate from him.

There is no Man doth satisfy me more, than that notable *Italian*, *Torquato Tasso*, in whom I find no Blemish, but that he doth make *Solyman*, by whose Overthrow he would grace *Rinaldo*, to die fearfully, belying the Part that he would have Personated during his Life; as if he would choose rather to err in imitating others, than to prove singular by himself. *Speron*, *Speron* thinking his exquisite Work of *Godfred* to be too full of rich Conceits, and more dainty than did become the Gravity of such a Work, said, That it was a Heroick Poem written in *Madrigals*; and yet, when he wrote a Week of the Creation, in Emulation of *Du Bartas*, it did no way approach to the Perfections of the other; which doth confirm me in my first Opinion, That every Author hath his own Genius directing him, by a secret Inspiration, to that wherein he may most excell, and, as I said, excelling in some Things, and none in all.

Many

Many would bound the boundless Liberty of a Poet, binding him only to the Birth of his own Brains, affirming that there can be no Perfection but in a Fiction, not considering that the Ancients, upon whose Example they ground their Opinion, did give Faith unto those Fables, whereby they would abuse our Credulity, not only as to true History, but as to true Divinity, since containing the Greatness of their Gods and Grounds of their Religion, which they in their own Kind did strive superstitiously to extol; so that hereby they would either make our Religion or our Affection thereunto Inferior unto theirs, and imaginary Matters to be more celebrated than true Deeds, whose envied Price, affectionately looked upon, must beget a generous Emulation in any Virtuous Reader's Mind.

The Treasures of Poesie cannot be better bestowed than upon the apparelling of Truth, and Truth cannot be better apparell'd to please young Lovers, than with the Excellencies of Poesy. I would allow that an Epick Poem should consist altogether of a Fiction, that the Poet soaring above the Course of Nature, making the Beauty of Virtue to invite, and the Horrour of Vice to affright the Beholders, may liberally furnish his imaginary Man with all the Qualities requisite for the accomplishing of a perfect Creature, having Power to dispose of all Things at his own Pleasure.

But it is more agreeable with the Gravity of a Tragedy, that it be grounded upon a true History, where the Greatness of a known Person, urging Regard, doth work the more powerfully upon the Affections. As for the Satyrists and Epigrammatists, they may mix both the Two, who shadowing Truth with Fables, and discovering true Persons with feigned Names, may, by alluding to Antiquity, tax the modern Times. I have heard some with a pretended Theological Austerity condemn the Reading of Fictions, as only breathing a contagious Dissoluteness to impoison the Spirits, where such Works must be acknowledged as the chief Springs of Learning, both for Profit and Pleasure, showing Things as they should be, where Histories represent them as they are, many times making Vice to prosper and Virtue to prove miserable: I like not the *Alexander* of *Curtius* so well as the *Cyrus* of *Xenophon*, who made it first appear unto the World, with what Grace and Spirit a Poem might be delivered in Prose.

The *Aethiopian* History of *Heliodorus*, though far inferiour to that for the Weight and State of the Matter, as fitted to instruct Greatness; yet above it for the Delicacy of the Invention and Variety of Accidents, strange, yet possible, leading the curious Reader by a baited Appetite, with a methodical Intricateness, through a Labyrinth of Labours, entertaining his Expectation, till he come unto the End, which he must seek, that he may understand the Beginning: A Work whereof the Author, though he had Loss thereby, (being a Bishop) needed not to be ashamed, his chief Person doing nothing that was not worthy to be imitated. But I confess, that the *Arcadia* of *S. P. Sidney* (either being considered in the whole, or in several Lineaments) is the most excellent Work that, in my Judgment, hath been written in any Language that I understand, affording many exquisite Types of Perfection for both the Sexes; leaving the Gifts of Nature, whose Value doth depend upon the Beholders, wanting no Virtue whereof a Humane Mind could be capable. As for Men, Magnanimity, Carriage, Courtesy, Valour, Judgment, Discretion; and in Women, Modesty, Shamefastness, Constancy, Continency, still accompanied with a tender Sense of Honour. And his chief Persons being Eminent for some singular Virtue, and yet all Virtues being united in every one of them, Men equally excelling both for Martial Exercise and for Courtly Recreations, showing the Author (as he was indeed) alike well versed both in Learning and Arms: It was a great Loss to Posterity, that his untimely Death did prevent the Accomplishing of that excellent Work.

Long since, being young, I adventured a Piece with him, beginning at the very half Sentence, where he left with the Combat betwixt *Zelmane* and *Anaxius*, and continuing till the Ladies were returned to their Father, intending further, if I had not been otherways diverted, meerly out of my Love to the Author's Memory, which I celebrated under the Name of *Phisides*; intending to have altered all that followed after my Addition, having conformed my self only to that which went before; and though being there but an Imitator, I could not really give the Principal it self, but only as it were the Pourtrait, and that done by too gross a Pencil, *Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*. It were enough to be excellent by being Second to *Sidney*, since who ever could be that, behoved to be before others.

This kind of Invention in Prose, hath been attempted by sundry in the Vulgar Languages, as (leaving, as not worthy to be named here, those ridiculous Works composed of Impossibilities, and considering the best,) *Sanazarus's Arcadia* in Italian, *Diana de Montemajor* in Spanish, *Astrea* in French; whose Authors being all of excellent Wits, in a Bucolick Strain disguising such Passions of Love, as they suffered or devised under the Persons of Shepherds, were bound by the Decorum of that which they profess'd, to keep so low a Course, that though their Spirits could have reach'd to more generous Conceptions; yet they could not have delivered them in Pastorals, which are only capable of Affections fit for their Quality; where *S. P. Sidney*, as in an Epick Poem did express such things, as both in War and in Peace were fit to be practised by Princes. The most lofty of the other is the *Marquis d'Ursee* in his

Astrea, and the choise Pieces there, representing any of the better Sorts, do seem borrowed from ancient Histories, or else Narrations that hapned in modern Times, rather than true Discourses showing Persons such as they were indeed, though with other Names, than for the framing of them for Perfection, they should have been devised to be.

I have lately seen my Country-Man *Barclay's Argenis*, printed at *Rome*, though the Last in this Kind, yet no way inferior to the First; he doth only meddle with Matters of State, War, and Love, all chief Persons being Princes; which, in my Judgment, he doth discharge with a great Dexterity; and where he doth represent some Things, which either are Passages of this Time, or at least, as having a great Conformity therewith, may be easily apply'd to the same, he doth it so finely, as if he found such Purposes in his Way, and went not astray with a Search too curiously elaborated: And if any Part of his Work distaste the Reader, it will be the extreme affecting of Policy, by clogging his Muse with too long and serious Discourses, which though they be full of Wit and Judgment, will seem tedious to some: But his Work, whether judged of in the Whole, or parted in Pieces, will be found to be a Body strong in Substance, and full of Sinews in every Member.

TRACTS

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TRACTS

Never before Printed.

IRENE.

A Remonstrance for Concord, Amity and Love, amongst His Majesty's Subjects; written after His Declaration publish'd at Edinburgh, 22d of September, 1638.

AS Pilgrims wandering in the Night, by the inconstant Glances of the Moon, when they behold the Morning Gleams; as Mariners, after Tempests on the Seas, at their Arrival in safe Harbours; as Men that are perplex'd, and taken with some ugly Visions and Affrightments in their Slumbers, when they are awaked, and calmly rouled up: So did this Kingdom, State, nay, the whole Isle, amidst those Suspensions, Jealousies, Surmises, Mis-representations, Terrors, more than Pannick, after the late Declaration of the King's Majesty, find themselves surpris'd and over-reach'd with unexpected and inexpressible Joys. Religion was mourning, Justice wandering, Peace seeking whither to fly; a strange hideous, grim & pale Shadow of a Government was begun to crawl abroad, putting up a Hundred Heads. Men's Courages were growing hot, their Hatred kindled; all either drawing their Swords, or laying their Hands upon them. The Enemy was the Country; the Quarrel, Differences of Opinions. Towns were pestered with Guards of arm'd Citizens; the Country and Villages thrall'd with dormant Musters; the Danger seem'd great, the Fear was greater: All expected the Prince would enter the Lists, and so He did: Mean Things must yield unto the more Noble, *Vicit amor Patriæ*; that same Wind which gathered the Clouds, did dissipate them. He not only giveth Way to our Zeal, graciously assenting to all our Desires, but condescendeth, yea commandeth, that our own Writ should be current, and embraced by all his Subjects: To humane Eyes, a perfect Conclusion of our wretched Distractions. Let Fame of this Prince praise his other Vertues, we should never forget in this his unparallel'd Prudence and Clemency.

The Prince knew that War was the very Scourge of God upon a People, the Ruine of Mankind, and the Figure of Hell to come, of which no good Prince, (except for high and grievous Offences) will be the Cause; That Princes use to invade the Territories of their Enemies, and not their Native Countries; That Wars amongst Compatriots, for the most part, end in the Overthrow and Wreck of the State, as it hapned to the *Roman Empire*, by the Wars of *Constantine* against *Licinius*. That amongst disagreeing Subjects, whoever should win, the Prince should lose; That Rigour made not Men change their Minds, but oftner turning them desperate, made them more willful in their Opinions; That the Laws of Reason should govern the Power of a Prince; That the People are as Children, and he their Father, they as a Flock, he their Pastour; That the Preservation of Subjects, is the chief and principal Law God and Nature hath imposed on Princes; That *Principi non minus turpe multa supplicia quam Medico multa funera*; That Strength and Valour overcome openly, but that the noblest Victory is by

secret gaining the Heart, by Loyalty, Trust, Clemency and Mercy; That the Love of the People is the surest Guard of a Prince, to which all his Endeavours should tend.

These have been his ordinary Meditations, this the daily Exercise of his Life, about this, when others were sleeping, he was awake; when others in Quietness, he was in Cares; and when we were stubborn and resty to come to him, he hath come to us: So careful hath he been to intertain Peace amongst his Subjects, and with them.

All hail most sacred Peace, which, though a Stranger and Youngling amongst other Nations, yet art a *Denizon*, and as old as the *Sybilles*, amongst us of Great Britain! Were it not for thee, the calm Shades of Churches and Universities should be transformed into Pavilions and Camps of Horror; the Nobility and Gentry sequestered from their delightful Sport and Recreations at Home, should be thrall'd to the Bondage, Burthens and Dangers of Spoil, Rapine, Turmoils and Blood. Were it not for thee, the Citizen instead of his magnificent Porches and Marble Walks, with his Children and Beloved, should be driven to measure the Wayless Paths of his ruined Country, and wander amongst the Terrors of his slaughter'd Acquaintances and Fellow-Burgeesses: The Merchant should abandon his Traffick; the Husband-man, broken with the heavy Loads of the insolent Souldier, had turned his Acres into Leyes, his Syths and Ploughs into Swords, Spears and Ammunition: And every State, were it not for thee, had mortally Suffer'd.

Let other Nations boast, that they buried with their Bodies, the Fields which were wont to bury their Bodies; That they empurpled the Rivers with their Blood; That their Insolencies made Bonfires of their fairest Cities; That their Charity entertain'd so many Numberless Strangers, and bequeath'd them with their Treasure, Jewels, and dearest Pledges; That their Virgins were deflowr'd in the sight of the Sun, their Wives turned Widows, their Children Orphans; That their Statutes and Laws were mock'd, their Magistrates proscribed, and put to shameful Deaths; That in one Month, they furnish'd Matter of Histories and Tragedies for many Volumes, to after Times; That they have named Mountains, Plains, Heaths, Sea-Coasts, from their terrible Conflicts. Happy Island, let this be thy Glory, that these few Miles of Ground, which bred and entertain'd thy Natives young, do bury them old, that they know no Death, save by the Hand of Nature; That the Alarms of Trumpets and Drums are not heard amongst thine Inhabitants, save by the echoing of the perplexed Continent; That when those malignant Aspects of the superior Bodies, which confounded the other World, and disfigured it almost into a Chaos, did threaten the same unto thee: And when like another *Cato*, thou struggled to rip up thine own Bowels, thou hast a Prince who (instructed from above) hath foreseen thy Danger, prevented thy Fate, and, without either lancing or sharp Corrosives, purify'd thy depraved Humours, establishing True Religion, restoring Justice, continuing with us that Empress of all Plenty and Happiness, Peace. *Pax optima rerum, quas homini novisse datum est, Pax una Triumphis innumeris potior.*

Love naturally beginneth at the most Perfect: God loved us before we could love him: The Father loveth the Children, and the Children after love the Father: It doth not consist, except by a certain Reflection, and a reciprocal Being. The Prince hath descended from his Throne, laying down as it were his Greatness and Power Sovereign, seeming to diminish himself, only retaining his Fatherly Love to receive us into Peace and Amity with him, (whom, if his Goodness had but ballanced his Greatness, he had never accepted but amidst the Horrors of Arms) and shall not we run, nay, take Wings, with Acclamations, Applauses, lengthned Showts, and bursting Joys to meet him; and carry that same Affection towards him (though not of that Height and Extension) which he hath carried towards us? The Prince, that vital Spirit of the Commonwealth, which giveth Life to so many Millions of Lives, the fairest Image of God upon Earth; the best of all Christian Kings, who truly serveth the true God. What Suspicions, Doubts, false Fears, Misrepresentations, have been amongst us, they proceed and come all from our selves, and remain amongst our selves; resembling those dampish Fogs and Mists which mask the Fens and Mountains, but never approach nor reach the clear Body of the Sun, which is the Prince.

No State nor Kingdom hath been which hath not had Insurrections, and been subject to Commotions and Tumults, all Sublunary Things being vassall'd to Alterations: So that to stay this Course of the World, were with the Giants to attempt to scale the Heavens: This Glob upon which we live and move, hath its own Earthquakes; Princes are not infinite to hear every particular Man's Complaints, it is sufficient that universal Causes produce universal Effects. Importunity wringeth many Things from Princes, (to their great Prejudice) of which they consider not the Importance till they be passed and known by the Events. *Ita multa Romæ geruntur, ut vix ea quæ sunt in Provinciis audiantur.* The Distance of Place and Multitude of Affairs at Court, make that what afar off is done, is altogether buried, or never rightly understood by the Prince. It is the Duty of every Man, not only to rest satisfied with this fair Way and Entrance to Peace, Concord & Unanimity, which the Prince most graciously hath yielded unto, but to endeavour and use all possible Means and Industry, that they may be permanent

manent, lasting, and as eternal: As that Division, Strife and Dissentions be wholly taken away and extinguished: That the People be recalled, tamed, and perswaded to live in Quietness, recover the Taste of Government, peaceably exercising their wonted Trades and Arts: That Differences, & Doubts, if any yet remain, be pleaded and decided by Reason and Law, and not by Violence and Arms.

Love, Unanimity and Concord are the Ground-work, the Pillars, the Cement of all Estates and Common-wealths; yea so necessary, that in a City they are preferred to Justice it self, being holden more necessary. Forasmuch, that if the People love one another, none will commit that which may harm his Neighbour more than himself: And although Men were the most just in the World, yet stand they in need of those Virtues to support one another's Necessities, and for a mutual Maintenance of their Lives; every Man being a frail indigent Creature alone, shut up and kept by himself. By these small Things encrease, as by Dissentions great are dissolved and turned into nothing. To clear this Power of Union, it shall not be needful to urge those Emblems of a Quiver of Arrows, or the Tresses of Hair; which united the strongest Man cannot break, but severed the weakest Child may tear in Pieces: But rather let us consider the general Course of the World, and muse on the universal Destructions, Ruines and Desolations of States and Kingdoms. These we shall find not so much to have been occasioned by the open Invasions and Wars of Foreigners, as by the Dissentions and Divisions of Citizens amongst themselves. Did not the Divisions of the Princes of the East make the *Turks* Lords of their Territories? The Divisions of the small and little Kingdoms of *Europe* made the *Romans* (under Colour of aiding their Confederates) at last Masters of them all. The Divisions and Discords of the *Romans* amongst themselves turned them a Prey to the Barbarous People of the North. That great City *Babylon*, by the Discords of the Citizens, was taken by *Cyrus*: *Carthage*, by the Emulation and Envy of the Citizens, was destroyed. The *Lacedemonians* perished by their Discords. What the late Divisions of *Germany* hath brought forth, the cold *Finlanders*, *Sweedes*, and those Souldiers who are become warm by their Spoils, do bear Witness. Now let us search wherein Union, Concord and Peace consisteth, what doth breed, nourish and entertain them: This being duly pondered and examined, we shall find to be reasonable and lawful Command, and due Obedience, which two, when joined together, make up the first Law of States; nay, rather, it shall be found to be Obedience alone: *Præcipua, vel potius omnis imperii vis in consensu obedientium sita est.* Every Part of this Universe obeyeth the Supreme Maker GOD; the inferior Celestial Bodies obey the Superiour; the Earth and Seas obey them: Kingdoms, Estates, Cities, yea the meanest Families, the Strong with the Weak, the Poor with the Rich, the Evil with the Good, are preserved and maintained by that Obedience, which is given to Magistrates and Superiours. What swayeth so many Men differing in Nations, Languages, Customs, Inclinations, Humours, and all in Arms, save Obedience? What obtaineth Victories, enlargeth Kingdoms, except Obedience? Where Laws are not obeyed, there is there no Fear; where that is wanting, there no Honour, no Respect is had of Virtue, no Punishment of Vice; and these taken away, nought shall be found but a disorderly Licence to do Evil, a Confusion of every Thing, and a total Ruine of the State.

They whom we should obey are our Magistrates, Peers, Governours, and above all our Kings, who are the Princes of our Princes, the Sovereigns of our Governours, and the Superiours of all Magistrates. This Obedience hath been the true and most probable Cause of the long Continuance of this Kingdom; and at this time, that it findeth not a fatal Period, (which is *Lex Regia*, in respect of that eternal Kingdom, and a necessary Consequent to all States and Kingdoms upon Earth at last) it shall owe to Obedience and the excessive Goodness and Love of the Prince.

After the Dis-esteem, Contempt, Imprisonment, Deposing or violent Death of a native King, by a perfect Disobedience and Insurrection of Subjects, ordinarily the Dissolution, Ruine and Desolation of a State followeth; and though for the Sins of a People this Judgment cometh from Heaven, yet ever the Phrenzies and disordered Selfishness and Humours of some great Ones, who are precipitated into the Gulfs of their own Perdition, by Lack of good Advice and Counsel, preceedeth and are Fore-runners. Nothing more sweetneth the Heart of a Prince than Obedience: Good Subjects make good Kings: *Regum Ducumque clementia* (saith that Monarch) *non in ipsorum modo, sed etiam in illorum qui parent ingeniis sita est; obsequio mitigantur imperia, ubi vero reverentia excessit animis, & summa iniis confundimus, vi opus est ut vim repellamus.* And in effect many Princes have turned more terrible and severe by the Malice, Wickedness and Disobedience of their Subjects, than naturally they were, and of their own Inclinations.

Obedience being the strongest Pedestal of Concord, and Concord the principal Pillar of State, we should always embrace and follow her, if we would enjoy Civil Happiness; or, at least, use her as a Bridle, Helm and Stay to our wild Perturbations and disordered Passions. Imagine in the Statutes, Edicts and Ordinances of Princes, there be many Things contrary to our Opinions, and which do displease us; to such Difficulties, Contrarieties and Differences, let us apply the Remedies of Patience and Obedience. For it is not lawful for a Subject to be a Syndick

of the Actions of his Prince in Matters of State, being for the most part ignorant of the secret Causes and Motives upon which they are grounded; it belonging only to God Almighty (the Searcher of all Hearts) to censure and judge the Actions of Princes, from whom alone they have immediately their Royal Power and Sovereignty. In the Proceedings of Princes, that which is unknown to the Subject, is often more pregnant in State, and more expedient than that of which he findeth the Reason. Princes having that Preheminence and particular Blessing from God, to be instructed in what is most for the Weal of their People, more than the People themselves; as Physicians, who know what is convenient and most healthful for their Patients, and more than they themselves. A Prince, as he is always the Father, so should he be oft the Physician of the Commonwealth. If inferiour Subjects were permitted to examine, approve and condemn the Ordinances of their Magistrates, where were the Security and Safety of the Commonwealth? The greater Number, rejecting the Obedience and Yoke of the fewer, would make all Things common, or every Thing their own: Servants should violently over-run their Masters, Vassals their Patrons, Children their Parents, the Strong the Weak, the Poor the Rich, and all Civil Order be overturn'd, Confusion entering in where Obedience goeth out.

Now the last Day giving a Rule and Instruction for all the former, since the Experiences of what is past, and what we have seen amongst our Neighbour Countries, and their long Miseries, teach us by Example, that neither Leagues, Covenants, Confederacies, Fraternities of a Country in it self, nor Foreign Associations, Practices, or Intelligence Abroad, are the right Ways to be freed and relieved of Grievances and Troubles; let us embrace the present Offers of Reconciliation and Concord: For, not only now all and every particular Grievance, any ways complained on, is discharged and removed, but what we petitioned and stood so stubbornly unto, is granted us and established; which is as much as a Subject can ask, a Prince grant, and more than we did expect. *Is Mendacium non Veritatem querit, qui post semel inventam Veritatem longius querit.* Let us then to this Effect give over and desist from all Leagues and Confederations, (which are, in plain Terms, Treasons) secret Fraternities, Bonds amongst our selves or with Foreigners, without Warrant and Leave granted by Royal Authority; it belonging only to the Prince to confederate and league his People; for otherwise ordinarily all such Bonds, Practices and Intercourse, end in the Ruine of the State.

A League giveth a Law to a King, and is an Usurpation of those Rights, Preheminencies, and Prerogatives, which the Crown reserveth only to the Prince; it abolisheth the Oath of Fidelity, which the Subjects owe him; it transferreth the Royalty into a Confusion and Oligarchy; which cannot but bring forth Divisions, and occasion Envy, Jealousies, Quarrels and Complaints, to which all Oligarchies and Associations are usually subject; and it is a visible Preparation for a Change in the State. To League a People, is to make them know their Strength and Power, how many Heads, how many Hands, what Riches, what Arms they have; and to dissolve, in one Day, that Power and Frame, which in a Monarchy hath been joined and souldered together many Ages: And thus, to bring in a popular State; or warn and cite a People to make choice of a New Master. In all which Interval and Space of Change, (poor silly Men) they are miserably oppressed: For, by a League, a Man or Nation is invassalled and thrall'd to obey and follow another Man's or Nation's Pleasure; to give Obedience to Many, when he oweth it but to One. He that is not his own, but another Man's, and yet a Man, the same (saith *Aristotle*) is a bound Slave. Now, he is another Man's, whosoever being a Man is possessed of another: Such are all Leaguers. A League is an insatiable Monster, ever indigent and wanting, although it have all what Industry and Force can afford unto it. What Remonstrances soever Leaguers publish, what Protestations they use, what Oaths soever they give, to persuade Women and little Children, that what they do, is all for the establishing the Prince's Authority; Princes know, they themselves are conscious, and all the World seeth, that to League, is imperiously to command their King and Sovereign to cut short his Pinions, and strive to be more than his Equal. But (perhaps) to League for Religion, is advantageous? Of that League of the *Romanists* of France, proceeded rather Harm and Loss, than Benefit to their Religion, by their own Acknowledgements: Because it brought in amongst them Division; and was in End, by most part renounced and abhorred as pernicious to their Civil Liberties, and contrary both to Divine and Humane Laws. And if a League can be more profitable to the Protestant Religion, let that Union and Oath required by the woful Assembly of *Roche*, bear Witness? If thus, the Protestants of this Isle of Great-Britain, who are now united in Religion, and All of one Mind with their King, shall inconsiderately, without his Consent, make a League, they cannot but divide; some abiding constant and unchangeable in their Duty and Obedience to their Prince; others sequestering themselves, and making a Combination apart: Which Division cannot but bring Desolation to the Country, and at last, weaken and confound Religion, to the great Contentment and long Expectation of the Church of Rome: All Divisions being Evil and Pernicious.

If to this *Antiperistasis* of State, we shall have Recourse again, we have but one Degree to descend unto, which is, either by it to perish, or to fall into a base Anarchy, and be without

Government; and thus remain a Bait for Strangers to feed upon, and a Game to fight for, and turn a fatal Stage of Blood: As the Isle of *Sicily* was to the *Gracians*, *Carthaginians* and *Romans*; and of late, the Kingdom of *Naples* hath been to the *French*, *Spaniards* and *Venetians*. For, never finding the Yoke of those who Command us, gracious and acceptable, we shall never have Patience and Continuance in Obedience, but ever seek some Occasion of Revolt, which will extend it self into a League, till there be no End of Dissentions and Disorders. Whereas by Concord, Love and Obedience, all Things shall return to their first Temper and Constitution; Piety shall be restored to the Church, Majesty to the Prince, Honour and Respect to the Council, Justice shall be re-establish'd, Laws and Learning shall flourish, a Safety and peaceable Enjoying of every Man his own, shall bless the Nation; Goodness being rewarded, and Evil punish'd.

There be Men full of shameless Hopes, who, like the Camels, refuse to drink but in troubled Waters, to whom the very Light is hateful; because they abuse the World in Darkness and Ignorance, to whom Concord, Amity and Peace are hateful, because they are contrary to their Aims, and hinder the Progress of their Designs and Projects; the Loss of the Common-wealth being their Gain, and other Men's Misery their Happiness; whilst they win Room and Freedom to prosecute their Attempts, and obtain their bad Desires: *Honores, quos quietâ Republicâ desperant, perturbatâ se consequi posse arbitrantur*. Nothing to these Men is acceptable, which is not of their own Forge; they look not but with Cockatrice's Eyes, on the Advancement of others. Preferment, Honours and Favours, in Church or Common-wealth, though according to that Worth and Sufficiency which the Prince findeth in a Man, if not by them, or for them, are Blemishes in Government, Errors of State, or Injuries. These Men think the rest live not but to serve their Avarice and Ambition, to revenge their Wrongs and Discontentments, and to keep these Things they unlawfully possess; they make Pretence of the Affairs of the Common-wealth; their Courses and Ways being all Designs of Faction, Cruelty and Oppression, with which they blazon their bloody and sacrilegious Arms; in whose Lives, if their Vizards were taken from them, all the Effects of Atheism shall be found to meet and center; not one of Piety, except we will so name Hypocrisy. The Weakness of Young and Well-born Gentlemen, who know not to discern Evil from Good, Fancies from the immutable Decrees of the Will of God, advance highly their Intentions. The Common People, [Men of gross Understanding, who have ever more Folly and Ignorance, than Malice,] being in themselves calm and peaceable, they blow up like the Sea-waves, to dash themselves against the Rocks of Sovereignty: Their Meditations are all how to hatch Divisions, and to prop and support a new *Saturnian* World, by themselves fram'd. These, whilst they would be Lords of Order and Right, bring in all Disorders: They hate the Prince, because they have done him Wrong. Religion, Liberties, Immunities, ancient Privileges, Laws and Customs, are pry'd into, extoll'd and magnified; the Old World is parallel'd with theirs: New and recent Laws are antiquated and abrogated: Laws and Customs are renewed, only to serve their Passions and private Ends. These great and dangerous Actors, still intending one thing, pretend another, *Ut Imperium evertant, Libertatem præferunt*: The Extirpation of Idolatry; The restoring of the Church to her ancient Rights and Liberties; The Advancement of Noblemen, to their former Splendour and Honours; The removing of certain Malignant and evil-disposed Persons from the Favour of the Prince; The Relief of the Common People from Customs, extraordinary Taxes and Oppressions; and to disburden the Country of all Grievances. Propositions fair in Appearance, ugly in Effects, sweet to the Taste, loathsome to the Stomach: Their main Purpose and last Aim being, to turn the Prince odious to his Clergy, not beloved of his Nobles, and to bring upon him the Hatred of the Common People; to lessen his Reputation abroad, and to break the Frame of his Monarchy; they brave out their own Passions freely, whilst those Times of Liberty permit. But God, who boundeth the insolent and haughty Surges of the Ocean, by small Atoms of Sand, stoppeth the Impetuosity of those Torrents, and turneth into Tombs the Cradles of their Conspiracies.

How great soever ye be, (abandoned to your own Presumption) or whatever fair Pretences ye make a Show of; However ye varnish your Actions, who labour to eclipse the Prince in his Favours and Bounty, from shining on his People, or veil the People's Love towards their Sovereign, and put the Multitude in Fear, that ye your selves may Rule the State: Think, ye may a while thus dally, but never safely and securely long hold out against your Prince; and that, however Princes may be constrained and content to bear Sail for a Time, yet, that they are sure Pay-Masters in the End. Study Reconciliation, and learn that honourable Retreats are no wise inferior to brave Charges. A Prince's Estate deeply rooted by Time and Power, by Reverence and Respect supported, and establish'd by a Succession of many Kings, is not so easily undermin'd, as ye believe: Neither will your Delusions and Tricks, by the Nimbleness of your Hands, pluck it up. Be what ye seem, or seem not what ye are not; if ye would do Justice unto others, begin at your selves. Impiety is no Zeal, Cruelty no Valour, Craft and Deceit no Prudence; open and violent Oppression and Robberies, or your Plundering, no fair Stra-

ragems ; Sedition and Rebellion no good Service to a King. If the Prince holdeth not his Crown of you, but of God, (who distributeth Honours, as it seemeth best unto Him) and the ancient Laws of his Kingdom ; If his Crown be not by Election, but by a Lineal Succession ; If he be not a conditional Prince, but an absolute Sovereign ; If he be lawfully Invested, Anointed and Crowned : Why should ye Servants give a Law to your Master ? What Honours, Riches, Greatness, you enjoy, you have all from your Kings his Ancestors ; and you owe him all Subjection, Service and Obedience : Who assume and usurp the Rights of their Sovereign, the Laws of God and Man proclaim worthy of Death. Good Princes should be obey'd, yea, evil Princes should be tolerated : God, who raised Kings above you, holdeth Himself wrong'd in their Wrongs, and revengeth the Injuries done unto them : Though they should, in some Things, go beyond their Duties, they are not to be judged by their Subjects ; for, no Power within their Dominions is superior to theirs. What can you purchase by some few Months Liberty of Dancing to your own Shadows, in new Magistracies, Offices of State, imaginary and fantastical Councils, Landsiksps of Commonwealths, and an icy Grandeur, erected by your selves, to impair and derogate from Sovereignty, and to dissolve Government, but a part of a Tragi-comedy ? Yea, less, for some Players have personated and acted the Parts of Kings, Magistrates and Councillors, all the Days of their Lives. Such who are taken and enamoured with false Praises, are ordinarily afraid, and stand in awe of false Scorns. Ye, who now walk so stately, and in the Postures and Habits of Princes, contemning your Equals and Betters ; when the Monarch shall overcome this Eclipse, ye may be found to re-assume your first Garments, and (perhaps) more torn than when you put them off. When ye have reach'd your Last Aims, what have ye done, but put out the Fire which ye should have stirred up, dissolved the Members which ye should have fasten'd together ? Kingdoms are preserved by the Reputation, Fame and Renown of their Princes : This is their strongest Guard in Peace, and surest Garrisons in Wars. So soon as a Prince beginneth to be despised and falleth into Contempt by Misgovernment, he is deposed by it, as well as by Death ; either his Kingdom, by foreign Invasions or intestine Dissensions, is overturned : But how many Changes will intervene ; what Hazards be interposed, between your ambitious Aims, and the accomplishing of them ? What Battels shall be fought, what Blood spent ? an Age shall not put an End to these Quarrels. Confusion follows, where Obedience leaves. What Conquest can a Subject make against his Sovereign, where the War is Insurrection, and the Victory high Treason ? It was fatal to the one *Brutus*, to banish Kings, and to the other to stab *Cæsar* ; but it was also fatal that the First kill'd his Two Sons, and the other, with that same Dagger, himself. It was fatal to the Duke of *Guise* and his Brother, to League the *French Romanists* against their King, and advance their Ambition, by that Tempest of Popularity : But it was also fatal to them, after a deserved Death, to be consumed in Flames, deprived both of Tomb and Burial. The Climacterick and Period of the Monarchical Governments of *Europe* is not yet come ; and when, or if ever it shall come, ye who are Nobles, shall perish with it : For, the Commons, (then all Princes) will not suffer in their Statutes, Edicts & Ordinances, any longer *I*, but *We*. In Distribution and parting of Honours, Offices, Riches & Lands, they will proceed after an Arithmetical Proportion, and not a Geometrical : Towns will close their Gates upon you ; and ye may some Day expect a *Sicilian* Even-Song. Who do Falshood to their Superiors, teach Falshood to their Inferiors : Thus, that Stone, which you have thrown at your Princes Heads, may be hurled back again upon your own : *Publica prodendo tua nequicquam serves*. One Obedience continueth another : Obedience to Magistrates, maketh Magistrates obey'd ; and one Disobedience doth invite many after it. Think not to purchase your private Honour and Spendour, with the Danger of the Commonwealth ; though ye rob the Publick, ye shall nevertheless consume your private Wealth.

If the Love of your Country, of your Persons, Families, Estates & Children, to whom, in place of those Honours, Titles & Lands, ye received from your Predecessors, ye shall leave Rebellion for an Inheritance, cannot continue you in Obedience, Peace, Concord and Unity ; If the Fear of Punishment and Death, serve not to restrain your Impetuosity and Fierceness, from overturning Divine and Humane Institutions, from putting down of States, to put up your private Laws ; let Shame, Dishonour, Ignominy and Reproach, hinder you. After Death, there adhereth to the Soul, a Wound, a Mark, a Scar, a Tash, of ignoble and foul Actions, which turneth the Memory of the Dead detestable, and of an evil Relish to Posterity ; and, many Ages after, brand your Names and Families : They who make little Value and Esteem of Fame, make far less of those Virtues by which it is acquired. Think the just Name of a Traitor, a hard Purchase to you and yours, in all Times to come, and in Histories, for a few Years Date of a miserable Life.

Now, ye People, to whom Days present seem ever worst, who extol and praise the former Ages ye never knew or remember'd, and condemn and despise the present Time, though ye know not the Disease of it, that think Things to come more certain than Things seen ; who take the Shadow for the Body, the Mask for the Face, the Smoke for the Fire, Lies for Verity,

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Verity for Lies : Who, whom you bless this Day, the next Day you curse; whose Insolencies in Advantage over others, in Time of your Power and Rage, is beyond all Bounds; and whose Baseness, when brought under and thrall'd, is inexpressible: Who are ever made the Fewel of Sedition, under colour of Devotion. When ye cast off and refuse the gracious and easy Yokes of your Princes, ye are charged and bear the heavy Burdens of State-impostors, Usurpers and Tyrants; who, to compass and attain their secret Designs, leave no Exaction, Oppression or Cruelty, unpractis'd upon you; make you spend your Lives and Fortunes to purchase Confusion, and make you lyable to the most intolerable kind of Slavery, that is, to be Slaves to your Fellow-Subjects, pay them intolerable Taxes, Loans, Pole-monies, and odious Excises. People, endeavour to honour God, and believe in Him, and next God, love and respect your Prince and Sovereign Magistrate, embrace and accept from him and his Council, what is good, and agreeable to Reason; for these love you. Follow not the Counsels and Instructions of factious and mutinous Men, who desire nothing else but to work themselves into Action and Employments, by your Overthrow; for these hate you. The Shepherd and the Butcher have both a Care of Sheep, but their Ends are far different; the Care of the Shepherd is, to feed them, and keep them upon fair Pasturages, with a Mind to profit himself by preserving them; the Butcher's Care is, to kill, and bring them to the Schambles, with a Mind to profit himself by destroying them. When ye are led and govern'd by your Kings, ye are in the Hands of your Shepherds; but when ye are seduced by other pretended Governours, ye are in the Hands of Butchers; for the End of their governing you is Blood and Civil Wars. People, Believe in God, Men are untrue, and the best of them but spiritual Forges of Tyranny: God only doth command what is good for you, God will not have any natural Duty broken amongst you; Obedience of Children to Parents, of Servants to their Masters, of Citizens to Magistrates, of Subjects to their Princes: Religion came not down from Heaven, to banish the Virtues found upon the Earth, nor to demolish the most admirable Work Reason hath produced and brought forth, Humane Societies. And, if Men active in Mischief, shall prove any Thing, though by Miracles, contrary to this, their Miracles are false Delusions, and their Instructions guilded Lies: God made Peace for you and Heaven, but ye for your selves make War and Hell. Question not the Thrones of Kings, revive not your old Equalities of Nature; Authority is that Chain which linketh you together; lend not your Strength, to kill your selves, and make you weaker; cast not your selves into a voluntary Servitude; turn not your selves into a stateless State. What gain you by your Enterchange of War for Peace? When did you ever prosper by resisting and opposing the lawful Authority of your Princes? Your Seducers constrain you to wed their Quarrels, bear the Charges of their Wars, to ply your Backs to them, to ascend the Stages of their Ambition, Avarice and Revenge; but they forget to tell you, that if the Stage, overlaid by too much Weight, shall fall, they shall tumble headlong down, and ye remain miserably bruised. When a Time shall come, wherein ye shall be constrained to abhor these Men, turn your Hatred and Spite against them, and, with the Price of their Blood, redeem your own Lives, buy your Pardons and Absolutions: Then, to your Destruction, shall they and ye together find, what it importeth, to pull the Scepter from your Sovereign, and wrest the Sword out of the Hand of the lawful Magistrate: *For Rebellion is as the Sin of Witchcraft, and Subbornness is as Iniquity and Idolatry, 1 Sam. 15. 23.* Every factious Cause is weak.

Though Divine Justice ever followeth the Heads of Rebellion, there falleth no such Variance between Princes and their People, which may not reciprocally be forgiven and forgotten; if they will follow sound and wholsom Counsel; Enmities and Contentions being to be kept but for a Time. Ye are not the first People which have been seduced and abused by Appearances of Things which were not; neither shall ye be the Last to be pardon'd, of what ye have committed, by falling in these Men's Snares. The *Rhodians* affirm'd, in the Senate of Rome, *Nullam esse civitatem quæ non improbos cives aliquando, & imperitam multitudinem semper habeat.* Be not taught by your Seducers, that your Safety shall consist in Despair, and that ye shall only secure your selves from the Evils ye have done, by a resolute and continued Disobedience. When ye shall return from your evil Ways, to the Obedience of good Princes, ye shall find that it was not so easy for you to Repent, as for them to Forgive: But why should ye offend, upon Confidence of a Prince's Mercy, and in seeking a false Liberty, make a dissolute Anarchy?

Here it is noways strange to find a discontented Nobility, an active Gentry, an indigent Populace, (*Disciplinam non potest servare jejuna exercitus,*) to trouble an Estate, be Authors of Divisions, Insurrections, Andabatism, Uproars: But that the principal *Atlases* of Peace, the strongest Chains of Union and Concord, the Patrons and Patterns of Obedience, and Marshals of all good Orders, should be brought upon this Theater, to be Ring-leaders of Sedition, Rebellion, Tumults, Confusions, is more than most pitiful. *Tantane animis Cælestibus ira.*

Ye Lights of the World, Examples of Holiness and all Virtues, you living Libraries of Knowledge, Sanctuaries of Goodness, look upon the Weakness and Fragility of Mankind! The Bodies of Common-wealths are already turned into Skeletons, the Cities into Sepulchres, the Fields into Schambles, the Trees into Gibbets: Pity humane Race, spare the Blood of Man; the Earth is drunk with it, the Waters empurpled, the Air empoison'd; and all by you. For they, who give Advice and Counsel for the performing of evil Actions, cause them, and do these Actions themselves; and they who Command them, and Approve them when done, are beyond the Actors guilty. By you Kingdom hath been raised against Kingdom, Citizens against themselves, Subjects against their Sovereigns; *Res non literis sed lachrymis describenda, plus Togæ læserunt Rempublicam quam Lorica*; Temples more than Citadels, have wracked the Common-wealths. You averr, all and more to be well done for Religion, *Per calcatum perge patrem, Pietatis genus est in hac re esse crudelem*, (saith one of you.) Our God left Duty for a Law; ye teach Cruelty for God's Service: Your Cruelty, many Hundred Years since, moved a Heathen to write, *That no savage Beasts were so noisom and hurtful to Men, as Christians were to themselves; and for the most part all mortal and deadly*: O fons Lachrymarum! Holy Chain betwixt Heaven and Earth, how art thou profaned? How long shall Ambition, Emulation, Avarice, Malice, Revenge, make a Cloak of thee, to their most irreligious Ends? If we must fight for thee, have we not Millions of Infidels to pursue, and that bloody Race of Ottoman, which possesseth the fairest Bounds and dearest Pledges of Christianity of all the Earth? But for what great Matters concerning thee, would we now launch forth into a Sea of Blood? Not for renewing thy Beauty; Not for supporting thy Glory; Not for Propagation of thee amongst the Sun-burnt Nations of the South, or the far East, or North, or Western Wildernesses: But for taking from thee, what thou hast many Ages since purchased; for turning thee as naked as when thou first appeared in this World; for Quintessencing and Alembicking thee, and using thee as *Alchymists* do Gold, which they turn often into sophisticate Powders. Sacred Race, have you no Remorse, when ye enter into the Cabinets of your own Hearts, and there, for finest Arras and Pourtraits, find Millions of Christians represented unto you, disfigured, massacred, butcher'd, made havock of, in all the Fashions, the Imaginations of wicked Mankind could devise? for the maintaining of those Opinions and Problems, which ye are conscious to your selves, are but Centaures Children, the Imaginations and Fancies of your own Brains; concerning which, ye would argue with & chide one another, but never shed one Ounce of your Blood? Have you no Remorse, that by your Rhetorick, under Pretence of Piety and Devotion, ye perswade a Populace, to cast off that Obedience they have sworn to their Native Kings, arise in Arms against them, breath nothing but Spoil, Vengeance and Rebellion, undermining closely the Foundations of States, and removing those Props upon which Empires and Governments stand? Is Blood the Tribute of your Endeavours, the Mysteries of your holy Words, when ye preach Men's Bodies to the Wars, their Goods to Tax, their Freedom to Bonds? What can ye expect by your perpetual Innovations, but to put Truth to Silence? Our Master said, He sent out His Disciples, as Sheep amongst Wolves; but now of many Church-men it may be said, they come out as Wolves in the midst of Sheep, that for Bread they have given Stones to their Children, and for Fishes Serpents.

The Props, Stays, Master-beams of Religion, being Faith, Hope and Charity, Meekness, Patience and Humility; to substitute for them, and put in their Places, Pride, Lust, Rage, Deceit, Robberies, Avarice, Ambition, Blasphemies, Cruelties, Oppression, Dissentions, with all the other Vices and Corruptions of the Life of Man, which are the Consequences and necessary Sequels of War: Is not this to overthrow and undermine the excellent and admirable Frame of Religion; which is not to be found amidst the clattering and horror of Arms, and Men thirsting to dye their Hands in others Blood? When ye strive to make Creation less, and Privation infinite; and make Life to yield up it self, to be put out, before this Frame of Nature be decay'd; when, for the observing and tracing some Shadows of the First Table of the Law, (Matters disputable) ye care not really to break and transgress all the Second Table, as if Wrongs and Mischiefs done to Men, were approved Service done to the Almighty God: When ye turn Trumpets of Sedition, make Fury give Laws, and banish all Laws of Duty: When ye seek your Happiness amongst Arms, that is, in the midst of Ambition and Tumults; When ye beget and nourish Jealousies in Princes, and Contempt in Subjects, Dissention in Families, Wranglings in Schools, and Mutinies in Armies, Ruines of Noble Houses, Corruption of Blood, Confiscation of Estates, torturing of Bodies, anxious entangling and perplexing of Consciences: Do ye not scorn in effect, that which in outward Show and Appearance, ye so highly extol and reverence; and tell the World, how bravely soever ye mask and flourish in Words, ye believe not your own Discourses, and that your Hearts are far far distant from your Mouths. How can the Voice of the Lamb be heard or understood amidst the noise and howling of Wolves, which belch nothing but Blood? *Non est appellanda fides quæ ad peccatum invitat.*

The Doctor of the *Gentiles* saith, *If an Heathen come in, and hear you speak with several Tongues, will he not say that ye are mad?* But if he, or any Heathen should come, and see you shedding innocent Blood; and by *Mahomet's* Sword, propagating Religion by Wars; or by sanguinary Persecutions to force Consciences, nourish Seditions, Conspiracies and Rebellions, to put the Sword in the People's Hands, tending to the Subversion of all Government, which is the Ordinance of God; and your Church turned into a Camp: Would he not say, ye came nearer to him who was a Murderer from the Beginning, than to your Creator, and were a Number of Assassins?

With what Countenances can ye look upon your Master, at whose Nativity Angels proclaimed the joyful Embassy of Peace unto Men, and Glory to God; whose last Will was Love and Peace, who so often recommended Patience and Suffering, whose Example in all his Actions ever crieth Peace? But ye have transformed Truth into Rhetorick, by your Commentaries destroyed the Texts; the Shadows have deprived us of the Bodies; the Echo's, so often redoubled and multiplied amongst Mountainous Concavities, have drowned and made unheard the proper and personal Voice; our fair Timber and goodly Oaks by you are turned into Char-coal. *Jam. 1, 27. Pure Religion and undefiled before God is this, to visit the Fatherless and Widow in their Affliction, and to keep ones self unspotted from the World.* V. 20. *The Wrath of Man worketh not the Righteousness of God.* Ye have made it pure Religion to make many Fatherless and Widows, increase their Affliction, make the Guiltless groan for the Guilty, turn many to be spotted with Blood, Rapine and Sacrilege in the World. Ye have made many Divisions in Religion; and such, as if we should divide a Ship, with which, being parted, no Man can sail: Such a Division the unnatural Harlot intended, requiring the living Child to be cut in Two Parts: Ye make Divisions for Formalities, Matters not essential to Religion. Would the Saviour of the World, who preferred the Life of an Ox or an Ass to the Formality of the Law in the observing of the Sabbath, suffer for your Formalities so much of the Blood of those, who profess His Name, to be shed; would He see the Members of His Church cut one another off, and of meek and tender Brethren become unto one and other ugly and furious Executioners?

Divisions, Distractions, Contentions, Hatred, Malice, Rancour, in any City, Society, or Family, are execrable, horrible, and betoken a Dissolution and total Desolation, at last, of their Being: How then can ye long thus continue? *Hos. 10, 2. Their Heart is divided, now shall they be found faulty: Every Kingdom divided against it self, is brought to Desolation.* *Gal. 5, 14, 15. All the Law is fulfilled in one Word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thy self. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed ye be not consumed one of another.* *Psal. 55, 9. Divide their Tongues; for I have seen Violence and Strife in the City.* 1. *Joh. 3, 11, 12. This is the Message that ye have heard from the Beginning, that we should love one another, not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his Brother.* 2. *Cor. 10, 8. Your Power is given to Edification, and not to Destruction, say the Holy Records.* Ye may err, *non solum errore personali sed judiciali*: How then have ye raised your selves to that Height of Presumption, to assume the Power of God in Sainting some, and sending others to the Infernal Ghosts, as they favour you and your Cause. Ye have named many Martyrs who have been Infernal Furies, and many Good have ye drawn your Sword against, who have been innocently guiltless. Why, in an hungry Rage of vain Glory and false Constancy, do ye eat and gnaw upon one another with malignant Disputations and reproachful Violence? Are ye not afraid to find the Accomplishment of that Prophecy of *Bernard*: *That the Saviour of the World will come down from Heaven, and beat out of his Temple the Priests, as once he did the Buyers and Sellers?* Compound your Differences and Controversies, forsake your furious Disputes, use your Eloquence to quench the Flames of Rebellion, and not to blow them up; labour to establish Order, not to bring in Confusions, study Unity and not Distractions; seek not so much cunningly to make Men know what Goodness is, as to make them embrace and cheerfully follow it. A little Practice of Goodness is many Degrees above abstract Contemplations, Disputes and your learned Orations; at least suffer never your Differences to arise to that Height, as to keep Citizens amongst themselves irreconcilable, or that they trouble the State of a Kingdom; and though they walk through diverse Paths, but that they may all meet and condescend upon one high Way, which is the maintaining of Concord, Amity and Peace amongst themselves; the rendering Obedience to Princes, and those whom God hath set over them; and that Diversity of Opinions take not away Brotherly Love and natural Duties. Have we not all one Father? Hath noth one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every Man against his Brother, by prophaning the Covenant of our Fathers? *Mal. 2, 10.*

If we shall consider this Universe, *ex diversis substantiis, diversis officiis constans, diversitatibus corporatur & temperatur.* The Sovereign Creator of this All making nothing but in Order, and that not being but where there is a Difference and Diversity; yea, not only this Universal in general, but there is no Creature in it, not a Body, not a Simple, that is not composed and existing with some Diversity: Gems, Gold, the Minerals, the Elements, exist not pure: The Planets have a Motion contrary to the first Moveable; yet is there a perfect Harmony in all this

great Frame, and a discording Concord maketh all the Parcels of it delightful. Of the Diversity and Variety which is in this World, ariseth that Beauty, so wonderful and amazing to our Eyes. In Architecture Diversity doth not destroy Uniformity; the Limbs of a Noble Fabrick may be correspondent enough, though they be various. We find not Two Persons of one and the same Shape, Figure and Lineaments of the Face, much less of the same Conditions, Qualities and Humours, though they be of the self same Parents; and why do we seek to find Men all of one Thought and one Opinion in Formalities and Matters disputable? Or, if they shall be found dissonant and disagreeing from the vulgarly received Opinions or Errors, Why should we by our Fancy and Law of Power banish, proscribe, design or expose them to Slaughter? Why should we only honour and respect these of our Opinions as our Friends, and carry our selves towards others, as if they were Beasts and Trees, nay as our Enemies? Were it not more seemly and meet to make a Difference between Men according to their Vice or Virtue? There be many wicked Men of our Profession, and a great Number of good and civil Men of other Professions, *Si adenda est Religio non imperanda*: The Consciences of Men neither should nor will be forc'd by the Violence of Iron and Fire; nor will Souls be compelled to believe that which they believe not; they are not drawn nor subdued but by Evidence and fair Demonstrations. In this Disease of Spirits the true Appeal is to that Judge that every Spirit knows, for all Men may err. Religion is made Barbarous when it is only set for Rapine and Murther, and to proscribe and confiscate the Lives and Goods of those who profess it not. O the Madneis of Mankind, that one had rather Trouble and Torment himself and others, than enjoy a sweet and peaceable Rest! had rather burn his own House, than not have his Neighbour's set on Fire! Happy City, saith *Sybilla*, that heareth but the Voice of one *Herauld*; unhappy we, amidst our many and diverse Contentions, furious Polemicks, endless Variances, Controversies, Brawlings, Debates and Quarrels! When shall we leave off to wed other Men's Fancies? When shall we adhere to real Substances, and leave deluding Shadows? When shall we cherish Concord and Peace, love one another in those Degrees we have been ready to prosecute others with Malice and Hatred, obey and be beloved of our Princes, and such whom God hath placed to govern and have Authority over us? O Times beyond the Reach of Enjoying, and only within the infinite Power of Wishing! Then shall that Divine Power, which for every Man's particular, and the general Offences of this Kingdom, hath taken away our Judgment and Understanding, and out of his Justice blindfolded us, restore them again unto us, and grant us Light and Sight to see and discern our Errors. Then, like Men cured of Madneis, we shall be struck with Astonishment, to consider our Tragical Extravagancies and the Terrors and Fits of our Phrenzies: Then shall we know our Charms and hate our Charmers: Then better taught, and of more sound Discretion and Sense, we shall know, embrace and follow that which is necessary and convenient for our Weal and Safety: *Glory shall dwell in our Land, Mercy and Truth shall meet together, Righteousness and Peace shall kiss one another.*

Most Gracious Sovereign, how thy Prudence hath been great, thy Goodness without Example! The further we are distant from thy Presence, the more bountifully hast thou deigned to glance upon us, and give us the fairer Aspect of thy Virtues: Thou hast pity'd our Weakness: Thou hast not answered our Stubbornness, knowing, the best Way to be reveng'd of our Insolencies, was not to be like unto us. What couldest Thou have done more, what shouldest Thou have done less, for that distracted and distressed Country, in which Thou wast born? And now, Sir, (if ever this Paper shall have the Happiness to kiss your Royal Hands) as you have hitherto graciously cast an Eye upon your Ancient Kingdom, Disdain not to listen to these her humble Supplications and last Groans: Behold her, prostrate at your Feet, come to exhibite and shew forth her woful Estate and Condition.

MANY (saith she) have been my Miseries, many my Sorrows: The open Invasions of Foreigners in ancient Times, the secret Plots and Conspiracies of mine own there-after: The beholding of my Sanctuaries defaced; my Temples equalled with the Ground; my Towns ransack'd; my painful Strugglings under the Bondage of most terrible Governours, tolerating what their Malice could invent, or their Boldness attempt; the Calamities of a rigorous and pitiless Heaven; the Barbarous deadly Fewds of mine Inhabitants among themselves at Home; the Slaughters and Destructions of them among Stranger-Nations Abroad. But no Grievance, no Chance, no Disaster hath so perplexedly encumbered me, and cast me down, as that the many Merits, Benefits, Favours of your blessed Father forgot, the Graciousness, the Goodness of your self despised, in the midst of your Engagements in the Neighbour Wars and Troubles of *Europe*; my Nurcelings (distaining themselves with Ingratitude) should have adventured to leave in the Minds of their Race and Posterity a Suspicion, that they did take their Blood and Descent from Men branded with any Mark of Lese-Majesty or Rebellion. Alas, Sir, they have not known about what they have been disquieting themselves, what should have been the Event of their rash Proceedings! This hath been in them a Sedition, the Blasting of some unhappy Influence, deserving rather Pity than Punishment: And though

though again despising the healthful Counsels of their Friends, they should reject your Favours, refuse foolishly your Gracious Offers, continue in their Stubbornness, and essay to run headlong to their Perdition: Prove not your Power against them: Shake them not; for in a little time they will decline and fall. Their Confusion and Disorders will bring them back, and by a Revolution at last reduce them to their wonted Duty and Order. Dissension winneth Ground at first, but good Counsel acquireth Strength with Time. Cure their Sickness by the indulgent Means of Clemency, not by the Severity of Justice. Since one Evil amendeth not another, vanquish and subdue them by Mercy. The impregnable Fortress of a Prince is the Love of his Subjects, which doth only arise from the Height of his Clemency; and this Excess of Meekness is in him a kind of Justice. Extremities had changed their Humility into Rage, their Sugar into Wormwood, their Obedience into a disorderly Revolt. It was not Religion alone which did occasion these Troubles: She was combined with State; their First Miseries were the Occasion of all which hath since followed. Suspensions, Misconstructions and false Fears of the Liberties of their Birth and Country, in many Matters violated, and their common Surety endangered, Credulity in believing that all Things were carried by the Hands of some few; That the managing of the Publick Affairs was trusted to Men who would clip them to the quick, not fleece them; Taxes and Customs daily enhanced; extreme Poverty, the principal Ground of Novations and Alterations. All these turn'd them from one Evil to another, chang'd their Hopes into Despair, their Respect into Contempt, and, like Men in a Ship-wrack, made them catch at any Thing which came nearest to help. And if they shall enterprise and undertake ought hereafter, it shall be out of Distrust, and by way of Necessity, having nothing now (as they conceive) remaining but Arms and courageous Hearts, their Vows to Heaven, and their Promises one to another upon Earth. They love that Name of the Liberties of their Country so dear, they cherish that Word of Enchantment so much, (though they mistake in what Liberty doth truly consist) that without it they hold their Fortunes lost, their Lives but troublesome; for they imagine that, when dead, they shall not be sensible of servile Bands, and Posterity may praise their Memories. They have also considered, that if your Power shall be in some Things by them restrain'd, and more narrowly limited than was your Predecessors, yet shall you leave your Power and Kingdom more lasting and durable to your Successors.

Though dangerous Diseases require the like dangerous Cures and Remedies, use not these (Sir) upon them: The surest Way, the most accommodated and fitting your Bounty, the worthiest of your Generosity and Natural Sweetness, is Clemency, that Virtue by which Princes approach nearest God Almighty. All Faults are not alike, no, that same Fault in all Persons is not the same; the Faults of the Magistrates and the People; of the Servant who knoweth his Master's Will, and of him who is ignorant of it. Of that great Number, enchanted lately by an Appearance of a Zeal in the Mysteries of Religion, many now do not approve their first Counsels and Proceedings, but, considering the Event and last End, are become suspicious of them. Save the Innocent, relieve the Oppressed, confirm your Friends, astonish those that oppose you. Take those to be of an evil Faith (whatever they profess) who will not live in Peace, who embrace not the Concord of the State, who throw the Apple of Dissension amongst your Subjects, and are really their Executioners. Dissolve, and, like another Alexander, cut those Gordian Knots of Leagues and Rebellion, but without the Blood of your People. *Qui ducuntur, non errant; necessaria venia est, ubi totus erravit exercitus.* For if you should, (Sir) you shall make your Power odious every way, even to your self; your Loyal Subjects shall smart and suffer with the Bad, being their Friends, Kinsmen, Compatriots; and be compelled, for the Necessity of their Safety, to run the same Course with them, and to prevent their Harms, be Partners and Companions of their Dangers. The drawing of your Sword against them shall be the drawing of it against your self; instead of Triumphs, you shall obtain nothing but sad Executions and moanful Funerals. *Omnia sunt in bellis civilibus misera, sed nihil miserius quam ipsa victoria.* Cast your Eyes Abroad without your Dominions, and behold what powerful Neighbours are observing and looking into your Proceedings at Home; Give not them Occasion of Advantage against you; Slight not present enjoyed Contentments for Uncertainties which may happen.

Turn not me, Sir, (your Country) into Schambles, a desert Wilderness, a Sepulchre, a Monument of Desolation. By that Duty and Reverence you owe to God Almighty, who placed you to represent Him upon Earth; By the Ashes and Memories of so many Kings your Predecessors, who here so peaceably reigned; By that Charity which is due to me, your Native Country: If there be no King so good as your self; if there be no People which more dearly love their Kings (however now in an Ague) than this? If they have lost any Thing of what they feign to be Liberty, (which is only a Power to do what is convenient;) restore it unto them; change their Troubles into Rest, their Miseries into Prosperity, their Dissensions into Concord and Peace; which, out of that Chaos wherein they now struggle, that Labyrinth wherein they are like to intangle and lose themselves, shall relieve and wind them out, and repair every Thing to its first Lustre and Beauty. So God shall be served, you of all obey'd, and your desolate Country preserv'd from those many Miseries and Dangers which threaten her.

T H E
Magical Mirror :

O R,

A Declaration upon the Rising of the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, and Burgesses, in Arms, April 1. 1639.

FORASMUCHAS evil-affected and malicious Spirits, which, denying Verities, throw Dust in the Eyes of the Weak and simpler Sort, may sinistrously interpret and calumniate the Resolution which we have taken for the Preservation of our Religion, Persons & Estates, by resisting and opposing our selves to the open Violence, secret Plots and Mines of the Troublers of the Peace of this Realm : To remove all Offence, and whatever may cast a Shadow of Disloyalty on our Demeanour towards our Prince, or breed Jealousies in our Neighbour Country, of our Intentions towards them; We have determined to publish this Declaration, and manifest to all the World the just Occasion and Sincerity of our Actions and Proceedings.

It is more than evident, and universally known, that our Nation hath not been Inferiour to any Nation whatsoever, in Affection, Respect, Duty and Obedience to their Kings, having perpetually devoted their Estates, Persons, or what they held dearest, to the Service of their Sovereign Lords. But this Duty of Obedience, being a part of Justice, that Queen and Mother of other Virtues, by which is determined and judged what to every one doth duly appertain, it is found clear and certain, that to be truly just in Obedience, it was not enough to be always and ever in every thing Obedient; but that we ought to measure, examine, and discern the Degrees. Obedience, as all other Virtues, being situated between two Extremities, the too much and the too little : The passing over of either of which may corrupt the Virtue, and make it degenerate into Vice; they being only preserved by the Mediocrity.

Now, who is so ignorant and blind-folded, that diligently looking upon, and considering our past Miseries, will not freely acknowledge that we have err'd heretofore in Obedience by the too much; By the giving Way to so many Novations in the Temporal Policy; By the suffering a new Government to be establish'd in our Church, contrary to the Ancient Laws of the Kingdom, when we accepted not only of new Doctrine, but of a new Form of Divine Service in Churches and some Universities, without Opposition or almost Contradiction : When we humbled our Necks to that terrible Inquisition of *Spain*, establish'd amongst us under the Name of a High-Commission? When we suffered all Matters of Religion and Policy to be limited, discussed and concluded by the Arbitrement and Tyranny of Twelve or Fourteen Men, besides Yearly Subsidies, and Valuations of our Estates, Taxations, Monopolies, Tolls, Gabels, Projections, and such Impositions as would trouble many *Calepines* to give Names unto? By which, in Three or Four Years, our Estates were exhausted, and we brought to pay more in one Year than we were accusom'd to give to the King's Majesty's Predecessors in Twenty. Who now can take in evil Part, or why should any think the worse of us, that now by Experience we have acquired that Discretion and Providence, as not to return to our former Errors and Dangers, and that we endeavour to keep the Golden Mediocrity in Obedience?

All good Christians and true Subjects, when Commandments and Charges are put upon them, ought to examine and consider, before they give their Obedience; and put them in Practice, whether they proceed of a good or evil Counsel of the Prince. If they come of a good Counsel, they ought to be obey'd; if of an Evil, they ought to be refused, nay, opposed. There is a Resemblance between that Authority which the Soul hath over the Body, & that which Kings have over their Subjects: *Animus in corpus Regium exercet imperium*, the Soul being to command, the Body to obey; even as the Body is not obliged to execute every Inspiration which

which it receiveth from the Soul, but such as are expedient : So all who in the Virtue of Obedience, would keep Mediocrity, ought not indifferently to obey every Commandment enjoined to them, under the Name of Authority of the Prince, but should consider whether they spring from a good or evil Counsel.

Kings were raised to govern People, by Almighty God, First to maintain His Honour and True Worship, which is Religion ; Next, to preserve the Estate of the People, relieving of Oppression, and saving them from Wrongs. To these Two are our Kings accustomed to give their Oaths, at their Coronation ; the chief and first Oath, being the Maintenance of Religion, upon which the Oath of Fidelity and Obedience of the Subjects followeth ; without which, no Subject is obliged to acknowledge any King, it being a Fundamental Law of the Kingdom. How often then, and whensoever the King's Commandments, [Acts, Proclamations and Decree,] tend, aim, or are directed to the Protection and Defence of the True Religion, to the Maintenance and Upholding of the State, and every particular Man's Preservation, we are obliged to obey them ; yea, to imploy and hazard our Goods, Estates and Lives, as for a Matter and Commandment proceeding from a good Counsel : But when his Ordinances, Edicts and Carriage, tend to the Destruction of Religion, Wasting and Dissipation of the State, and Harm of his Subjects, we are so far from being bound to obey them, that on the contrary, we ought strongly to oppose them, as Conclusions proceeding from his pernicious Counsel. Thus, by our courageous and timely Opposition, preserving the King himself, the Estate, and the Religion.

So long as the King's Majesty proceeded upon just and fair Grounds, so long as he contain'd his Proclamations within the Bounds of the Laws establish'd within this Country by himself, or his Father of happy Memory ; We, (as most dutiful Subjects) never denied him, (though oft to our great Loss) what he demanded of us, either in Parliament, by his Proclamations, or private Letters : But when by our Subjection we were brought so low, that his evil Council began, (by their transcendent Power, and our too much Humility and Obedience) to make his Proclamations unto us Laws, and without any Form of Justice, Consent of Parliament or Assemblies, most rigorously to pursue and follow the Execution of them against us, to the absolute Thralldom of this Kingdom : When we observed, notwithstanding his Oath at his Coronation, that he had Intention to bring Novations into our Religion ; tending umbrageously, and under a Mask, to the Introduction of Popery [having found no less, in a Letter directed to the Pope by him, at his being in *Spain*, where he promiseth to hazard his Estate and Life, and to suffer all kind of Discommodities, for the establishing of one Religion, which cannot be understood but of Popery,] when we found him daily advancing to Places in the State and Church, and near his Person, Men suspected, nay, guilty of Idolatry, Popish Superstition and Arminianism, by which he was altogether govern'd, giving them the chief Charges in his Kingdom, for ought we could conceive ; though his Majesty was at Home, we found him yet a Prisoner to *Spain*.

When we understood that he daily made great Preparations for a War, and intended, after an hostile Manner, to invade, and, as it were, conquer his Native Kingdom of free-born Subjects, to turn us Slaves both in Souls and Bodies ; what could we do less than oppose these Designs, join in one Body ; resist, according to our Power, the Violence offered to our Religion, State and Persons ; and entertain the Union sworn by the whole Members of the Kingdom, as a Matter which toucheth the Defence of our Faith, and the withdrawing the King's Majesty from his pernicious Counsel.

If we had given way to these Novations brought amongst us in Religion, should we not have been less Religious and more Blame-worthy than those *Jews*, who, when *Petronius* the Lieutenant of *Caligula*, would have erected his Master's Statue in their Temple, said unto him, *Thou wilt not disobey the Commandment of thy Emperor, but put up his Image, and we will not violate and transgress the Commandment of Almighty God ; but, contemning Death and Torments, pull it down.* We are then resolved, to oppose all that will introduce Novations in our Religion, and rather expose our Goods, Estates & Lives, voluntarily, to whatever Danger, than suffer any Alteration. If the King's Majesty would demand of us, to forsake our Religion, upon pain of War ; it is as unjust a Demand, as the *Persians* made to the *Grecians*, of Land and Water ; or the *Ammonites* to the *Israelites*, of their Right-Eyes. A just Fear of the Subversion of our Religion, hath been the Ground of the uniting us together ; and our Union is not to draw us from Obedience to our Prince, but to enable us to adhere to the Service of God and him ; to vindicate the Laws and Liberties of our Country, and to save our selves from the Malice and Attempts of evil Counsel. Now, since it is lawful for every Man to defend himself against the Tempests of Heaven, why may it not be lawful for us to resist the Violence offered unto us ? The Conservation of it self, is natural to every Creature, & *naturalis obligatio est fortior civili.* The Disorder which is found in all Estates, hath constrained and stirred up all Estates to arm themselves, for the reforming and restoring the State to a better Order.

We have forced an Assembly, but what have we gain'd? A Parliament is granted, (which is the next Remedy for Prince and People) and this they intend to stop: The Evils encreasing, we are constrain'd to have Recourse to the last Remedy, which is Arms; and we confess, we have rather taken our selves to them, to have some Time of Breathing, under the Burthen of our Miseries, than for any further Designs, according to that, *Modo bellum ostenditis, Pacem habebitis.*

Whereas some have suffer'd themselves to be perswaded, that it is not lawful to oppose the Proceedings of Princes; and that, without their Commandments, Subjects may not arise in Arms. If we should obey the King, without Exception of God, then the Commandment of a Prince should be greater than the Commandment of God, and in the Oath of Fidelity and Obedience, which the Subject sweareth to the Prince, the greater Power (to wit, God) is not excepted; which is absolute Impiety. If Religion be not a sufficient Cause to excuse the Subjects rising in Arms against their Prince, it follows, that a Prince is Sovereign and Supreme in Religion, and that he may appoint, ordain and dispose what Gods he pleaseth to have worshipped, what Altars erected, what Sacrifices instituted; which is to open a Gate to Idolatry, and all Impiety. If there be not a Law amongst Men, to excuse the taking of Arms against a Prince, then may a Prince play the *Caligula, Nero, Commodus*, pervert, destroy, turn upside down all Things, according to his Pleasure. The Consequent holds, for if the Prince will do it, and the People may not, nor should not resist him, the Prince by Force and Violence will obtain it. God commandeth us to obey Kings, in so far as they govern His People according to His Laws and Reason: When a Prince glories in nought but his own Power, willing that which he may, and not that which he ought, attributing to himself Divine Authority; then is his Authority near a Precipice. We acknowledge that none but God Omnipotent, the Creator and Conservator of all Things, hath just and absolute Power over His Creatures: That Men, whether Kings or Governours, have no such Power; because what Power they have, they have it from God; being limited and restricted to certain Laws, as obliged to render an Account of their Charges and Proceedings: The Almighty changing and transferring Kingdoms, according to His best Will and Pleasure: And though some Princes, (as the *Ottomans*) have claimed an absolute Power of the Goods, Lives and Estates of their Subjects, this they have usurped as Tyrants, and not as lawful Princes.

The Christian Faith and True Religion, was not propagated by the Arms of Kings, nor by their Edicts nor Ordinances, but by the Doctrine of the Apostles, and Blood of the Martyrs: That then which they hold of God, and not of their Kings, they may maintain and defend against Kings, when Kings will essay to alter it, or take it from them: But mostly, when true Religion hath not only been received in a Kingdom, but by length of Years established by Oaths of Princes; at their installing, confirmed, as a Fundamental and Irrevocable Law of a Kingdom; for which it is more lawful to take Arms, than for any other Fundamental Law.

Christian Princes should remember, they govern a free People, and not Slaves, and that they be Pastors of Men, not of Beasts; that the Commandment they have over Subjects, is not like that which Masters have over Servants, but which Fathers have over their Children. Politicians know, that when Kings were first chosen by People, they transferred not an absolute Power unto them, *Plenitudo Potestatis*, being *Plenitudo Tempestatis*. The Oath and Obligation between a King and a People, was mutual, *viz.* That Kings, by continuance of their Race, and length of Years, should not Rule by Violence nor Tyranny, and that the People, (they so doing) should maintain and preserve their State and Grandeur; that King and People should both mutually keep inviolably their Oaths and Promises: The one breaking and violating Conditions, the other should be no more obliged.

These are the Causes which have moved us in our just Defence to rise in Arms, a preventive War being a true Defensive, which we would have known to all the World, to witness as well without, as within the Realm, the Candour and Sincerity of our Proceedings; to the Confusion of all such as by Envy, Weakness of Spirit, and Malignity of Judgment, would put upon our Actions false Colours, and make them appear otherwise than in themselves or in our Intentions they are: Taking Heaven and Earth to Witness, that what we have done is to abide more firm and constant in our Religion; to establish the Honour and Dignity of the Fundamental Laws of our Kingdom, and the Peace of the People: To reform the Abuse and Excess which creepeth into our Policy; To obtain to our selves some Pause of Breathing, after so great Disorder and Oppression; To render to the King's Majesty all due Obedience and Honour: Supplicating him (having nothing now left to resist our Traducers, but weak Prayers and humble Supplications) to approve what is done for so great and necessary Causes, by poor Subjects, who desire nothing more in this World than to be approven of Loyalty to their Country, Obedience to their Superiours, and Piety towards Almighty God.

This

The Magical Mirror having in it the most weighty of these Arguments, by which those who oppos'd the just and lawful Government, could endeavour to justify their Rebellious Proceedings; and not being answered within the Body of the Discourse, (tho' the Title clears the Author's Design) I think these Queries of State, immediately subjoin'd, will fully answer the Strength of what is said.

Queries of State.

IF an Oath extorted by a Populace, and sworn *metus causa* by weak Men, bindeth and obligeth them; all Oaths unlawful, either in Matter or Form, being *ipso jure* null and disobligatory?

If the Oath of the new League and Covenant be not derogatory to the Oath of Fidelity and Allegiance sworn by all the Subjects to their King at his Coronation, and transformeth not the Monarchy into an Oligarchy and Ochlocracy?

If we may league without the King our Sovereign's Consent; having given to him our Oath of Allegiance?

If it be lawful to any Man, except the King, to lay a new Imposition and Subsidy upon the Realm?

If, according to the Civil Laws of Kingdoms, or Law of God, a Subject may take Arms against his Prince?

If it be not Anabaptism to preach the Overthrow of the Authority of Princes?

If Subjects may take Arms against their Sovereigns, professing the very self-same Religion, for Matters of Religion?

If External Ceremonies, or the Diversity of the Discipline of the Church, be *justa belli causa* for Subjects to take Arms against their native Kings, or to resist their Power, and oppose their Authority, if they should innovate any Thing of the Discipline not essential to Religion?

If Charles, King of Great-Britain, by maintaining of Episcopacy and the Form of the Government of the Church, establish'd by his Father in this Kingdom, hath done any Thing against the Oath of his Coronation? Or should he not maintain and uphold that Form of Government, would he not be perjur'd, since he swore to the Defence of the Religion and Church Government, as it stood and was profess'd the Time of his Coronation? If he hath done nothing contrary to his Oath, how can our taking of Arms be justified?

If King Charles be our King or not? and to disobey him be not to disobey that King to whom we gave our Oath of Fidelity, and renewed the same in the Covenant?

If he were not to be obey'd in all Things not disagreeing to Holy Scriptures, and not contrary to the Fundamental Laws of the Kingdom; if he should not first have been declared by our Circular Tables or Committees, Minor or Idiot?

If a Civil War be to be preferred to the Government of Bishops in the Church, or Episcopacy? Or if plundering, that is, open Robbery, be more lawful by Scriptures than the Government of Bishops?

If it relisheth not of *Mahumetanism* to establish Religion by Arms?

If the Confession of the Apostolick Faith, in which we are baptis'd, be not a sufficient Confession for Salvation?

If they who have subscribed the Covenant be obliged to fight for Matters not set down in it, or ambiguously and by Equivocation understood, and by Appendixes and Commenting supposed?

If the Oath of the Covenant obligeth the Subscribers to adhere to all the Articles that shall be concluded in General Assemblies, and to fight for them? Thus they may be sworn to adhere to a Lie, and fight for the Defence of Errors. The Consequent holds, because a General Assembly may err, and that because General Councils have err'd, and the Kirk errs: Then we may be sworn to maintain Lies and Errors.

Whether it be lawful to proscribe and forfeit Country-men, professing one Religion, without Process intended or Law, against the King's Authority, and without all Warrant, save that of the Populace?

If Proscription and Forfeiture, by a Populace in an Insurrection, be a good Title to possess?

If those cruel and damnable Reasons of State, which have been practis'd in Germany and France, amongst Men of opposite and differing Religions; Overthrow, Spoil, Plunder, Kill,

Murther all who go not with you, and run not the same Course, (which amongst the *Pagans* themselves was detestable, and who did practise them only against such who resisted them, and fought against them) are tolerable and to be used by Men professing the Name of *Christ Jesus*? And if they may with a good Conscience be practis'd amongst us, who are of one and the same Religion?

If the Practice of these Reasons of State, after a general Pacification, will not rattle the Scars of old Malice, and renew the almost forgotten deadly Fews amongst the chief Houses of this Kingdom?

Whether this War may renew the old National Quarrels between *Scotland* and *England*, and divide this Island in it self, to be a Prey to Foreign Conquest?

Whether these great Commotions and Discords may dissolve in *bellum servile*; and Peasants, Clowns, Farmers, base People, *Lege Natura*, the Weaker must yield to the Stronger, all in Arms, may not overthrow the Nobles and Gentry, invest their Possessions, adhere together by a new Covenant, and follow our Example?

If it be honest, decent or lawful to disarm Civil, Modest, Peaceable, Harmless Men, Gentlemen, (who in all Civil Kingdoms are only suffer'd to bear Arms) and arm the Rascality and mad Multitude, putting the Power of Life and Death into their Hands?

If, after a Populace hath invested the King's Castles, seiz'd on his Ammunition, fortified against him his Sea-Ports, taken his Scepter, Sword and Crown by Violence; any true Loyal Subject may enter into a League with them, without Crime of Lese-Majesty?

If the King shall be Victorious, whether or not may he hold a Parliament, and forfeit all those who went against him in Arms, distributing their Lands to those who were upon his Side, and stood with him?

If the King's Majesty shall proclaim Immunities and Pardons to all the Burrows of his Kingdom, and they shall accept of them; who shall fight, and what *Pegasus* shall transport the brave Leaguers to the Moon?

If the Gentry, Towns and People could have fore-known the many Miseries, Wrack and Dammage, which this League and Covenant was bringing upon them, and hath already brought; if they would have run so violently, and rush'd so madly to the swearing of their Destruction, and not with *Zaleucus* the *Locrian*, presented the Presenters of this Novation to a shameful Death?

To all Queries it is answered, That all that is done and proceeded upon, is for the King's Majesty's Honour, Safety and Prosperity. *Quaritur*, Whether a Man shall believe the King himself complaining, expostulating and crying out against his Disloyal and Rebellious Subjects; or the Noise of Subjects, mis-inform'd, and abus'd by some seditious Great Ones, neglecting his Complaints, Remonstrances and Declarations? And the like is, Whether a Man, being grievously tormented with the Pain of the Gout, Stone or other Sickness, should complain of his Evils, and the Standers by should swear he had no Pain, we shall believe the Man or the Lookers on? Or, a Man being robbed on a High-way, should tell all that passed by, he was robbed, and the Robbers should protest and swear he had suffer'd no Wrong; to which of these Two should most Faith be given?

A

S P E E C H

(Which may be called *A Prophecy*)

*To the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, &c.
who have Leagu'd themselves for the De-
fence of the Religion and Liberties of
Scotland.*

May 2.
1639.

DEAR COUNTRY-MEN,

A MIDST this great Change and new Reformation, which ye intend, of the State; some will offer you Arms and Power, some Money, others their Art, Industry, In-
gines and Inventions, and many many diverse and differing Commodities, to facili-
tate and advance your Enterprises and Designs. To give a Testimony of my Love
towards the Country, and my Fidelity towards you, I offer you this humble Remon-
strance, (in which, like another *Cassandra*, perhaps, I shall not be believed) containing such
Reasons as should represent the Importance and Weight of the Matter in which ye are now im-
barqued, with the Progress and apparent Event of your Proceedings.

Ye have enterprized a great and dangerous Work, which seemeth rather a Stroke from the
Hand of God, than from Man: To reform the Errors of the Church, some of the State, the
one depending upon the other, being stirred and moved thereunto by a Holy and Religious
Zeal, and all going by Matter of Conscience. To do this by the giving Laws and Rules to
our Prince, by the Insolence of the Souldier, is to remedy our Evils by the thrusting us into a
Civil War, and the Medicine is worse than the Disease.

If a War shall arise, represent but to your selves the Miseries that will follow, and what the
Continuation of the present Confusions will produce. You of the Church, consider Religion
and all Piety banish'd amongst Armies, the Name of God blasphem'd, his Worship in Con-
tempt and Scorn, the Meanest and Silliest accustoming themselves to dally with Faith and
Conscience, when they shall perceive that the Great Men abuse them, and make a Pretext of
them to their most execrable Infidelities. Nobles, what Shame falleth to the Honourable Or-
der of Arms (your Hereditary Mark, and the Reward of Virtue) when they are put into the
Hands of the base Multitude, who will not respect the Merit nor Quality of any. You of the
Council and Justice, consider what Robbery will enter the Circles of the Common-wealth, when
armed Ruffians (Monsters of Cruelty) shall hold Pistols to your Breasts in the midst of your
Justice Halls. And you Commons, look if ye shall be more Holy by this Confusion; and if
ye shall be reliev'd of Taxes, Imposts, and Subsidies, when ye shall pay the Charges of the Soul-
dier; when your Shops in the Towns and your Houses cannot be kept safe, but shall be
spoil'd and plunder'd by Porters, Pioneers, and the Beggarly Artizans; when ye shall see your
Neighbours ransom'd, and a Price set upon your Friends and Familiars Heads; when the Peo-
ple shall indifferently and cruelly invade all who have been in any Suspicion to be against their
Proceedings; when it shall be called Popery to understand any Conclusions of State, or to give
a friendly Counsel to a People. If this Confusion continue, it shall be an irremissible Crime
to be esteemed Rich. If of Necessity Garrisons be placed in your Towns, your Liberties are
gone; if ye have no Garrisons, then, not being guarded nor defended, ye are a Prey to the
Souldiers, who will range abroad; and your imaginary Liberties are worse than your voluntary
Servitude. The Country can be in no better Estate if these Evils continue.

The License, Excess and Disorders of the Disturbers of the State will yet draw on a further Mischief, the King will be constrained to implore the Aid and Assistance of Strangers, who spoiling the Country, and sacking Towns, will multiply our Miseries. Then shall Wo and Curses be in the Mouths of all, against the Authors and Entertainers of a Civil War. The People shall turn their Spite and Hatred against those who led them upon those Dangers, and with the Blood of their Mis-governours will purchase their Absolution and Pardon, and redeem their Lives and Peace. How much better were it for us to accept of fair Conditions from our Prince, than to undergo those Difficulties and Dangers of a Civil War?

Why should we rather expose this Kingdom to be a Prey to a Stranger, than grant some Points of our particular Passions to our Prince? Occurrences are the only Guides of the Actions of Men; let the King have his Authority, let him command and let us obey: We lose our selves wilfully all our Days, because we will not be happy; the common Danger calleth us to this, our Duty requireth this. Look (my Country-Men) to the Estate of this Realm under the last King, in whose Time this Form of Ecclesiastical Government, and those Ceremonies now impugn'd (the greatest Cause of our Miseries) flourish'd. There was nothing then to be heard but to obey the King, to answer and requite his Favours with due Observance, no Rumours but of Peace, Tranquillity and Justice: Now there is nothing in the Mouths of Men but Proscriptions, Banishments, Spoils of Towns, Plundering of Villages, and the best and noblest Houses are marked out and design'd already for Death, Pillage and Sack. Then no Man question'd another for indifferent Matters in Religion, every Man modestly contenting himself with his own Opinion: Now scarce Two or Three assemble together, but they raise such a Noise and Tumult, that one would say Fire were in some Houses about. Dissension, Disobedience, Murther, Cruelty, and War, are not the Marks of true Christians. Willful Men would be ask'd, If they think the establishing of Presbyterial or Episcopal Government in the Church a just Cause to rise in Arms against their Prince? If in an open Field we should meet with equal Force, we should find the Loss of Men and Spoils far incomparable to the Tolerance of either of these Governments. Shall we take the Resolution of the *Saguntines*, to burn our Houses, Persons and Towns for so small a Cause? Or like one, who to destroy some Spiders, would set his own House on Fire? Let us have Peace, tho' with the re-establishing of this Government. This War, into which we are entring, hath brought under all the great Empires of the World, but especially the *Roman*, which having escaped all the sorts of Miseries and Injuries of Time, could not save it self in a Civil War. It was this which brought *Hungary* and the Empire of the *Greeks* into the Hands of the *Turks*. It is this which yet afflicteth the *Low-Countries*. The End of this War will either be to give the Estate to a Third, or if there be none such, to divide and part it in Pieces. Princes, for the most part, understand not their own Dangers, living in the Sensuality of Courts: But it is the Duty of all Faithful Subjects to advertise them of such Verities. If these Miseries continue, the Common-wealth is undermin'd.

The Subjects have now no Obedience out of Love to their Prince, and suppose he hath no Power to make himself fear'd amongst them. Now take Love from the People towards their Prince, and Power from a Prince to keep his Subjects in Fear, the Kingdom is destroy'd, his Reign ruin'd. Great Men are an Example of Disobedience to the common Sort, and the Commons are Instruments and Helps by which the *Great* revolt. The *Great* often take the Defence of Religion for saving them from the Punishment of their Ambition. The Commons continue in Evil-doing, because they have begun ill, and both make their unjust Enterprises go on under a no less unjust Pursuit.

These are Miseries which Civil Wars bring along with them; but what Accidents follow upon these? Changes in the Government, from one Extremity to another, never fall out without a violent turning of all Things up-side down. It is an easy Thing for a passionate People to imagine to themselves the Change of a State; but between an ambitious Desire and the accomplishing of it, how many Battles, how many Confusions will interveen? How much Blood, what sacking of Towns, and universal Miseries? An Age will hardly end these Quarrels. The Great Men seeing their Sovereign devided of Force and Power, and the Good-will and Love of his Subjects estranged from him by the many Miseries they have suffer'd; finding the Soldiers ready to serve them who bestow most upon them, and give freest Reins to their insolent Attempts, will use all Means to satiate their Ambition, upon which will follow a Dissipation of the Monarchy, or Change into another Form of Government.

These whom either Passion or Ignorance hath blind-folded, will say that these are but Tales and Fables, to think the King (we strongly abiding at our Aims) will not yield to every thing we shall require; and that, having so much to do Abroad, he can think of our Rising in Arms at Home; or, if he should, the worst that can befall us is but to agree with him. If the speaking evil of a King be a Sin before God, and deserveth Punishment, what deserveth the taking of Arms against him, and when the Subject shall draw a Sword to invade him? The Contempt of a Prince's Authority at Home goes nearer him than any Affair he can have Abroad; and we should consider a Prince long irritated, the more slow his Motion is, the more is he to be

be feared; *Deorum mole tardius molunt, sed emolunt.* Small Brooks swell with little Showers, but great Rivers are long in gathering, and longer ere they return to their own Channels.

If a King of *England* shall send Forces against *Scotland*, now divided against it self, if the King's Forces shall be overthrown in the first Battle, *Scotland* is lost: For a King of *England* is sufficient to renew Battle after Battle; but if we be overthrown in the First Battle, we can never amend our Error, and renew a Second: Witness *Pinkie* and *Flowden*.

If we shall not accept of fair Conditions offered by the Prince, the best that can befall us is, in one fair Battle to be vanquished: For thus leaving off to be governed by Lightness and Caprice, and yielding to Reason, we may retire and escape from evil Counsel, and the People shall acknowledge, that the Designs of their Leaders were their own particular Interests, and not that of which they made a Pretext.

It is true, that by taking of Arms we will turn desperate: But to what Use or End should we do thus? This is no Article of our Faith, but having had so fair a Progress, we will yet go forward till we be turned by Violence; and because the Prince is Debonair, we will be Insolent; or have run so far forward, that we have past the Bounds of being peaceable Subjects. We say, that we have sworn a League, and if we should yield to the easy Conditions of the Prince, we fear to be holden and declared Perjured. Where find we, that an Oath, made with little or no Reason, in a hot Ferment, by a popular Commotion, to the Ruin of a whole Estate, should be holden for an Oath? Why should our Opiniatrete be the Overthrow of the State? Doth it belong to us to receive the Complaints of the King's People, to cognosce upon his Actions, or limit his Pleasure? Wherefore take we Arms without his Command? Why despise we his Authority? Why trust we more to our own Force than to his Justice? We say, it is to maintain Religion. What have we fought which concerneth truly Religion and Faith, which he hath not granted? If the Wars shall continue, we shall find so many Male-contents amongst our selves that every Day a new Order of them will arise, moved by the Desire of Gain and vain Glory. Some will Revolt, not only when they are not rewarded after their Merit, but after all the Height that their Ambition could make them wish for; you shall have them in the Camps, in the Towns, and in the Court it self, and as the Dangers of the Prince do encrease, or the Subjects are resolved to continue in their Rebellion, they will multiply. You your selves, who have resolved upon a War, when you have begun it, after you have exhausted your Purses, after you have lost your dearest Friends, in vain shall ye seek to come back again to the King whom ye have irritated. The Estate of this Kingdom shall dissolve, as a dead Body into Worms, and a Thousand unreasonable Creatures which will eat others up.

During these Miseries, of which the Troublers of the State shall make their Profit, there will arise (perhaps) one, who will name himself PROTECTOR of the Liberty of the Kingdom: He shall surcharge the People with greater Miseries than ever before they did suffer: He shall be Protector of the Church himself, being without Soul or Conscience, without Letters, or great Knowledge, under the Shadow of Piety and Zeal shall commit Thousand Impieties; and in End shall essay to make himself King, and under pretext of Reformation bring in all Confusion. The Lords of the Country, wanting a Master, shall fight a while amongst themselves who shall be their Master: The Towns by a Neutrality, shall have a Sort of Liberty: This Liberty shall turn into a popular Licence; and from that Licence into Tyranny by some one or other; And every Month by Seditions have new Revolutions. Then shall the poor People suffer for all their Follies: Then shall they see, to their own Charges, what it is to pull the Scepter from their Sovereign, the Sword from the lawful Magistrate, whom God hath set over them, and that it is a fearful Matter for Subjects to degrade their King. At last, out of that Confusion shall an Order arise, which shall not want a Head to maintain and defend them against the Nobility, and they will dress him after the Manner of the *Swissers*. After this there shall be no more Questions of Religion, but armed Vagabonds catechising every Man by the Purse. This Progress is no new Divining, being approved by the Histories of all Times.

When by the Weakness and Contempt of the Emperors, the *Roman* Empire began to be abolished in *Germany*, the Towns which they call *Free* and *Imperial* obtained their Liberties, the Captains became Lords, the Bishops which had Authority in any Town, turned Princes, the Judges became Counts of the Empire, and many Years past before they were recovered by the Emperors. The same happened in *Italy*, the Towns obtained their Liberties, Governours and Captains became Princes and Lords; making Wars amongst themselves they brought in to side with them barbarous Strangers, who burnt and wasted all amongst them. Thence arose the *Guelfs* and *Gibellines*, Imperialists against Papists, and the universal War turned in a Thousand petit Wars and deadly Fowds. Nothing was heard but Prescriptions, Banishments, Assassinations, Treasons. These Troubles continued near 500 Years after the Fall of the *Roman* Empire. This Desolation of State fallerh not forth but after the Contempt of Authority and Ruin of the Prince, the Ruin of the People following after.

Now were it not better to suffer Men to live in a peaceable Manner, than to attempt upon such Dangers?

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Were it not better to live under Obedience to the King, as in the Beginning of his Regni; than by feeding our selves with vain Hopes of obtaining what we shall require, abuse a Prince's Clemency, than by holding certain imaginary, fantastick Forms of Commonwealths, flattering our own Belief and Ability, that we can mold any State to these general Rules, which in particular Application will prove idle and gross Absurdities. Consider that we are all Men, all Christians, all Lovers of the Church and of the Weal of our Contry: We beleive all in one GOD, desire all a Reformation, and not a Dissipation of the State. For the Honour of our Prince, the Weal of our selves, let us lay down our Arms, submit them to him who hath only the Power to make us take them, and is the just Dispensator of them. Let us turn with Tears to GOD, and pray, That He would settle the Government and Worship of His Church, to His own Glory and the Safety of all believing Souls.

THE

T H E
L O A D-S T A R,

O R

Directory to the New World and Transformations.

THE King's Majesty shall be counselled to follow forth and continue his Revocation; to exact his new Impositions, Taxes, Subsidies, Annuities, and what else may procure him the Hatred of his Subjects.

The King's Majesty shall be counselled, by Vertue of his Royal Prerogatives, to change the Service of the Church of *Scotland*, and to transform it into that of *England*. And the People of *Scotland*, by those self-same Men who move the King to bring in the *English* Service Book into the Church of *Scotland*, shall raise the People of *Scotland* to storm at it, resist and oppose it.

Men shall be placed about the King's Majesty, who shall not suffer him to have any Knowledge, Intelligence, or Verity of the Grievances of his Subjects, and he shall remain *Domi obsessus a suis*.

The Prelates, and such of the Church-men who adhere unto them, shall be in all Places most contumeliously abused by the Commons and Rascality.

The young Noblemen shall begin the great Work by Protestations without End.

The King shall do nothing by himself, but concredit every Thing to his Commissioners, who shall lead him into the Danger.

The King's Majesty's Council shall take the Accommodation of all in Hand, but shall neglect all.

A League and Covenant shall be drawn up between some Gentlemen first, after imitated by some Noblemen for mutual Defence one of another, and after the like shall be urged upon the People by Way of Religion. *Multitudo, ubi religione capta est, melius Vatribus quam Ducibus suis paret.*

The League of *France*, though devised by the *Guisian* Papists against King *Henry III.* shall be the only Patern to be followed and carry through this Transformation.

The Confession of the *Scottish* Faith, subscribed by King *James* and his Household *Anna* 1580, [being a Trial of Religion, rather than Confession of Faith, consisting of Negations] is a sure Foundation and Introduction to this new League.

That all such who will not subscribe this Confession, and Introduction to what ever shall be proceeded upon, shall be holden for Papists, Men loving or affecting old Rites and Superstition.

They shall be denied Civil Conversation, and, if it be possible, not admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The most sly and eloquent Ministers shall essay the universal Subscription of this Confession, suppressing still that there is any thing intended against the present Form of Ecclesiastical Government; but refer all to a General Assembly.

The King shall be counselled not to hinder the Troubles which shall arise, but to trust them to his Commissioner, who shall give Way to the League or Covenant.

The Covenant shall pass current by the Preachers without any Opposition made by the King's Council, or Proclamation to the contrary.

The King's Council shall subscribe the Covenant, according to the Time when it was first by *M. Craig* sent out, when there was no Bishops, after the ancient Manner; and direct Men through all the Provinces to see it performed for the King's Service.

The Castle of *Edinburgh* shall be essayed to be victualled, and Provision brought unto it; but the common People shall in a Tumult not suffer the Castle to be provided, but interrupt the Carriage: By which Deed they shall be engaged to follow and take a Part in the Noblemen's Quarrel for their own Safety.

The *Scottish* Commanders in *Germany* shall be in Readiness, if the King oppose, to come over to the Defence of the Country, and for the Liberty of the Subject.

The King shall make a Shew to levy Armies, but shall be kept in *England*, till the Parliament conclude what the Nobles desire.

The Ministers shall give a Roll of all their Parishoners able to bear Arms.

All shall be sworn to obey what is decreed in General Assembly, and for that to expose their Estates, Persons, and what they hold dearest.

The Towns and Commonalty shall be obliged for defraying the Charges of a War, if the King shall invade, or hinder their Proceedings.

The General Assembly shall decree all Acts of Assemblies, which make not for their Purposes, null; and renew their Oaths and Caveats against Episcopacy; and that all Acts of any former Assemblies against Episcopacy shall be renewed.

The Bishops and other banished Churchmen shall be entertained a while, by some little Sums of Money given them by the King's Commissioners, till they be altogether cast out.

The Bishopricks shall be distributed to the Noblemen and Courtiers.

The Nobles, if the King awake out of this Lethargy, shall make Choice of a General to defend the Good Cause against him: Who shall have the Title of *His Excellency* above the rest, being a Man trained in the Wars; who preferreth Religion and the publick Weal to his own particular Interest; in whom the People shall put their Trust, and have great Confidence.

That none be admitted to the Council of War, but Men of Conscience and good Reputation; Three or Four being chosen out of every Shire, who shall be entertained upon the Charges of the Shires, as well to give Authority to the General's Commands, as for entertaining of Union and mutual Intelligence between one Shire and another, and to suppress all false Rumors and News, which use to be forged, and run current by the Adversaries, at such Times.

That all Colonels, Captains and Commanders, suspected to favour the Enemy, or have Intelligence with them, be changed and removed, and others put into their Places.

That there be no Commandment, Orders, or Charge of the War, or Trust given to Fugitives, or Men who for some Plot or secret Practice have left the Enemy, till they be assured of their natural Conditions and Qualities, and be freed of all Suspicion.

To procure and traffick for the Aid, Friendship and Alliance of Neighbour-Countries and Strangers, if our Forces at Home be weak and not sufficient to hold out.

That all these who are of a contrary Mind and differing in Opinions from us, be marked and sequestered from coming near the Army, and hindred and shut up from any Intelligence of our Proceedings.

To beat down and raze to the Ground the Castles and strong Holds of all Gentlemen, and others of the contrary Party, which can serve but for Retreats and Receptracles of Robbers, and hinder the furnishing of the Camps, by Assaults made out of them; in which to keep Garrisons will be too chargeable.

That for the Provision of the Army in Corns, Fewel, Viands, and other Necessaries, Twelve or Fifteen be chosen, over which shall be a Lieutenant.

That Rendezvouses be appointed, and the Places of Meeting set down and agreed upon, most convenient for the Offensive or Defensive Part, as Occasion shall afford.

That the Passages and Ways for the Meeting and Assembling together towards the great Army (which of Necessity must once join) be made open and rendred free, that Horses and Men of Arms may pass and repass without Impediments by the Enemy.

That the Names of such be in publick Registers set down, who have either imployed their Persons, or Estates and Fortunes, for the common Cause of Religion, that their Merits may upon the publick Faith be acknowledged, either in their Persons, if they shall escape the Danger; or in their Orphans and Widows, if they shall perish.

Because Men are inconstant, and, imagining Danger, may turn Apostates from the good Cause, the Oath of the Union would be renewed by all Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen and Burgeses.

That Preachers be chosen, the fittest in the Presbyteries, for the Army; not too learned, but Men who have greater Fancy than Judgment, vehement and zealous in their Utterance, and who dare sometimes play the Souldiers to keep the Army in the Fear of GOD and exhort them to Service, comforting them in Extremities.

That all Swearing and Blasphemies be discharged, under grievous Punishment, through the whole Camp.

CONSIDERATIONS TO THE PARLIAMENT *September 1639.*

TH A T whatever hath been done by the Clergy, Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen and Burgeſſes in *Scotland*, during theſe late Troubles, ſhall be for ever holden, eſtimate and accounted good Service to the Crown.

That all ſuch Proclamations, Declarations, Letters and Maniſeſto's, to which the King's Name hath been maliciously prefixed, to his own Loſs and the Ruine of the State, be reckoned amongſt Infamous Libels, and the Keepers of them condignly puniſhed.

That the Lords of Council be choſen by the Three Eſtates of Parliament, and the Judges of the Seſſion by the Lords of the Council.

That the Lords of the Seſſion chooſe their own Preſident every Term, and he ſhall no more be named *Preſident*, but *Moderator*, as the Advocates ſhall be named *Elders*, and the King's Advocate *Deacon*.

That it ſhall be lawful, in time of Trouble and Neceſſity, for the Provost of *Edinburgh* to offer up his Prayers in the Cathedral Church by Shot of Piſtols, which are more conform to the Times than Organs.

That Gold, Plate, and all Silver given to the Mint-Houſe in theſe late Troubles, ſhall be paid at the *Greek* Kalends.

That Houſes of Pleaſure be tolerated in the Suburbs of the City during Aſſemblies and Parliaments, for Relief and Eaſe of ſuch Commiſſioners as want Wives, and the Gains and Commodities acquired thereby, be paid to the Provost of *Edinburgh*.

That Bickering upon the *Sundays* ſhall be lawful againſt Coaches in the high Streets, providing there be either Biſhop, new Counſellor, or not Covenanter in them.

That not only Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, and the Town's Magazine-Houſes, be furniſhed with Arms, but every Burgeſſ's Houſe, every Farmer's, and Tenant's, to be ready at all Occaſions, to ariſe and defend themſelves, aſſemble and confound their Enemy's, reſiſt whatever oppoſeth them, under Name of Authority,

That in Time of War, it ſhall be lawful, for the Weal of the Kingdom, to the Noblemen, Barons, &c. to chooſe a Dictator, providing he can neither read nor write.

That, if our old Enemy's of *England* invade this Kingdom, it ſhall be lawful to us to renew our old League again with the Kingdom of *France*.

That Baſtardy ſhall not hereafter derogate from any Priviledge of the Kingdom, Honour or Reputation of the Name of the Lords; but whether Lord, Baron, or Gentleman, without the Bar in the Blazoning of his Arms, he ſhall ſtill, after the great Service of this Time, be repute, holden, and decerned legitimate; neither ſhall any King claim their Lands, Poſſeſſions or other Subſtance thereby.

That *Buchanan's* Chronicle ſhall be tranſlated into the vulgar *Scottiſh*, and read in the common Schools; and the Books of *Apocrypha* being taken away from the Bible, his Book, *De jure Regni*, be in the Place thereof inſert.

That if any Man be ſo malicious, to call Plundering Robbery, or any Breach of the Ten Commandments, he ſtand Three Days in a white Sheet at the Church Doors.

That it ſhall be lawful for the King to eſtabliſh Biſhops; but it ſhall alſo be lawful to the cloven People of our good Towns to aſtoniſh them, or ſtone them, as common Enemy's of the Country, and be rewarded for the ſame by the Presbyteries. If any be found killed in his Houſe, either having been killed by others, or ſuſpected to have killed himſelf, that a Tryal be taken by touching the dead Body of thoſe which were neareſt about him; except the Blow be in a Bed.

That Desks or Pews in the Paroch-Churches of the Country be not granted but to the Nobles, Magistrates, and Gentlemen, holding *in capite* their Lands of the King.

That a constant Fashion of Apparel be determined and resolv'd upon; and not only the Wearers of any other Fashion, but the Artificers, when they shall happen to be found, shall be fined; excepting always the Church-Men, who shall have Liberty to wear the old Fashion of *Geneva* Hats and Apparel.

That the Statue of King *James*, superstitiously erected within the Porch of the chief Gate of *Edinburgh*, be taken down, and solemnly buried beside the Body of King *James* the Fifth in *Holy-rood-house*.

That all Tombs, Monuments, in which there are any Images, especially these in the common Burial-Place of *Edinburgh*, be demolished, as bearing Resemblances of ancient Idolatry.

That all Bells of Steeples, excepting Two or Three, (at the most) be taken down and transounded into Pieces of Ordnance; especially the superstitious Bells of *Holy-rood-house*, and the old College-Church of *Aberdeen*.

That the Organs in the Chappel of *Holy-rood-house* be taken away, or the Chappel with the Organs.

That the Old Translation in Verse of the Psalms, which was in the Threescore Six Year of God, be sung, and none else, it being even approved by our little Children and most ignorant Persons; and all Printers and Booksellers be discharged to print or sell any others.

That all Bishops Houses, Concierges, Abbays and Nunries, be made Places to entertain Soldiers, and their Rents be employed for the Maintenance of Arms; the Prior and Abbot possessing them only for his Lifetime, or during a Lease or Tack given by the State.

That the Town of *Leith* be more strongly fortified, and that Walls be raised about the old Castle of *Restalrig*, *Pilrig*, *Broughty*, *Waristoun*, *Bonnitoun*, and many waste Houses within the Town be pull'd down to that Effect.

That the former Year's Provost of *Edinburgh* shall be still Captain of *Leith*, and shall have a Guard of 24 to defend his Person.

That *Leith* shall have the Privileges of a City of Refuge, or the ancient Places called Sanctuaries, no Man daring trouble another or molest any for whatsoever Crime; except *Leſe Ma-jeſty* against the State, and not Covenanting.

That the Beards of all Judges, as Lords of Session, Commissaries, Sheriffs and Baillies, shall be long, except the Provost of Towns and the chief City, who shall have them short.

That all Women be discharged wearing of Plaids, except in cold Weather and Time of Bickering in the chief City.

That all Purple Robes be discharged, being old Remains of the Idolatrous Government, as well to be worn in Parliament as Session, and every Judge to ride or sit in such a Fashion of Apparel as his Taylor shall think most convenient.

That Heraulds, Officers of Arms, and other Messengers shall not speak at any Market-Cross before they open their Mouths.

That the Tocher-Goods of all the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Daughters be determined upon, as an Earl's, Lord's, Baron's, or according to their Rents and Revenues, and the Transgressor fined.

That the Value of the Marriages of all Wards be determinately set down, and rated, either according to the Rent of the Ward-Land, or the whole Revenue of the Personal Ward.

That no Nobleman, Baron, Gentleman, or Burgess, send his Children to other Countries without Liberty from the Council.

That a constant Price or Fee be set down for every Visit of the Doctors of Physick.

That Servants be not received by new Masters without a Testimonial of their Fidelity from their former Masters.

That no Man wear a *Gregorian* or Periwig, unless he have a Testimonial from a Town-Clerk, that he is either bald, sickly, or ashamed of white Hairs.

That great Horologies of Towns be reformed according to the small Sun-Dials.

That School-Masters be placed in the remotest High-Lands to instruct Youth in Civility and the *English* Language.

That no Man stand bare-headed in the Presence-Chamber or Parliament-House of *Scotland*, or before any Chair of State, since hereby open Idolatry is committed, and a Worship of Lions and Unicorns.

That the Covenant be holden and esteem'd in all Times coming, the First Evangel; and *Anathema* be pronounced against all Contradictors.

That the Books of *Wallace* and King *Robert the Bruce* be printed over again, against our old Enemies of *England*, and Pensions be given to some learned Rhimers, to write XII. Books of our Expedition and Victory at *Dunslaw*, or *DUNSLAIDOS Libri 12.*

That all Chronicles be burnt which are not approved by the Clerk of our General Assembly.

That none in *Lochaber* wear Castor Hats or Velvet Breeches.

That

That no Man swear the Oath of Supremacy, except in *England*; yet it shall be lawful for any Man to swear it to his Wife, if he please.

That there be neither the Name of Bishop nor Superintendent in our Kirk; but the Overseers of Ministers, Deacons and Elders, be named *Duniwassels* of the Kirk, being a Word far from the Language of the Beast of *Rome*.

That no Man call a Contract a Covenant, under such Pain as is decreed against the Prophanation of the Sabbath.

That no Covenanter in his Travels Abroad, or Abode at Home, shall learn to dance, or at least practise Dancing, under the Pain of the Transgression of the 7th Commandment.

That it shall be lawful for all Gentlemen-Covenanters to kiss all Gentlewomen at all Assemblies, especially the Night-Conventions, under Pain to be reputed and holden as Cowards amongst the Ladies.

That there shall be *Cover-feu* Bells rung in all the best Towns of Shires, after the Ringing of which no Man shall be found upon the Streets, except he justify himself to have been in a Tavern, or at clandestine Meetings of Holy Sisters, under the Pain of Ten Merks.

That all Gardeners, Gentlemen or others, which have any Fruit-Trees named from Bishops, shall either change their Name or dig them up by the Roots; in Failure of which, not only these Trees, but the whole Orchard may be lawfully plundered.

That Church-Men be known by their Apparel and Habits from other Men, not carry broad Swords, swagger, nor drink; in Failure of which, if they shall be beaten, abused in Taverns, or killed, the Beater, Abuser or Killer shall incur no greater Punishment than if he had abused, beaten, or killed any other Man.

That Coal-Pits, Lime-Quarries, within Forty Foots of the King's High-ways, be filled up, and such like pernicious Holes, under Pain of 10 *lib.* from the Master of the Ground, or, in case of Leases, from the Farmer.

That Lanterns be hung in the high Streets and Passages of the great Towns, from Seven till Ten in the Night; from the First of *November* to the First of *February*.

That the Church-Race marry only among themselves, Ministers Sons upon Ministers Daughters; and it shall be lawful, for the Procreation of this Race, and the Number of She-Children, that any Minister's Son shall take unto him Two Wives.

That if a King in *Scotland*, remaining in *England*, every Five Years, at least, come not to *Scotland*, the First Five Years he shall lose his Imposts and Taxations; the Second Five Years his Wards and Few-duties; the Third his whole Properties, and the Demefne of the Crown of *Scotland*; which shall be kept and religiously laid up to his Successor.

That if the King shall not approve these our Acts, they shall be observed most strictly amongst our selves, without his Approbation; and the Contraveeners punished by Consent Publick.

That it shall be lawful for Servants to reveal their Masters, Children their Parents, Wives their Husbands, in the Matter of the Breach of these Acts.

That an Act of Parliament be made, for keeping all the Acts of former Parliaments.

That it shall be lawful for the School-Boys in all Towns and Villages, every Seventh Year once, to take the Schools against their Masters, put them out, and in their Places appoint new Doctors, Under-Doctors, Masters, for the space of Twenty Days; in perpetual Remembrance, of our Happy and Blessed Relief from the Ecclesiastick and Episcopal Government.

REMEMORANS

For the National League between Scotland and England, 1642.

NO Subjects under a Monarchy and ancient Sovereignty, without their Sovereign's Consent, may enter into a League or Covenant with a stranger Nation.

These who have subscribed the *Scottish*-Covenant or Confession of Faith, without turning perjured, cannot swear to this League: There the Defence of the King's Honour and Person, with the Maintenance of the Prerogatives of his Crown are sworn unto; and here, in this League, the Priviledges of the Parliament of *England*, solemnly are sworn unto; which Two cannot well subsist together. It being one of the terriblest Priviledges of the Parliament of *England*, to depose their Kings at their Pleasure; when they surmise, they are guided by Men contrary to their Intentions. Thus did they depose King *John*, *Henry* the III. *Edward* the II. *Richard* the II. *Henry* the VI. *Edward* the IV. and by their late Pamphlets, they have been bold to publish the Faults and Errors of those Princes, to be in the Person of King *Charles*. The Conclusion follows, for by the Assistance of *Scotland*, they may depose him: Which, how it can stand with the Oath of our Confession, we leave to be judged by the present World and Posterity. This Oath seemeth the Oath of a Conspiracy.

By this League we are sworn to defend the Religion of *England*, in Catechism and Discipline, and yet know not what they are: For to say a Catechism and Discipline conform to the Word of God, is not sufficient and enough, since all Sectaries avouch their Doctrine and Discipline to be conform to the Word of God, as also do the Papists. This is Popery, and a Jesuitical blind Obedience.

It is a great Folly to make a People swear to maintain the Liberties of Stranger-Nations, of which they are ignorant, and know not what they are: For to maintain the Liberties of this Kingdom, even now, will be to live free and exempted from many ancient and well established Laws and Customs, to most; and to spend what our Predecessors acquired us, for other Men's Fancies: This imaginary Liberty turning into a Licentiousness.

It is no small Difficulty to understand, that this Oligarchy, now assembled at *London*, is not a Parliament, having neither King, Spiritual Lords, nor a Number competent of Peers; and though they should persuade some silly *Scottish* Preachers, tumultuous Commons and poor Men, that they are the Parliament, they shall never breed that Opinion amongst other Nations; more than a Beggar or Lunatick should, if he went about to persuade Men that he were a great Prince. And this Oath concerneth them nothing at all, when it is given.

This League will plunge us into an eternal War, of which none living can have Assurance of the Event, first by shaking the Foundations of Sovereignty: For, though these Parliamentary-Men boast much of their like Proceedings, during the Times of Popery, the Face of the Estate of *Europe* is since so changed, that their Parallels may deceive them; for Sovereignty, within these 100 Years, hath so established it self amongst the People of *Europe*, that they will find it very difficult to acquire what they they have long been out of use of, and to root it out. Next, to swear us to the Preservation of the Religion in *Ireland*, and Reformation of it, according to our Discipline, will involve us in a lasting War: And we may be as well sworn to the Reformation of the Religion in *France*, which how difficult a Task it will be, may easily appear to any.

The Church of God is not established by humane Policy and Wit, neither is Religion to be established and upholden by Arms: And Leagues contracted for the Propagation of the Doctrine of Heaven, were seldom or never prosperous, or had a happy Event. Thus, the League under *Henry* III. in *France*, amongst the Papists, and the League amongst the Protestants lately, may witness. Our late Covenant hath made more Atheists than turned Proselytes.

This League, though sworn and subscribed, concerneth nothing the Oligarchy assembled at *London*, for the subscribing and swearing to maintain the Liberties of a Parliament, is to swear to maintain the Liberties of the Three Estates of the Kingdom, and the Liberties of such an

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Assembly as was in the Days of Queen *Elisabeth*, King *James* and King *Charles*: And such an Assembly is not now amongst the *English*; neither, though they should swear the contrary, can they be believed: Neither are the *Scottish* Subscribers bound in Conscience to uphold those Conspirators.

It is fearful, and includeth a Repugnancy in self, to swear Men for Amendment of their Lives, and that each one shall endeavour to go before other in Example of Goodness, and a real Reformation; and then to raise them up in Arms against their own Country-Men; to imbrue their Hands in the Blood of those professing with them that same *Jesus Christ*; to plunder and spoil all that will not subscribe to their Fancies, call Black White, and White Black, Darknes Light, and Light Darknes; turn the Fatherless, Children and Widows, out of all that should entertain their Lives, distribute it to bloody Robbers, Murderers and Incendiaries. Is not this rather to transform Men into savage Beasts and infernal Furies, than into reformed Christians?

What a Folly is it, to swear Men to the Extirpation of Orders out of the Church, as if Bishops, Arch-Deans, &c. . . . and an Aristocratical Government, were not lawful amongst Christians? Which they shall never be able to prove by Scripture or Reason, and only by their armed Ruffians, and the mad Band-Dogs of the Rascality. This is, as if they should force a People to swear, they should never at any Time have Provosts, Baillies, Deans of Guild, Clerks and Treasurers, in their Cities, and not set down another Government more laudable; which, when they have obtained what they would bring in, will (perhaps) prove worse, and turn into an Anarchy.

The Penalty of not subscribing, is not Christian, and more befitting the *Turks* and *Cannibals*, than any professing the Name of *Jesus Christ*. To forfeit Men's Estates, give out Ecclesiastical Censures against them, (that is, give them to the Devil) proclaim them Infamous, for not subscribing and entering in a League, to which none but ignorant simple Commons will agree, and a factious and seditious Nobility will subscribe. No honest Man in *France*, far less any Protestant, would ever subscribe, that a League amongst Subjects, without the Approbation of their Sovereign, was lawful. Witness the many Books, Remonstrances, Pasquils, every where printed in the *French Towns*, against *la Saint Union*, or *sainte Union*. That which is Abomination and Wickedness in a Papist, cannot be good Service to God Almighty, in a Protestant, who would transcend him in Piety, and look more Holy.

If the Substance and Matter of the Oath be lawful, an honest Man will keep it without an Oath; and if it be not lawful, the Oath bindeth no Man unto it: For *jure promissorio in re injusta jurans illicitum nemo obligatur*.

To all such Objections it is Answered, That the Parliament and General Assembly, have an Omnipotency and Arbitrary Power, the one to establish what Religion they think fittest, over Men's Consciences, were it *Mahometism*; the other, to dispose of their Bodies, Lands and Moveables, after their Pleasure. It would be demonstrated what Preheminence this Parliament and these Assemblies have above all the Parliaments and Assemblies in the Times of Queen *Elisabeth*, King *James*, King *Charles*, all Protestant and worthy Princes; if it be of more Learned, Holy and Reverend Divines, more Wise, Grave and Renowned Statesmen? Or how they have risen to that height of Boldness, to abrogate, cancel and turn void the Acts, Rites, Laws and Customs of so many worthy Men before them? And, if they think it possible, Posterity and After-Ages may do to them as they have done to others? And they would with Pity consider, by these Alterations, what a miserable State this Isle shall be brought unto.

Σ K I A M A X I A :

O R,

*A Defence of a Petition tender'd to the Lords
of the Council of Scotland, by certain
Noblemen and Gentlemen, January 1643.*

READER,

IF, in order to a due Comprehension of the Design of this ΣKIAMAXIA, thou wantest to know the Occasion of it, 'twas briefly this :

The Two Houses of the English Parliament, having engaged in an open War against the King, Anno 1642, and finding, by the Successes in the Autumn of that Tear, that the Advantages had manifestly fallen to the King's Share, began to bethink themselves: Without Assistance, they saw, they might readily come short of their Aims: And what Assistance more feasible or proper than that of their Friends, the Scottish Covenanters? They, therefore, issued out a Declaration, (dated, November 17. 1642.) bearing, "That the King had given Commissions to divers eminent and known Papists, to raise Forces, to compose an Army in the North; That this Army, when raised, was to join with divers foreign Forces, intended to be transported from beyond the Seas; That by the Instigation of the Prelatical Party, his Majesty did already actually Head a Malignant Army: And all for the Destruction of the Parliament, and, thereby, the Hindering of the Reformation of the Ecclesiastical Government in England, so much longed for by all true Lovers of the Protestant Religion. What, then, either more Prudent or more Seasonable, than that the Scots should bestir themselves, and raise Forces, both to secure their own Borders, and to assist England in suppressing the Army of the Papists and Foreigners, which was expected shortly to be on Foot; and which, if not timely prevented, might prove as mischievous and destructive to Scotland as England.

To Counter this, the King sent a Message, (dated, December 6. 1642.) to the Lords of his Council in Scotland, bearing, and in part demonstrating, that the above-mentioned Particulars in the Parliament's Declaration, were scandalous, groundless, and altogether false; and that, therefore, he was confident the Scots would not allow themselves to listen to them. And this his Letter he ordered to be published, for quieting all Fears, and keeping all his Scottish Subjects to their Duty. And accordingly published it was.

This nettled all these Covenanters, who were zealous to have Church-Government in England reformed according to the Scottish Model. If the King should prevail against the Parliament, Prelacy should be rivetted in England; and so the whole late Scottish Reformation might readily go to wreck. There was but too much ground to believe, that the Securities they had obtain'd for its Stability, were only notoriously extorted from the King; and that, had it not been for the Circumstances his Majesty was then in, he had never granted them. Something was, therefore, to be done for supporting the Interests of the English Parliament: But yet some such Thing as might not amount to an open Breach with the King. That was not yet seasonable. Matters were not yet sufficiently disposed nor adjusted for it. In short, the Politick they pitch'd upon, was this; Some Noblemen, Barons and Burgesses, occasionally met at Edinburgh, (so the Commissioners of the Kirk word it, otherwise one would think they had met designedly) and applyed to the Commissioners of the General Assembly, who were then sitting, "for their Concurrence in a Petition, whereby they might represent to the Right Honourable, the Lords and other Commissioners of Parliament, for the Conservation of the Peace, their humble Thoughts and Fears, that the Printing of his Majesty's Letter, by Warrant and Command of the Right Honourable the Lords of his Majesty's Privy-Council, and the not Printing of the Declaration of both Houses of Parliament, unto which the printed Letter was an Answer, might be taken by the Kingdom of England, as

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“ an Approbation of the whole Matter, and all the Particulars which it did express; (I give the
 “ very Words of the Commissioners of the Kirk) and thereby might animate and provoke the
 “ tish) Nation against them, as Rebels or Traitors.

To this Petition, the Concurrence of the Commissioners of the General Assembly was chearfully granted. Indeed, as they themselves say, It did homologate both in the End and Means with their Commission, and the Matter of their present Deliberations. And so it was presented. But after a few Days, (i. e. upon the 10th of January 1643.) a contrary Petition, that is, a Petition against publishing the Parliament's Declaration, already mentioned, was, by some Noblemen and Gentlemen, presented to the Lords of his Majesty's Privy-Council: And it was called THE CROSS PETITION: An exact Copy whereof you have in the following Treatise.

This Cross Petition gave great Offence to the Commissioners for conserving the Peace, who condemn'd it by their Act, of the 18th of January; but greater yet, to the Commissioners of the General Assembly, who, much about that same time, published a thundering Declaration against it. And now this Treatise, which our Author was pleased to call ΣΚΙΑΜΑΧΙΑ, (which you may translate, a Fight either with or about a Shadow, and which was never published before,) is his frank, free and round Answer to that thundering Declaration.

This short Account, Reader, is enough to introduce thee to it. I am not so much as to Recommend, far less to Defend it: Only, if thou pleasest, thou mayest read it, and try if it Recommends it self.

AMONG all the Sorts of People on the Face of the Earth, Christians should be of the most mild and peaceable Disposition, humble, gentle, merciful, bountiful and charitable, not only towards those of their own Profession, but even to such who are without, and to all Men in general. Amongst all Christians they who bear a publick Charge in the Church of God, and who are advanced to teach and govern His People, should be Eminent, as in their Places, so in these Christian Virtues, and in the Practice of every pious Duty towards all Men. They should not be lifted up with Pride, double tongu'd, Strikers, Brawlers. Of these Holy Endeavours Glory ariseth to God and Peace to Men. But so soon as they who bear a publick Charge in the Church, and should be Examples and Precedents of Holiness to others, begin to breath great Matters, and altogether estranged from their Vocation, or contrary to it; and strive to prostrate Princes and People to their Will and Pleasure, seek to prescribe Laws to all, as if all were their Subjects, confound holy and prophane Things together; and instead of the mild Doctrine of our Master *Jesus Christ*, and being Ambassadors of the glad Tidings of Salvation, become Heralds of War, of Preachers turning Souldiers, and for Gowns delighting to glance in Steel and Arms; then every Thing turneth upside down: Divisions, Discords and Tumults not only arise and multiply in Kingdoms, but in every City, nay almost in every Family. The Fire and the Air put out of their Natural Places, make not more horrible Shakings of the Body of the Earth, than these Men do of the Politick Bodies of Kingdoms and Common-wealths, confounding the Inhabitants of this World.

The late bloody Wars of *Europe* can witness this; the fearful Distractions of this Isle represent this unto us as in a Mirrour. And if the Mercies of Almighty God were not inexpressible towards us, these Men would yet bath us in our own Blood, involving us in most uncivil Wars amongst our selves, and make us a Prey to Strangers.

If small Things may be compared to great, what a small Spark would these Men lately have blown up into a Bon-fire? What a little Brook made swell to a violent Torrent, to overflow and drown this miserable Kingdom? The King's Majesty being driven, through the Ambition of some Persons, by the Force and Violence of rude and tumultuous Assemblies, from the City of London and his House of Parliament, *ne in colluvione rerum Majestatem suam contumelia offerret*; After the Authors of these Combinations had sent a Declaration to his Subjects of Scotland to afford them speedy and powerful Assistance, raise Arms for their Defence against him, he sent a Letter to the Lords of his Privy-Council of Scotland, declaring the unjust Proceedings of this Oligarchick Power against his Royal Person and Kingly Office, and of the Equity of his taking of Arms, for the vindicating of his Crown and State from the implacable Malice of those Men; recommending to the Lords of his Privy-Council, that this Letter should be communicated and publish'd to all his loving Subjects. His Majesty's most reasonable Command was no sooner obey'd, when some Men, whose Ease and Rest is only amidst Factions, Seditions and Wars, who never find their Accounts and Reckonings right, nor any Safety for their Persons but in the Trouble of the State of the Kingdom, (being like Chirurgeons and Sextons, who thrive and wax more wealthy by the Death and Plague of the common People) umbragiously, and with simulate Devotion stir some Noblemen and Gentlemen, ignorant of their hidden and mysterious Intentions, with a Number of the credulous Clergy, to assemble and gather together from sundry Parts of the Kingdom, and present to the Commissioners appointed by the

King's Majesty and his Parliament of *Scotland*, (for preserving the Articles of the Treaty of Peace establish'd between the Two Kingdoms) a Supplication for publishing the Declaration of the pretended Parliament of *England* to the Subjects of *Scotland*, together with His Majesty's Letter. That the Parliament's Declaration, with equal Power, Credit and Authority, should appear to the World at the same Time, and withdraw the Hearts of the People from their Sovereign. This Form of Proceeding, how specious soever in the outward Pretences of Religion, and varnished cunningly over, seeming tumultuous and scandalous, (and that very same which was practised by the Oligarchy of the Parliament at *London*, in suborning the Multitude, and causing them give in those Petitions to the Parliament, which some of themselves had long before limned to the Life, and formed, and which in effect dissolved the Body of that great Council) and His Majesty's Honour and Authority being wounded in that Declaration, some Noblemen and Gentlemen, to whom the King's Majesty's Honour had ever been dear, out of Fear of his Majesty's Interest, and their Foresight of imminent Dangers to the State of this Kingdom, tendered a Petition to the Commissioners for the Treaty of Peace; of which this is a true Copy.

The humble Petition of the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen and others, presented by the Earl of Home to His Majesty's Privy-Council, and answer'd the 10th of January, 1643.

THAT, whereas His Majesty, with Advice and Consent of his Great Council the Estates of Parliament, hath been pleased to select your Lordships to be his Council; and as by an Act of the late Parliament committed to your Lordships the Administration of this Kingdom in all Affairs, concerning the Peace, Good and Happiness thereof; and in regard of that great Trust reposed by His Majesty and Estates of Parliament in your Lordships Wisdom, Fidelity and Care, We are confident your Lordships have been and will continue so careful to acquit your selves of that weighty Charge, as you may be answerable for all your Actions and Proceedings to His Majesty and Estates of Parliament, to whom, as we conceive, you are and can only be accountable. And now we being informed of a Petition presented by some Noblemen, Gentlemen and others, to the Commissioners, for conserving the Articles of the late Treaty, upon a Pretext of your Lordships not sitting at that present Time; wherein it is represented, That your Lordships late Warrant for printing His Majesty's Letter, hath occasioned the great Grief and heavy Regret of all who tender the Glory of God, His Majesty's Honour, the promoting the Unity of Religion and Uniformity of Church-Government, the Continuance of Peace and Unity betwixt the Two Kingdoms. And fearing, if at this Time we should be silent, your Lordships should conceive us and the rest of the Kingdom to be involved with them in the like Desires, Judgment and Opinion; and lest by our Silence our Gracious Sovereign the King should believe us wanting in the Duty and Allegiance, which by so many Tyes and Obligations we owe to him our Native King, or that our Brethren of *England* should apprehend the least Intention or Desire in us to infringe, or any ways to encroach upon that Brotherly Union of the Two Kingdoms, so happily united under one Head; We presume in all Humility to clear our selves and our Intentions to your Lordships and all the World, and thereby to represent our humble Wishes and Desires for establishing His Majesty's Royal Authority, and continuing that happy Union betwixt the Two Kingdoms, which can never truly be conceived to be intended to weaken the Head, whereby it's knit together, and without which it can have no Subsistence. The happy Union of the Two Kingdoms under one Head and King, doth so much add to His Majesty's Greatness, and Strength of both Kingdoms, that no honest *British* Subject can chuse, but with us wish that the said Brotherly Union may be heartily entertain'd and cherish'd by all fair and reasonable Means: To which we conceive not one Thing will so much conduce, as that the late Articles of the Treaty of Peace, and Conclusion taken thereupon, anent the Unity of Religion, may be carefully and truly prosecute; wherein as our Commissioners then, so we now, without presuming or usurping to prescribe Laws and Rules of Reformation to our Neighbour Kingdom, (Civil Liberty and Conscience being so tender, that it cannot endure to be touched but by such as they are wedded unto, and have lawful Authority over them) notwithstanding, seeing the Duty of Charity doth oblige all Christians to pray and profess their Desires, that all others were of that same Religion with themselves: And since

we all acknowledge that Religion is the Base and Foundation of Kingdoms, and the strongest Bond to ty Subjects to their Princes in true Loyalty, and to knit their Hearts unto one another in true Unity. We cannot but heartily wish, that this Work of Union, so happily begun, may be crown'd and strengthened by the Unity of Religion and Church-Government; and that your Lordships, with us, may be pleased to represent it to his Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, as an Expression and Testimony of our Affections to the good of our Brethren of *England*, and of our Desires to make firm and stable our Brotherly Union, by the strongest Chain and Bulwark of Religion. But, as we have said, intending no ways thereby to pass our Bounds, in prescribing or setting down Rules and Limits to his Majesty, and the Houses of Parliament, their Wisdom and Authority in the Way of Prosecution hereof.

The Sense we have of the great Calamities and irreparable Evils, which, upon Occasion of these unhappy Distractions or Mistakes betwixt the King's Majesty and Houses of Parliament of *England*, which, if not speedily removed, cannot but produce the fearful and prodigious Effects of a Bloody and Civil War, obligeth us, in the Duty of Christianity, and as feeling Members of what may concern our common Head, the King's Majesty, and the Good and Happiness of our Brethren of *England*, humbly to represent to your Lordships, that, as we will not be wanting with our Prayers, and our faithful and best Endeavours, to assist the removing of these unhappy Mistakes and Misunderstandings; so we heartily wish, and humbly petition your Lordships, from the Deepness of your Wisdom, that some such happy Motions may flow, as with a tender Care, our Sovereign, his Person and Authority, Peace and Truth may be settled in all his Majesty's Dominions: And altho' we will not presume, nor take upon us, to prescribe Laws and Rules to your Lordships, yet, in Humility, we intreat your Lordships Permission, to represent such Particulars, as we conceive, and are very confident, will much conduce to the removing of all these Mistakes between his Majesty and the Two Houses of Parliament, and be already Mean to facilitate a happy and wished Peace, and continue the Brotherly Union betwixt the Two Kingdoms.

And First, That in answering the foresaid Petition, your Lordships may be pleased to do no Act which may give his Majesty just Occasion to repent him of that Trust he so graciously expresseth in his Letter, of the Date, the First of *December*, he reposeth in us his Subjects of this his ancient and native Kingdom: For we cannot think that our Brethren of *England*, or any other, can believe, that (the Ground of this mutual Union of the Two Nations, being the several and respective Union to our Prince and Head) we should not acknowledge the strong Bond whereby it is knit, and to which we are so firmly tyed, by so many Ages and unparallel'd Lineal Descents of a Hundred and Seven Kings: Neither can we suppose, that any good Protestant or true Member of our Church, can imagine, far less seduce others to believe, That, by the late Treaty of Peace, or Act of Union, we, as *Scottish* Subjects, are in any sort liberate from that dutiful Obedience, which, as *Scots-Men*, we owe to our King; or from that due Loyalty, which, as *Scottish* Subjects, we owe to our native Sovereign, for Maintenance of his Person, Greatness and Authority; or, that thereby we are in any other Condition in these necessary Duties to our Sovereign, than we and our Ancestors were, and have been, these many Ages and Descents, before the making of the said Act, or before the swearing and subscribing of our late Covenant, by which we have solemnly sworn, and do swear, not only our mutual Concurrence and Assistance for the Cause of Religion; and, to the uttermost of our Power, with our Means and Lives, to stand to the Defence of our dread Sovereign, his Person and Authority, in the Defence and Preservation of the said True Religion, Liberties and Laws of this Church and Kingdom; but also, in every Cause which may concern his Majesty's Honour, shall, according to the Laws of this Kingdom, and Duty of good Subjects, concur with our Friends and Followers, in quiet Manner, or in Arms, as we shall be required by his Majesty, his Council, or any having his Authority.

Secondly, That if your Lordships think it fitting, to make an Answer to the Parliament of *England* their Declaration, your Lordships may be pleased, not to declare, enact or promise any Thing which may trouble or disturb the Peace of the Church and Kingdom, which, by God's special Grace, and his Majesty's Favour and Goodness, we enjoy; and have established unto us, according to our Heart's Desire, by the Laws Ecclesiastical, and Civil Laws of this Kingdom, *respective*; and, which his Majesty hath since, by so many Declarations, and deep Protestations, sworn to maintain inviolably.

Thirdly, That your Lordships may be pleased to consider, That as nothing will more diminish his Majesty's Greatness, than that his Kingdom should consume in Civil Wars; so nothing will more conduce to the Suppression of insolent Papists, malignant Schismatics, disloyal *Brownists* and Separatists, the special, if not sole Promoters and Fomenters of these unhappy Misunderstandings, than that humbly and freely, without respect of worldly Ends, secondary Considerations, we give to *Christ*, that which is *Christ's*, and to *Cesar*, that which is *Cesar's*; by Means whereof, the Truth and Purity of Religion, shall be established, to the utter Confusion of all these Sectaries, & true Monarchical Government firmly settled; by which

likewise Laws and Authority shall retain their natural Strength and Vigour, to the Suppression of all Commotions, and tumultuary Conventions, the Bane and Overthrow of all true Religion and Policy.

Fourthly, Although there be nothing farther from our Minds, than to carp, and far less to presume to question, or crave of your Lordships an Account of your Actions, as knowing perfectly by the inviolable Laws and Customs of this Kingdom, that to be only due and proper to the King and Parliament, from whence you have that great Charge and Trust derived to you; yet we hope your Lordships will give us Leave, in all Humility, to remember your Lordships of your Deliverance, *June the First, 1642*, which closed with these Words; "And are confident, that as from the said Lords, the Petitioners neither have nor shall have Necessity, so they will not trouble themselves nor the Council hereafter, with Supplications of this Kind; and that your Lordships and your Wisdoms will take some Course for preventing all Occasions, which may in any Sort disturb the Peace of this Kingdom, or make Division amongst the Subjects thereof."

NO sooner was this Petition presented to the Commissioners; when some of the Clergy, of imperious and stormy Dispositions, Men looking thro' multiplying Glasses, haughty by their Place and Arbitrary Power, as being Commissioners for the General Assembly, (who, suppose what they say will be accepted, more for Authority of their Persons, than Weight of their Proofs; or else, that any Word will slide easily into the Minds of those who are lulled in the Humour of the same Inclination) object, protest, and supplicate against it; and not content to have had all Satisfaction offered to them, and to have obtained what they most required of the Commissioners for the Treaty of Peace, neither respecting the good and honest Meaning of the Noblemen, nor their Places, nor some of their former Securities in the late Troubles; as if they would raise Trophees of their Victories, (when it had been better to have covered Wounds of Shame, with a Vale of Silence) not only published a Declaration against their Petition, but against their Persons, and which no Papist ever would have done, except in the Porch of a Church, caused, as if it had been a new Evangel and Authentick Scripture, (to infatuate the Credulity of the silly Vulgar, fill their Heads with Doubts, and their Hearts with Gall) read it with all Solemnity, through most of the Churches of the Country, verifying, that *Immoderata potentia non diu manet intra iustas metas*.

It is strange, the Commissioners of an Assembly should publish a Declaration of such a Subject, and in such Terms, which the whole Body of an Assembly could hardly justify to be honest, decent or just, except they should be brought to believe that the Church cannot err, and that what they publish and disperse abroad, should have Authority, Reverence and Reputation of the Written Word, and what they call Abomination in the Church of *Rome*, viz. pretending to have an unerring Spirit, to approve in their own Church as Orthodox Doctrine. Brethren, General Councils have been contrary one to another, and so have General Assemblies: All Men are Liars in their Words, and Sinners in their Works, says *David*. A great Favourer of the Church-Men, said the Church had the Keys of Authority given her, but not the Keys of Knowledge, which, if true, she many Ways may err; especially when she meddles with Matters which are not within her Horizon: And thus, without Heresy, her Declarations may suffer an Answer. To have Power to publish Declarations, and to suffer none to reply unto them, and answer them, is to deprive a Common-wealth of her Liberty: Liberty of Life ceaseth, when Liberty of Speech ceaseth: Many would restrain themselves from doing Evil, if they were assured that their Deeds would be Recorded, and many Years remember'd, after they had left the Stage of this World.

Your Declaration, in which there is no clear Connexion of the Matters therein-contained, being made up of Observations and Animadversions, gives out a Sentence condemnatory against our Petition, That it is nothing but a secret Plot, and subtile undermining of all the present Designs of this Kirk and Kingdom, for Unity of Religion, and all the Work of God, in this Land. And although it may seem but an Error in the doing, yet doth it imply Contempt, Usurpation and Division; and, being winked at, may be the Cause of much Disturbance and Confusion in these Times.

Since there is no Proposition, but another may be given out contradictory and against it, we affirm, That our Petition is the only Chain to keep the Unity of Religion and the State, and to continue the Blessings of God in this Land. And that the First Petition is a great Engine, plotted and found out to break the Unity of Religion and State, deprive us of the Blessings of God, by disturbing the Peace of the Land, implying Usurpation and Division: And, if it had been winked at, might have been the Cause of all Division, Rebellion, Sedition, and most horrible Confusions.

Brethren, ye labour to prove your Proposition, because that when ye, the Great Commissioners of the General Assembly, Inquisitors of the Faith, and Men of unerring Spirits, (for it hath been disputed in the Schools of *Spain*, if the Fathers Inquisitors may err,) were sitting

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concerning Matters meddled with in our Petition, we private Persons, did not so much as acquaint you with our Intentions. Petitions to the Lords of Council, and to the Commissioners for the Treaty of Peace, which are not first presented to the Commissioners of the General Assembly, they then in their Consistory sitting, are against the Unity of Religion, and the Work of God, in the Land, cause Divisions and Disturbances, imply Contempt, Usurpation and Division: This is too great an *Αἴτημα* or Demand, to be granted to you. And since ye have not any Act of your Assemblies for it, nay, though ye had, we refer it to your Probation: Requiring you to Answer us, if ye think Lords of Parliament and State, who tender'd this Petition, but only private Men? If ye value your selves so high, that no Petitions may be tendered by private Men to a Council or Judges, except they first be presented to you, and have your Approbation? We hold you Usurpers upon the Laws of this Kingdom, and Contemners of Royal Authority; and Men who would take unto your selves a vast unlimited seditious Jurisdiction, by the Exercise of an Arbitrary Power over the Lives, Liberties and Estates of the Lieges of this Kingdom; and who strive not only to be above Men, but Mankind? Did ever the *Spanish* Inquisition arise to this Presumption, make any Law against Petitioning Judges? Were the Lords of the Commission for the Peace, of so weak Understandings, and shallow Brains, that they could not discern the Equity of a Petition, except it came first to your Hands, and ye gave it by the Way some Perfume, to make it more fragrant? Tell us, by what Laws do ye usurp over your Brethren? Have your high Places made you, like the great Angels, forget that Power by which ye ascend unto them? Where was there any Law, that any might not Petition God and Man, except that of *Darius*? Is not this not only to be Popish, but the Pope himself, who will suffer no Man to enter the Gates of Heaven, except by St. Peter's Kyes? Have we rejected the high Commission, to set over us Men more rigid, supercilious and severe, than the *Spanish* Inquisitions themselves? Let the Times present and Posterity be Judges, if this be any great Reason, to have so violently invaded our Petition, and traduced us.

The Matter is next taxed, and the Petition challenged, that it containeth only the Suppression of insolent Papists, malignant Schismaticks, disloyal *Brownists* and Separatists, and passeth by the Prelates: That it casteth directly Aspersions upon those who are most zealous for the Reformation in *England*, and new Trimmers of Religion: That we name the Parliament and those Zealots of Reformation, *Brownists*, Separatists, Authors of tumultuary Conventions: That we desire the Work to be prosecuted, without presuming or usurping to prescribe Laws and Rules of Reformation to our Neighbours: That we are not involved with you in those same Desires, Judgments and Opinions; will not against the Dictamen of our Consciences vote and renounce our own Judgments, and captivate them to the Sense of others, because we condemn you in those Particulars, in which we justify our selves.

That this is to overturn the Foundation of all your Endeavours for the Work of Reformation. That this Petition reflecteth upon you for your joining in the Petition concerning the printed Letter of His Majesty, that ye are involved in Breach of Duty and Allegiance to the King's Majesty, and Commissioners for preserving the Peace, who did hearken to your Petition, by causing print the Declaration of the Parliament of *England*. That we declare, that we think our selves obliged, in every Cause which may concern His Majesty's Honour, to concur with our Friends and Followers in quiet manner, or in Arms; as we shall be required of His Majesty or Council, or any having his Authority. That we wrest and misapply our National Covenant for our private Ends. That all these together overturn the Foundation of all your Endeavours, frustrate all that hath been done, or is now in doing out of your pious Intentions. Many other Aspersions are cast upon our Petition; to answer every one of which, would be to consume Time and blot Paper.

We require you, Brethren, to express in more plain Terms what great Foundations of Reformation, and principal Aims of yours, we have endeavoured to overturn? Wherein have we offended, in setting down *Brownists*, Separatists, Schismaticks, Papists, and passing over Prelates? Is our Advice evil, that we desire not to prescribe Laws to our Neighbours? You will say, that ye intend a Reformation of the Church of *England*, and a conforming of it to the Government of the Kirk of *Scotland*, to which we seem to be refractory. This, Brethren, is our Wish, the earnest Desire of our Hearts; to this we would contribute all our Diligence and best Endeavours, so it might be peaceably brought to pass, and without troubling the State of our Neighbour Country. But these honest Intentions of ours, and this great Change, what if the King's Majesty, and such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of *England*, who are of his Opinion, shall oppose, and will not suffer the Government of their Church to be altered, it being (after their Opinions or Apprehensions) more conform to the Monarchical Government of the State than our Presbyterial, which is more conform to the Government of a Republick and Cantoned Towns? For where Equality is, a Monarchy hardly is maintain'd; and *consuetudo longo tempore etiam si deteriora, insuetis minus molesta esse solent*. Will ye arise in Arms, will ye embrace your Hands in the Blood of those for whom *Iesus Christ* hath shed His? and

stir up His Majesty's Subjects to a cruel War against him, ay and while he abolish his Episcopal Government, and our Presbyterial be embraced? And for this Cause will ye hazard your Lives, Estates and Fortunes, fight it out to the last Man in both Kingdoms? We think this Aim and Foundation neither to agree with Faith nor Reason: And if you preach this Doctrine to a good People, we think ye give them Serpents for Fish, and Stones for Bread. Since *the Wrath of Man worketh not the Righteousness of God* (a). Religion is of Power sufficient for it self, should be perswaded and not enforced, and is not to be maintain'd with Humane Fire. It is written, *God shall persuade Japhet to dwell in the Tents of Sem*; not one Word of Fighting. Did our Lord *Jesus Christ* and his Apostles propagate their Religion by Pikes and Muskets? Where find you it is lawful for Christians to establish their Religion by Arms? It is a special Maxim amongst the *Turks* to determine and establish Religion by Arms. The Church should be planted by the Spiritual Sword, not the Material; the Souls of Men being Spiritual Substances, Lead and Iron will not work upon them. The Remedy of Arms is not that which we should seek after to amend their Diseases and Infirmities. Spirits are not overcome save by Reason; they will not be constrain'd and forced to believe but by Persuasion; *Homines duci volunt non cogi*. This will be to tyrannize over the Consciences; which, in the Beginning of the Reformation of the Religion in *Germany* and *France*, by all the Protestants was cried out upon, and condemn'd as Tyrannical and Anti-christian. Faction is ever humble till it get the Keys of Power. But though it were lawful to propagate Religion by Arms, where find ye it is lawful to shed Christian Blood for the external Form of the Government of the Church? It is universally approved that Monarchy, Aristocracy and Popular Government, (making the Men who bear these Charges good) are all good and honest in a State: And why may not these same Sorts of Government be received in any Christian Church? All Forms not corrupted are good, and none can discern what is best, save by what is possest, since every Change is dangerous; especially a Recourse to extraordinary Means, for Matters which by ordinary may be performed. New Counsels are always more plausible than safe. The Form of the Government of our Church hath been no small Impediment to the Progress of the Doctrine of it. And some Countries might have received the Doctrine, if they had not been terrified with the Form of Government. Neither is it likely, *Pagan* Kingdoms, as is that of *China*, would alter their Idolatrous Religion, and exchange it with the Form of our Church-Government, not because of the Doctrine, but Contrariety of the Church-Government to their Forms: As also the Kingdoms under the *Spanish* Monarchy, which can hardly subsist if their Government should be taken away or altered.

A War for the Government of the Church will incline rather to Ambition than Religion: And if we shall fight for Religion, this War shall turn immortal and without End; for of a War begun for Religion, we shall find a War of State. Hath it not been found by Experience, *Semel motis imperiis non facile pacem restitui posse*? But against whom in this War are ye to take Arms? Against your King. Perhaps ye spare and forbear your King, and render him that Respect which is due to such a Majesty, in declaring it is against his Counsellors, naming them Malignants, Incendiaries and Enemies: But is not this to blame the Judgment of your Sovereign, and to check the Choice and Election which he makes of his Magistrates and Officers? Is not this to honour him in Shew, and in Effect and really to condemn him? It is sufficient that we have brought our own Country to the State it is presently in; though by essaying and striving to amend and reform our Neighbour, we leave it not in a worse Estate than we found it. Why should we undergo a certain Trouble for an uncertain Good? When Men cannot do the Good that they would, they should not be the Occasion of greater Evils. A good Work impiously managed, doth merit no more than an Evil. But such is the Nature of Dominion, and to bear Sway over others, that once finding any yielding or Flexibility, it never thinks it hath enough, unless it hath more than sufficient, and than it can hold. But concerning these Opinions, let us not forget what the affirmative Confession of Faith of the Church of *Scotland* containeth, as is set down in the *Scottish* Acts of Parliament. *Nor do we think that one Order in Ceremonies can be appointed for all Ages, Times and Places; for as Ceremonies, such as Men have devised, are but Temporal, so may and ought they to be changed.*

Whosoever goes about to take away or confound the State of Civil Policy, now long established, we affirm the same Men, not only to be Enemies to Mankind, but also wickedly to fight against God's expressed Will.

We confess and avouch, that such as resist the supreme Power, doing that Thing which appertains to His Charge, do resist God's Ordinance: And we affirm, that whosoever denys unto him Aid, their Counsel and Comfort, that the same Men deny their Help, Support and Counsel to God, who, by the Presence of his Lieutenant, does crave it of them.

If the Alteration and Reformation ye intend, and which ye think necessary, both in Church and State, must be made by Blood, we are of different Minds and Opinion from you: And we in-

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(a) *Jas.* Chap. 1. V. 20.

treat you not to harbour such outrageous and cruel Thoughts: *Repent, and pray unto God, if perhaps the Thought of your Hearts may be forgiven you; for ye are in the Gall of Bitterness, and Bond of Iniquity* (b). For, where by Blood ye shall make Three Profelites, ye shall make a Hundred Hypocrites, Epicureans, and Men of no Religion, who neither care for Presbyterian nor Episcopal Government of the Church: And by establishing or lessening some supposed Forms of Superstition in our Neighbour Country, ye shall plant and increase Atheism, a Hundred Times worse than Superstition; as Anarchy is more detestable than the greatest Tyranny. *Beautiful are the Feet of them that preach Peace, faith a Prophet; and we may say, Cursed are the Hands of those that denounce War.*

Do you take it to be a Matter of small Importance, not only to afford the Occasion, but to lay down the Project, for making a Schism in the true Protestant Religion; (for the Religion profess'd in *England* these Eighty Years bypast, and above, hath ever been, by all the Protestant Churches in *Europe*, acknowledged to be Orthodox) and that it is lawful now, when this Religion is so much impaired, weaken'd and brought under, in the other Kingdoms of *Europe*, (the *Grison-Italian* Churches are utterly defaced; the Gospel in *Bohemia* extirpated; the *Palatinate* is devoured; the *French* Churches live only during Pleasure; the *German* Churches are all shaken, and half destroy'd;) to imbrue our Hands in our own Blood; and decide, by Arms, whether the Professors thereof shall be govern'd by some few good Men, and well chosen amongst our selves, which is Aristocracy, or, by the Laws and Directions of many, which is Democracy? Man getteth not that Mischief, but what he seeketh and buyeth with his own Foolishness.

Brethren, These Times require other Meditations, and calmer Thoughts. Take a View of the Mapp of the Earth, there ye shall find that the Kingdom of *Scotland* is not all the Earth; and that *England* and it together, make but one, not immense, Isle. Now, being so blessedly contented by your late Reformation, as ye are, why seek ye to involve your selves in the Debates and Quarrels of another Kingdom? Ye are Men of great Faith, if ye believe the *Englisch* will enslave their Understandings and Opinions in Points of Religion, to the *Scots*, (the receiving of Religion, in the politick Consideration, being holden a Point of Servitude,) and establish our Presbyterian Forms in their Church. Neither have they promised any such Matter by their Return to the Commissioners of our General Assembly: Only they desire some Godly and Learn'd Divines of our Church, to be sent to them, by whose Advice, an Uniformity in Church-Government may be obtained, (which seemeth to import, they have an Intention to alter the present Form of our Government) and a more easy Passage made to the settling of one Confession of Faith, one Liturgy, one Catechism. And here ye are to fight for a Religion, at least, Government of the Church, which but yet is *in fieri*.

The Old Law should be our Guide, till the New be made. By too much trust in Bladders, we may put our selves in hazard of sinking under Water: We may find these but fair Pretexts, till by our Means, they have brought forward their hidden Intentions, and sufficient to belote Men, who would ever have Religion new trimmed, the Powder of Projection to dim the Eyes of the rude *Scot*, as we were wont by them to be stiled.

Our Petition is branded, that it doth indirectly cast foul Aspersions on those who are the greatest Zealots for the Reformation in *England*, and that it symbolizeth with the Prelatical Party; calling the Parliament, and all that seek after Reformation, *Brownists*, Separatists, and Authors of tumultuary Conventions.

Brethren, This Assertion is your own, it is not in our Petition, and we give you many Thanks for it, and so may your Parliament, for gathering off from our Antecedent, such a Consequent. Is it not *Brownism*, to admit Mechanical Persons to preach in Churches, and Men who had not taken Imposition of Hands, nor any Orders: *Knowing first, that no Prophecy of the Scriptures is of any private Interpretation* (c)? Are not these Men Separatists, who have separated themselves not only from the Government, but from the Doctrine, which hath continued in the Church of *England*, all the Time of the Reigns of King *Edward* the VI. Queen *Elisabeth*, and King *James*; who refuse Communion with the Church of *England*, as much as the Papists do? Are not these Men Authors of tumultuary Conventions, who, to menace the King's Majesty, and his Peers of Parliament, not only brought the confused Multitude of Artificers, Apprentices, but the desperate Ship-Boyes, Water-Men, and a Rabble of Women-Landresses, Bawds, with the infamous Rascality? which Posterity will hold Hyperbolic. Such are many, who have Voices amongst the Commons of the Lower-House; besides Felt-Makers, a Coach-man of a Lord of Parliament, was permitted to preach. And that this is no Fiction, we appeal to the Knowledge of our Commissioners, at that Time in the great City. A Parliament is a Convention of the Three Estates, Peers, Clergy and Commons, over which, is the King, the Sun, the Soul and Life of the Body: Neither is it other ways taken and understood, in all the Kingdoms of *Europe*. Where are here, amongst these Men,

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(b) *Acts* 8, 22. (c) Second Epistle General of *Peter*, chap. 1. v. 20.

the Three Estates? Ye will easily reply, Two of these Estates have cut off the Third, fallen into a Gangrene: And if the Right Hand should cut off the Left, may not Men say, That that Body wants a Hand? And why might not as well the Peers and Clergy, cut off the Commons? The first Parliament in *France, England and Scotland*, were the King's Counsellors only, and such who were cited and required by the King's Letter, to assist them. Parliaments in all Places, have been erected by Kings; as the Parliament of *Paris*, by *Philip le Belle*, the Parliament of *England*, by *Henry the I.* And Historiographers affirm, that the Kings of *England*, before him, did never call the common People to Counsel. These Men, if we will give Credit to the Declaration of a Prince, or give Faith to Deeds, rather than Words, are not a Parliament, but a Number of Men, whose Hatred and Malice to the King's Person is implacable; and their Contempt of him and his Authority visible and notorious; supported by the Insolence and Licentiousness of the People, to satisfy their own private Ends and Ambition: For Offices and Preferments, enter'd into a solemn League and Combination, to alter the Government of Church and State; manifestly showing, they minded only to serve themselves, and neither Prince nor State (d).

Neither are they in Number considerable: For, for above Five Hundred of the Members of the House of Commons, there are not there now above Eighty; and above an Hundred of the House of Peers, not above Fifteen or Sixteen: All which, are so awed by the Multitude of Anabaptists, Brownists, and other Persons desperate, and of decay'd Fortunes, that their Consultations have not the Freedom and Liberty of a Parliament. These Men, it is true, sit in the Place of the Parliament, as the Antichrist sitteth in the Church of God, excommunicating, proscribing, pursuing, by Fire and Sword, the True Church, governing as the Thirty Tyrants did the People of *Athens*: At their best, they are but Servants usurping the Chairs of their Masters, and give us leave to cry to them, *O Saturnalia*. These Men pretend one Thing, and intend another; they make the gross People, and the rude *Scot* believe, their Aims are altogether Religion, and a Reformation of the Abuses of the Church, to uphold their desperate Attempts: But their Intentions are quite contrary, being Change of Places, Dignities and Offices of State and Court, and all Commodities; Sale of Bishops Lands, by displacing the faithful Servants of the King, to open a Way to their own Dependents; preferring Profit to Honesty, as their Nineteen Propositions plainly declare, in all which, there is not one Word of Religion. Such a Savage Disposition and Brutish Rage, have invaded the Minds of the Men of this Generation; they promise to themselves the Lyon's Skin, which is yet alive. The painted Vizard of wise Proceedings often deludeth those who know not the Face lurking under. Wicked Counsels may be varnished with the shining Oil of sly Pretences. They are like Apothecaries Boxes, *quorum tituli habent remedia, pixides venena*. Now, if the Parliament be such Men, as they are here set down, these Consequences are true, which ye say ye have indirectly found in our Petition, though they were far from our Intentions.

We are challenged, that we are not involved with you, in those same Desires, Judgments and Opinions; which is as much, as if ye would challenge us for that we think not your Thoughts, and will not, against our Consciences, vote and renounce our own Judgments, and captivate them to the Sense of yours. Where so many Pots (so many Brains) are a boiling, there must needs be a great deal of Froth. What a gross Opinion, and Logger-headed *Switzer* Judgment was this? That it was a tender and dutiful Respect to his Majesty's Honour, to supplicate the Lords of his Majesty's Council, and the Commissioners for the Treaty of Peace, to print and publish the Declaration of the pretended Parliament, jointly with the Letter of your Sacred Sovereign? Where was the Discretion of so many grave Men, unerring Spirits? Where there is no Necessity, for Men to throw themselves upon seen and manifest Dangers, hath ever been thought to have more Rashness than Wisdom and true Worth. There was no Necessity to publish the Declaration of the Parliament; forsooth, (say ye) because the King's Letter was published, ye would not have the Parliament of *England* inferior to the King of *Scotland*. The Lords of the Council of *Scotland*, had their Master's Command and Authority to print his Letter, (neither did he send hither, before he was by that Declaration awaken'd) but there was neither Request nor Entreaty (that we know) from that pretended Parliament, to publish their Declaration to the Council; and if there had been, it would not have been, it should not have been granted: Yet, some few deceived Men, male-contented Humorists, meer Spirits of Contradiction and Disobedience, who knew not to discern between Marble Colours and real Bodies, the pretended Parliament's Agents, did here precipitate themselves, as if every one of them had been interested to cause print that Declaration: Because, say they, *Scotland* being in the like Case, and Declarations being then published against us, they were, by these Parliamentary-Men, suppressed; which is a manifest Untruth: For, till we had given Satisfaction to the King's Majesty, and till after the Treaty of Peace, they were never forbidden nor suppressed: It had been soon enough for us, after an Accommodation with their Prince, to have suppressed or paralleled these Papers.

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(d) King's Majesty's Declaration, 12th of August 1642.

Brèthren, whose Subjects are ye? Hold ye your Estates, Offices, Places and Lands of any *English* Man? Did ye swear your Oath of Fidelity, Homage, and Supremacy to the distempered Heads of *Kimbolton, Hampden, Pym, Strod, Haselrig, Martin, Wilde, Toll, Sir John Wray, Sir Gilles Goose-cap, Sir Henry Vane*, or others of such Calibre? Why did ye attempt to match any Foreign Declaration, though just, with your Sovereigns? Why did ye theirs? Who absolved you of your Oath of Fidelity to your Sovereign? When gave you it to the *English* pretended Parliament? How consists this with your late Protestations, to defend the Honour, Person and Prerogatives of your Liege-Lord and Master the King? Are ye not afraid to boggle thus with God Almighty? To dispense with Oaths, and equivocate Jesuitically? Turn Sovereignty into a kind of *Platonick* Idea, hovering in the Air. Ye would make the World believe ye had a part in these Men's Conspiracy, by your approving of it thus far; and partaking with them in the Fault, ye would also take a Part in their Defence, and partake in their Fortunes. If that Declaration of the pretended Parliament be dangerous to the State of this Kingdom, and full of Sedition; and if the yielding to what is required in it may bring Desolation to this Kingdom, then is the publishing of it dangerous, and no less the Supplication presented to the Lords for that Effect: Such it is. We have now Peace, (Thanks to Almighty God) but if we shall, according to that Paper, raise speedy and powerful Arms, (*repentina flagitia meliora*) to the Aid and Assistance of the Authors of that Declaration, we cannot shun but enter into a Civil War and manifest Rebellion; for the one half of this Isle shall be in Arms against the other.

A Declaration, in which the King's Majesty is traduced, and his Authority wronged, is a seditious Declaration; such is that. For, notwithstanding of all the Oaths, Protestations and Declarations, which the King's Majesty hath made for the Maintenance of the true Protestant Religion, he is in this Declaration traduced; and that he is to raise Foreign Forces to be transported from beyond the Seas, for the Destruction of the Religion and Liberties of his Kingdom of *England*, which is to give him an open Lie, which no private Gentleman of Honour would suffer from his Equal.

A Declaration from Men guilty and impeach'd of High-Treason, imploring Aid to strengthen them in their Attempts, is a Treasonable Declaration; such is that: The chief Authors of that Declaration wanting nothing but a Jury to suffer as Traitors, when proceeded against legally. For that, to lessen your Fault and varnish your Error, ye declare that we would insinuate the Commissioners for conserving the Peace and the Lords of Council, to be involved in the same Breach of Allegiance, by reason of the Grant of your Desire in giving way to print the pretended Parliament's Declaration; we had never such Thoughts, nor can any have them of their Lordships, they have not done any Thing amiss, nor are they culpable with you. For except they had given Way to your Petition, they could not have preserved the Peace; and their Lordships granting the Publication thereof, doth not import the Approbation of the Contents of it. Neither did that Declaration flourish with such Rhetorick and Eloquence, that it had Force to move the Affections, and stir up the peccant Humour of the silliest *Scots* Man, whose Brain was not long before vitiated, and had all Wit beaten out of it by the Clamours of ignorant Creatures, to leave the Defence of his Native King, and tumultuously take Arms for the Aid of Strangers; since that which was petitioned dared not have been refused: For ye were ready by your Band-dogs, the Multitude maugre all the Judges, to have effectuated by Violence what ye petitioned for the Fashion. No, it was Wisdom in them not to appear, nor give any Token that it was against their Wills; but to deal with you and it, as if they had been of your Party and Minds.

Now, ye having sworn in your Covenant, that ye shall not attempt any Thing that may turn to the Diminution of the King's Greatness and Authority; but on the contrary, that ye shall, to the uttermost of your Power, with your Lives and Fortunes, stand to the Defence of your Dread Sovereign his Person and Authority; and having importuned the Judges with treasonable Solicitations, and caused print a scandalous Declaration sent from Men declared Rebels by the King himself, and who are in Arms against him, (if God prevent not the Mischief) to invade his Person and lay his Honour in the Dust: Ye have done contrary to your Oath, and are in the highest Degree Covenant-Breakers. But this is not all; for according to your own Gloss in your own Declaration, who breaketh one of the Articles of your Covenant is guilty of them all, it being copulative: (O new and ever till now concealed Decalogue!) Ye are Mass-mongers, Adorers of Angels, Worshippers of Images, Invokers of the defunct Saints, Cringers to Crucifixes, Approvers of Purgatory, of Justification of Works, Auricular Confession, seven Sacraments, Transubstantiation, Nundination of Pardons, Conjuring of Spirits, Peregrinations, the Authority of the Bishop of *Rome*, with all his Hierarchy, and the terrible Decrees of the Council of *Trent*; and ye are such a Brigade of Papists, and Antichristian Crew, that no honest Man (if ye were known unto him or to your selves) would keep any Conversation with you.

We are censured, that we desire this Work to be prosecuted without presuming or usurping to prescribe Laws and Rules of Reformation to our Neighbours, and that by our Wishes and Desires we intend noways to pass our Bounds in prescribing and setting down Rules and Limits to His Majesty and Houses of Parliament, their Wisdom or Authority, in the Way of Prosecution hereof. If this Assertion be not just and reasonable, then let it be said, We desire this Work to be prosecuted by presuming to prescribe Laws and Rules of Reformation to our Neighbours, and that by our Wishes and Desires we intend to pass our Bounds in prescribing and setting down Rules and Limits to the King's Majesty and his Houses of Parliament, to their Wisdom and Authority, in the Way of Prosecution hereof. If this be too Imperious, why was the First taxed, unless that for Wishes ye require Action, and speedy and powerful Assistance to your Parliament?

The Petition is invaded, because it doth declare, That we think our selves obliged in every Cause which may concern His Majesty's Honour, to concur with our Friends and Followers in quiet manner or in Arms, as we shall be required of His Majesty's Council or any having his Authority; which (say ye) if understood and applied right, no honest Subject can deny. Then why do ye (if ye be honest Subjects) deny it? Because it is meant in our Petition, as an Opposition to your Petition; and if your Petition be an Opposition to that, which understood and applied right, no honest Subject can deny; What sort of Petitioners are you, but Men born to the great Disquiet and Disturbance of the People, without Fear of God, without Observation of Oaths (as beginning to equivocate them) and any Religion? But who shall apply this aright, and who shall make it understood? Shall not the King and his Council, shall not the former ancient Practick and Laws of this Kingdom show how to apply this aright, and make it understood? That Power the Kings of Scotland have in raising of their Subjects of Scotland, to take Arms with them, is no new Thing to be applied and understood. It was never doubted but the undoubted Right of the King is to arm or disarm any Subject at his Pleasure. Shall Men (as *Buchanan* gives their Character) *foris imbelles, domi seditiosi, omniumque periculorum inexpertes*, apply this aright? Make us understand when we shall take Arms for our Native Prince, and when not? Shall we attend no other Trumpets, than what these Men from their Chairs (which should be the Places of glad Tidings of Salvation) found abroad? Shall these Men be supreme Arbiters of Peace and War in Kingdoms, enthrone Kings and dethrone them, according to their Good-will and Pleasure? Raise Seditions and Insurrections amongst the People, and appease them after their Fancies? And yet we shall not have Liberty to say, They do Kingdoms and Common-wealths wrong, nor to call them Incendiaries? Churchmen should not be our Guides in the Way of Loyalty to our Princes, but in the Way of Knowledge of our own Duties in difficult Points of Religion.

But let us hear how these Men by their Gloss of *Orleans* labour to overthrow the Text: *We acknowledge before God, and profess before the World, That by our Covenant we are bound to the uttermost of our Power, with our Means and Lives, to stand to the Defence of our Dread Sovereign the King's Majesty his Person and Authority, in Defence and Preservation of the true Religion, Laws and Liberties of this Kirk and Kingdom: Likewise in every Cause which may concern His Majesty's Honour, according to the Laws of this Kingdom and the Duty of good Subjects, to concur with our Friends and Followers, in quiet manner and in Arms, as we shall be required of His Majesty, his Council, or any having his Authority.* This is the Oath, as it is of new cited in your Declaration; but what subjoin ye to it? Instead of answering how ye observe it, ye wrangle and elude it by telling us our Covenant is Copulative, and demanding hard Questions; as, Why we never urged in our Petition any Point of the Covenant, except this? (as if we should have put in our Petition some Holy Water or the Baptizing of Bells, which are in the Covenant.) Telling us we are bound to fight, by our Oath in the Covenant, for the Propagation of Religion, and to amend our Lives by the Oath of the Covenant; as if at every Time we receive the Holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we are not more fearfully obliged to the Amendment of our Lives, than by that Golden Calf of our own Invention: How much do we rejoice like new *Pigmaliions* in the Works of our own Hands? Objecting to us, that we labour to advance the Uniformity of Kirk-Government by Christian Wishes and fair Means; That we offer our Arms for Assistance of the King, whilst the rest of the Kingdom are desiring an Assembly and Parliament to consider their Interest. And then ye ask, to scorn us, (Grave Men) Whether we think our selves the best Covenanters, and that we only are the Men who would render unto *Christ* what is *Christ's*, and to *Cæsar* what is *Cæsar's*?

Now, Brethren, what have ye been doing by the Continuance of such frivolous Periods, but seeking how ye might at this Time shift the Oath, and by idle Demands trifle till ye find our Equivocation, both impious and absurd? We will only answer one of your Demands, That we are bound to the Cause of Religion, by our Covenant, and to stand to the Defence thereof in the Doctrine and Discipline of the Kirk of Scotland, which was at that Time when we subscribed the Oath. At the Subscribing of our Covenant there was no Mention, neither any Intention, which any, except the secret Plotters, could perceive for the Change of the Government, than

then in the Church of *Scotland*, which was Optimacy, as the Promoters, Contrivers, and such who offered the Subscribing of it lately to the Nobles, Barons and Common People, upon their great Oaths and Consciences, and as they shall one Day answer to the Great Judge of the World, to whom we appeal can testify. Some have now begun to averr, that ye are bound to preserve the King in his Person and Authority only relatively, *viz.* in so far as he will approve your new Models of Religion and imaginary Liberties. Far less was it ever thought on, or could it enter into the most capricious Brains, that we should be challenged by that Oath, and obliged to alter the Government of the Church of *England*: For the following of the Propagation of the Religion Abroad, ye give us the Answer your selves; That it is only within our own Kingdom, and according to the Laws thereof, and by expresse Limitation, though ye urge it in another Sense. Otherways by the Oath of our Covenant every Man should be bound (like the Apostles) to wander about this Globe of the Earth, preach, and, according to your new Positions, fight Battels for the Propositions of our Covenant; where meeting with so many walled Cities and impregnable Castles, such Numbers of arm'd Enemies, so many *Nimrods*, *Zanzummins*, Adversaries to our Opinions, it would be the Work of Giants to make them ours, and to constrain the Inhabitants of the Earth to swear and subscribe with us. When an Oath, the only Chain upon Earth, which ties the Consciences of Men, and knitteth together all Humane Societies, should oblige you to arise in Arms and assist your distress'd and wrong'd King; yea after that same very Slyness and Cunning, by which ye first impos'd it upon the People, endeavour now to make Evasions and equivocate it. Are ye not tainted with Fear and with Shame, first to make a People swear; and after, upon that same Oath, to turn them perjurd, and tear in sunder all the Bonds of Humane Conversation? *I counsel thee to keep the King's Commandment, and that in regard of the Oath of God* (c). Consider what a great Inconvenience it is to make a Breach in this high Point of State, to open an Entrance for all Disorders, wherein Ambition and Insolence may range at large. For as Mischiefe is of that Nature, that it cannot stand but by being supported by another Evil, and so multiplieth in it self, till it come to the highest, & then goes to Ruine with its proper Weight: So Minds once exceeding the Bounds of Obedience, cease not to strengthen one Boldness by another, until they have involved the whole State in Confusion.

First, Ye reason, that ye are not bound to rise now in Arms for the Defence of your Sovereign, notwithstanding this Oath: Because to rise for Defence of the King would make void the Treaty ratified by the publick Faith of the Kingdom: Next, that it is against an Act of Parliament, discharging all taking up of Arms against the Kingdom and Subjects of *England*, upon any Pretence whatsoever, without Consent of Parliament, declaring the Breach of Peace, and that after Three Months Warning.

There were never any Articles of any Treaty of Peace between Nation and Nation, nor Acts of Parliament of a Nation it self, but they suffer their own Exceptions: To take Arms for our Native King, now King of *England*, is not to take Arms against the Subjects and Kingdom of *England*, but against the Rebels and Traitors of *England*; which cannot be named the Kingdom of *England*, and the Articles of the Treaty of Peace and Act of Parliament cannot be otherwise understood. Neither in case of a sudden and perfect Rebellion of the whole Subjects of *England* against our Native King, to whom we have sworn Homage and Fidelity, are we obliged to observe these Articles of Peace, nor the Act of the Circumstances of a Decree of Parliament, and that after Three Months Warning for denouncing of War. Rebellion carrieth after it such fearful and sad Consequences, that small Interest gives Place unto the great. This were a strange sort of conceiving Articles of a Treaty between *Scotland* and *England*, that the *English* shall rise in Arms against the Native King of the *Scots*, all sworn to maintain his Person and Authority, fight him in open Field with displayed Banners, and (which God avert) take him, imprison him, and depose him; and the brave Men of *Scotland* all the while shall ly still quiet, conjurd with the Magick of some Paper Articles, see his Blows, be Witnesses of his Misery, and stay calling dastardly upon a Parliament. If the Kingdom of *England*, which they have not done, (for the bravest noblest and best of that Kingdom are attending the Service of their Sovereign, and only a wretched Oligarchy have combined) should break their Oath of Fidelity to our King, now their Sovereign, and make a general Insurrection, committing perfect Rebellion, the Articles of the Treaty of Peace being first broken by them, and in such a woful Case, we are not bound to adhere unto them: And Celerity being the Life of Action, we were miserable to lose Time and attend the slow March of a Parliament. Let our King be restor'd to that Estate he was in when he received the Crown of *England*; (to whose Obedience these perfidious Men then swore) let him be restored to those Prerogatives his Father King *James* enjoyed, Queen *Elizabeth* (though a Woman) enjoyed, *Edward VI* (though a Child) enjoyed, all Protestant Princes, and what his other Predecessors Kings of *England* possessed: Let that be given to God which is God's, and to *Cesar* that which is *Cesar's*; or we

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for our own Parts, (and we have fair Hopes the whole loyal and loving Subjects of *Scotland* will do the same,) shall be ready in what may concern His Majesty's Honour, each one in his respective Vocation, Place and Interest, with our Friends and Followers, in quiet Manner or in Arms, as we shall be required of His Majesty's Council, or any having his Authority, to hazard our Lives, Fortunes, Estates, and what we hold dearest, never regarding the Articles of any Treaty, or waiting the Motion of a Parliament. Ye say, we go about to perform more than the King's Majesty requireth of us, who is not craving our Assistance: Good Subjects should be like Blood, which uncalled rusheth to all Wounds of the Body.

Do ye not know (saith your Declaration) that the Covenant (the Anvil upon which the Hammers of some gross *Cyclops* are perpetually beating) was subscribed in the Year 1581, and again in the Year 1591, before King *James* was King of *England*, and therefore cannot be extended to municipal Debates. A strange Corollary and most unreasonable Reason. The Covenant subscribed then containeth the same very Heads which we have subscribed in our late Covenant. Now, we require, if the Parliament of *England*, after the Death of Queen *Elizabeth*, should have denied the Title and Right of King *James* to the Crown of *England*, and taken Arms against him for challenging a Crown as justly due unto him, as the Crown of *Scotland*; Whether or not, by the Oath of that Covenant, were not all the Subjects of *Scotland*, at least the Subscribers, obliged at that Time to have hazarded their Lives and Fortunes, to have installed him, and set the Crown of *England* upon his Head? We think no reasonable Man will question it; the Oath of our Covenant (if not stronger) being the same, the Son of King *James* and his Successors having the like Quarrel, as being deprived of his Royal Prerogatives, and spoiled of the richest Gems of his Diadem, by the like Men, who might have rejected his Father: Are not we by that same Oath bound to repossess and aid him after the same manner, and not to stand upon Limitations, torturing, wresting, and wringing Oaths after a Jesuitical Subtilty, when there is no such Knots in the Oath of the Covenant? But, ye say, it belongs to you alone to expone the Covenant; but ye should then alone have sworn and subscribed it, since that which concerns many should be understood and approved by many, and not by some particular Usurpers over the Consciences of other Men. *Quod omnes tangit ab omnibus debet approbari.*

Omitting and passing over the Oath of our Covenant, are not we by that Oath of Allegiance, Fidelity and Homage, which as Subjects we swear to our Prince, obliged to stand to the Defence of his Person, Authority and Honour? Our sending of Forces into *Ireland*, if we had been required, and the King had went thither in Person, would have been a necessary Duty, and not a bare voluntary Testimony of our high Respect to our King, (whose Companions we are of late become) and of our Kindness to *England*.

Are not the Noblemen of this Country and Gentlemen bound, by the Tenures of their Lands, in a lawful War, to repair to the King's Standard, and neither by Declarations of Rebels, nor the Rhetorick of some abused Churchmen, to be detained from him?

Did not the Nobility of *England*, and the Flower of the Gentry, follow their Kings into *France*? Did not the Nobility and Gentry of *France* follow their Kings into *Italy*, for the preserving of the Duchy of *Milan* and Kingdom of *Naples*? Did not we always follow our Kings into *England*? And why should we now (slumbering in Idleness) hear tell of the Sufferings of our King, in which every true Subject is concerned, and send him Word, it is not in our Covenant to debate his Quarrels with his Rebel Parliament, though he should fall under their Arms? Let not this be verified amongst us, *Principibus de conjuratione non credi nisi peremptis*. The Security of the Nobility and Gentry depends upon the Crown, otherwise Popular Government will rush in like a Torrent upon them.

If the King doth adore any other God but whom he should, if he aspire to any other Heaven, embrace any other Belief, any other Baptism; if he be an Idolater, if an Heretick, if a Despiser of God and Man, let us take Arms against him? If he be an Oppressor, if he hath embued our Scaffolds with innocent Blood; if he hath dishonoured our Wives, ravished our Daughters, robb'd us of our Riches, Lands and Possessions, let us take Arms against him? If he hath deny'd the Meanest of all his Subjects Justice; if he hath not granted us more than any of his Ancestors, nay, all that have done before him, (what City, nay, private honest Man fought any Thing which was lawful, and what he might give, who departed with a sad Countenance) let us take Arms against him? But if he be more devout than the most religious of his Subjects; if he be more free of the great and roaring Sins of his Kingdoms, than any of his Subjects; if he hath laboured to maintain the True Protestant Religion, to the uttermost of his Power; if he hath never offered Offence to any Man, either in his Estate or Person; if he be the best Man in all his Dominions, and *vere magnus quia bonus*, why should we hear the whispering of taking Arms against him? Why should we not arise in Arms for him? Let the most malicious of this new Oligarchy tell what he hath done, tell why they will not suffer him to Reign, and to Live, after that Form of Government, Religion and Obedience, in which his Father, Queen *Elizabeth* and

Edward the VI. Reigned and Lived? What hath a People had to make them happy, which was not in his Dominions enjoy'd: Safety from being oppress'd by any at Home, and Peace Abroad with Strangers and Neighbour Kingdoms, Plenty every where? If that Prince vulgarly be esteem'd a good King, whose Vertues are not over-ballanced by Vice, how dear should we hold this Prince, in whose Life, the most envious Eye cannot spy any notorious Vice? There is not a greater Wickedness, than when Benefits and Favours are turned against him, from whom they are received.

We are accus'd, that we could not be moved to part from our Petition, nor to acknowledge our Errors, either in the Matter or Manner of Petitioning: Perhaps that is not Right and Just, which is really Right and Just, but that which ye determine and decree so to be, by the Advantage of your own Affairs. Doth the Essence of Things change according to your Appointments? Make an Act against the ebbing and flowing of the Seas; and that our Winters be not so long, nor our Summers so cold; and when ye are obey'd, we shall believe your Traditions. Let the Two Petitions be quarrell'd, and then shall it appear, which of them hath the greatest Reason, and whence the Errors flow, either in the Matter or Form of Petitioning. Our Petition is for our native King, to whom we have sworn Fidelity, that he suffer not either in his Honour, Person or Authority: Your Petition is for Men, who have combined themselves together against him, rais'd Armies to make him suffer, not only in his Honour and Authority, but who endeavour to endanger his Royal Person, as their Canon and Musket Balls, so furiously discharged against him, do testify. Our Petition is for the Preservation of that Peace and Liberty we have so graciously, by the Mercy of Almighty God, obtained, and for the present enjoy; and not to make our selves Umpires of Neighbour Debates, involve our selves in new Disorders, making other Men's Cases our Quarrels: Your Petition is for the endangering of our Peace and Liberties, by encouraging those, who for their own Interest pretend Religion, and for altering the ancient and long establish'd Government of a Stranger Nation. Our Petition is, That the True Protestant Religion, so deeply wounded in this Isle, may recover Strength and Power, Heresies may be punished or suppress'd, Sects and Schisms taken away, the King may be obey'd, Brotherly-Love continued between the Two Nations, Justice executed, the Strong not oppressing the Weak, nor the Guilty the Innocent: The People may enjoy their own in Quietness, and not be longer gall'd with the grievous Burdens of insolent Men and Oppressors. Your Petition is, That the Protestant Religion may yet receive more deadly Wounds, by mutual Discords and Battles, for the external Form of the Government of the Church; that the Proceedings of the pretended Parliament be in every Thing, and always approved; the King's Majesty's Proceedings, how just soever, be ever condemn'd; the Strong may keep under the Weak, and the Guilty the Innocent; a fair Way may be given to Rebellion, in these tumultuous Times; Wars may continue, Soldiers and Men, whose miserable Fortunes at Home may turn them to any Mischief Abroad, be made Rich; the more peaceable sort of honest People become Indigent and Beggars, neither having to entertain their poor Lives, nor to provide for their miserable Children: Whilst the whole Monies of the Kingdom shall be taken up, under Pretence of the publick Charges, every Man's Estate taxed, to hold up our *Utopian* Common-wealth, entertain bloody Cut-Throats, (as your Apostle in his Story nameth them) and turn this Isle a Scorn to the Transmarine Nations Abroad, as if the Genius of the State had quite forsaken Vertue. For the Form and Manner of presenting your Petition; ye know ye were sent for, and by Letters sought and required, upon particular Informations given you from Men, whose Interest is the Confusion of the Matters of the State and Church, and who stand by wearying the Common-wealth with Disorders, and oppressing of the Shires of the Country by New Officers and Magistrates: The Liberty of approaching War making all Things lawful to the Fury of the Strong. It was presented in a tumultuous Manner, and little differing from that, after which the Petitions were given in to the Parliament at *Westminster*; our Petition was tender'd by Men foreseeing the Dangers and Calamities the Kingdom and State were like to fall into, and who had striven, according to their Power, to resist the Avarice and Cruelty of an Arbitrary Power, from free and loyal Hearts to the Protestant Religion, Kingdom and Prince. Posterity, who will neither be afraid of you, nor flatter us, will discern which of the Two Petitions is most agreeable to Religion and Reason.

Ye had a Necessity (ye say) to emit a Declaration, for vindicating your present and past Proceedings, yea, Brethren, and for what you are yet hatching: But whether are your Proceedings vindicated by your Declaration, or doth your Declaration require a new Vindication? Ye are washing a Black Moor, but have not yet turned him White. Implore ye your *Bellum multorum capitum, neque enim illis* (saith *Tacitus*) *judicium aut veritas*; we Appeal unto *Cæsar*, to whom, by the Prerogatives of all Kings, the last Appeals belong, and whom we acknowledge to be God's Lieutenant in this Kingdom. After all, ye make your Declaration good, by enjoining it to be read thro' the Churches of this Kingdom, lest ye should be thought *garrule per angulos*. Your Declaration proves it self to be conscious of some great Crimes, by taking

Sanctuary; which if it had not done, it could hardly have escaped the Violence or Justice of Apothecaries, Spice, Sugar and Tobacco-Sellers Hands; it being publish'd rather out of Obstinacy to adhere to your own Opinions, than Zeal of the True Protestant Religion. What Time will be sufficient to blot out this Blemish? What other Action could ye have done, more joyful to the Enemies of the Protestant Religion, more woful to the Favourers of it, and more shameful to your selves?

For Conclusion, Ye leave the Matter, and betake you to the Persons, unto some of which, ye carry greater Spleen, than to the Action of Petitioning: These ye distinguish into Malignants, and Incendiaries, and in not Malignants and not Incendiaries, who, ye say, are unequally yoked against your own Work, which ye call the Work of God; unless ye thus understand the cruel War which ye are to raise amongst us? For ye know *non est malum in civitate quod non facit Dominus*: Or name ye your Innovations the Work of God, as ye name many a seditious and nonsensical Declaration, the Word of God? Or as your late Declaration, when it was read in the Churches, was the Holy Word of the Blessed Trinity? Presumptuous Churchmen, in most Parts of the Kingdom of *Europe*, have proven worse than the Foxes of *Sampson*; they but burnt the Corns, when the Fields were White for the Harvest, but these have burnt whole Towns, Male and Female, Children and Old Men, Guilty or not Guilty, Holy or Profane, turning all under the Law of their Spoil and Licentiousness, dy'd the White Fields in Blood, turned them into a *Golgotha*, as in our own Country that one Battel of *Pinky* can testify, where a Church-man was both the Loss of the Field and Common-wealth. They are Firebrands of Strife, Trumpets of Sedition, the Red Horses, whose Sitters have taken Peace from the Earth. There is no Christian Country which hath not by their Devices been wrapped in Wars; they carry the Common People, like Hawks, hooded into Dangers and Destruction, make them believe that the Mountains shake, when the Moles do cast up; imposing upon their Credulity with vain Shadows. A general Infatuation preceeds the Perdition of a People. Incendiary and Malignant are the Words of the Language of *Babel*; and we retort them upon the First Petitioners, and those Men who are ever making all Things New, but turn every Thing still worse and worse, whilst they have no Bounds nor Limits to their Proceedings. They encroach every Day more and more upon Prerogatives, impudently they do abuse Scriptures, using those Holy Records, as Horsemen use their Stirrups, lengthening and shortning them at their Pleasures. The Glosses of roving Heads being infinite, the Names of *Guests* and *Gibelines* in *Italy*; the Names of *Hugenot*, Papist, *Ravillack*, *Papillard* in *France*, brought forth most cruel and terrible Massacres; and if the Mercies of God be not unmeasurable towards this Isle, by all Liklyhood, the Names of Malignant, Incendiary, Round-head and Puritan, shall work and produce as horrible Effects. By you these Men are called Incendiaries and Malignants, who would re-establish the King in his Throne, and have Justice executed upon Rebels, who oppose a vast Arbitrary Power, of taxing the silly People, spoiling the Country, turning all upside down, by New Magistrates, Levies of Soldiers, suppressing of all Justice, Publick Robberies. *Sublata justitia quid aliud sunt regna quam latrocinia*? Malignity is every Thing that is contrary to your Raveries: A King that doth not punish Rebels, shall never, during his Reign, keep his Subjects in Peace, nor enjoy himself any Quietness: To save the Life of a Malefactor, is to take the Lives of good Men, and to offend God and the Common-wealth.

There are no such Incendiaries as those Men, who strive to anticipate the Conflagration of the World, by the Distraction of States, raising of Disorders and Disobedience to Princes, not only in every Country, but almost in every City and Family. And these Men are Presumptuous, Ignorant, Hypocritical Churchmen, who take upon them the Policy of State, and rent and deface the Reputation of Kings, making themselves both Judges and Moderators of all their Actions, allowing them to fly no further than they give them Wings, who, not keeping themselves within their own Vocations, (busy Bodies) do assume the Power of Kings and Emperors to govern the World, use an Arbitrary Power, first over the Consciences, then upon the Persons, Goods and Fortunes of Men. Plotters they are of Civil Wars: And all under the Pretence of Religion; whilst they study to redress Grievances by Arms, plunging the whole Country into Mischief, making the Remedy worse than the Malady; as he who set a whole House in Fire to roast some Eggs. *The Lord knoweth how to deliver the Godly out of all Tentations, and to reserve the unjust unto the Day of Judgment to be punished*; but especially them *who walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise Government* (f): Presumptuous (they are) self-willed they are, not afraid to speak ill of Dignities: Whereas Angels, which were greater in Power and Might, bring no railing Accusations against them before the Lord. And out of *St. Jude* likewise these Dreamers despise Government, and speak evil of them that are in Authority. (g) *Let every Soul be subject to the higher Powers, for there is no Power but of God, whosoever therefore resisteth the Power resisteth the Ordinance of God.* Out of *St. Peter*, Submit your selves

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to every humane Ordinance, whether it be the King, or unto Governours; for so is the Will of God.

These Men have assassinated Kings amidst their Armies, poison'd an Emperors by the very Sacrament: These are they that set at Variance the Potentates of the Earth, who, being freed of them, (perhaps) would rest in a happy Peace: Out of Ambition to govern, they ruin'd the Christian Empire of the East, and have done little better with the Empire in the West; they have set all Europe lately in Combustion. Is not a Church-man the Antichrist? They have turn'd Men's Estate, at this present Time, so desperate, that the Living envy the Dead, and may wish they had never come on the Theater of this World, to draw the Air of Anguish and Calamities, to be Partakers of the barbarous Dissentions amongst Christians, who are spiritual Brothers, and should live in Amity and perfect Love together. Whilst now, any Christian should live in greater Safety amongst the Turks, Jews and Infidels, than he can live and draw out this miserable Span of Mortality, amongst Men professing one Jesus Christ with him. The Christian Religion being brought by these Men to consist in outward Shows and Ceremonies, Rites, Songs, Springs, Babbings and Tautologies; regarding rather *sonantia quam solida*, tumultuary learning, Disputations of more Labour than Profit, and in an Ambition to live backward to the Religion of Rome; and what remains, being blind Obedience to some general Council or Assembly, for Insurrections against Princes, Tumults, Murders, plundering all Men who think nor their Thoughts, have not the like Desires, Judgments and Opinions with them; publishing Declarations one against another, fighting first by Pens, then with Pikes and Muskets, to the great Affrightment of all who are not of their Faith, especially of the Jews, who resolve rather to keep their ancient Rites, than to be Partakers of Christian Dissensions. I pass by the fearful Sentences of Excommunication, and Curses of one Christian against another, but cannot be silent of the new Practick in this Kingdom, who, having long wanted this Sword of St. Peter, and recently having stollen it out of the Castle of St. Angelo, threatneth all Men with it now, and wound some, like the roaring Swaggerers, calling still for the Wall. *Pure Religion is this; To visit the Fatherless and the Widows in their Affliction, and keep our selves unspotted from the World* (h). *For this is the Message which ye heard from the Beginning, That we should love one another* (i); *Not as Cain who was of that wicked One, and slew his Brother: And this Commandment have we, That he who loveth God, love his Brother also* (k). *God is no Respector of Persons, but in every Nation, he who feareth Him, and worketh Righteousness, is accepted with him* (l). *Only by Pride cometh Contention* (m). There is more Pride to be found under a Monk's Cowl, and a broad Jesuitical Hat, than under the fairest cristed Helms, and the most oriental Diadems of Princes. They term themselves free, and are so indeed, in as much as they are not subject to Reason nor Civil Duties: They are a People which see nothing but Faults, because they seek after nothing else; they fill Countries with Calumnies, and at last with slaughter'd Men. From the Violence and Rage of these Men, and their *sapientia phrenetica*, Almighty God preserve all Kings and Potentates, and every good Christian, and well affected Subject; and grant the Kings of Great-Britain Excess of Courage, and true Heroical Fortitude, to bring under all Rebels and Hypocrites, who, under the Mask of Devotion, would throw them out of their Thrones, and turn the Church-Government and State, into an Anarchy and Confusion.

For the better Understanding of our Author's preceeding Discourse, we thought fit here to subjoin the Paper written by the Commissioners of the General Assembly; as follows.

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A Declaration against a Cross Petition:

Wherein some secret Letts of the intended Reformation are discover'd:
The Danger of Division prevented: And the Unity of this Island in
Religion urged.

By the Commissioners of the General Assembly.

THE Word of God, the Example of the People of God, and of the Kirk of Christ, since the Beginning, and our own late, but very notable and never to be forgotten Experience, may abundantly teach us, that the Motions, Resolutions and Endeavours of the Godly, for the Advancement of the Kingdom of the Son of God, by establishing or propagating the Reformation of Religion, must meet with a World of Opposition and Hindrances, which might make their Hearts to faint, and their Hands to fail, if upon the same Grounds and Documents they were not taught to acquit themselves, in doing the Duty required of them, by the Necessity of their Callings; and for the Success, to depend upon the unsearchable Wisdom and invincible Power of God, which are made perfect in the Simplicity and Weakness of his Servants: *The Zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform it.*

There hath ever been in the Kirk of Christ, and shall be to the End, a Generation which maketh more Account of the World, than of the Faith of Christ, doth conceive that Differences about Religion, are but the Contentions of Kirk-men; that therefore there is no Necessity of the Reformation of Religion, and that to know nothing of this kind, is the surest Faith; and seeketh, in their Service to Kings and Princes, civilly to supererogate at their Hands, beyond the Deservings of others, and above the expressed Desires and Commands of Princes themselves, that the Rewards of their singular Zeal may be the greater; and therefore have proven, and daily do prove the most pernicious and dangerous Enemies of the True Religion: against this Generation, which saith, *Let us deal wisely with them*, we have this Comfort and Advantage, that we know amongst all the Enemies of the Truth, they least of all think that they do God Service.

We who are entrusted for the Time, to be the Commissioners of the late General Assembly, sitting at *Edinburgh*, for the Affairs of the Kirk, committed to our Care and Diligence, specially for preserving of our own Reformation and Peace, against all sorts of Enemies, and according to the Interest of this Kirk, for Unity in Religion and Uniformity of Government with the Kirk of *England*, which was no new Motion of ours, but a Proposition made by the Commissioners of the Treaty, which then received, from the King's Majesty and Parliament of *England*, such an Answer as hath been the Ground of many Consultations, Declarations and Publick Letters since, and of a renewed Supplication at this Time to the King's Majesty, and of a Declaration to the Parliament of *England* for the same Effect. While we are thus exercised, we are desired by some Noblemen, Barons and Burgeses, occasionally met at *Edinburgh*, to send some of our Number to join with them in a Petition, representing to the Right Honourable the Lords and other Commissioners of Parliament, for the Conservation of Peace, their humble Thoughts and Fears, that the printing of his Majesty's Letter of the Date, *December 5.* by Warrant and Command of the Right Honourable the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, and the not printing of the Declaration of both Houses of Parliament, unto which the printed Letter was an Answer, might be taken by the Kingdom of *England*, as an Approbation of the whole Matter, and all the Particulars which it did express; and thereby to animate and provoke this Nation against them as Rebels and Traitors: We finding that the Petition did homologate both in the End and Means with our Commission, and the Matter of our present Deliberations, did willingly satisfy the Desire of the Petitioners; and therefore, from our tender and dutiful Respect to his Majesty's Honour, for preventing and removing of all Occasion of Jealousies and Suspicions between the Two Kingdoms, for preservation both of our own Peace at Home, and our common Peace with *England*, and for promoting the so much desired Unity of Religion, a Mean of all other most conducing to the Conservation of both, did with them (conform to the Order observed in such Cases, since the Beginning of our late Re-

formation) humbly supplicate, That the Meaning of the Publication of his Majesty's Letter might be cleared, and that the Declaration of both Houses of Parliament to their Brethren of Scotland, might be Printed and Published, &c.

But behold, after a few Days, a contrary Petition is presented to the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, by some private Noblemen, Barons and Gentlemen, which coming to our Hands, we found, after due Examination, to be nothing else but a secret Plot, and subtle Undermining of all the present Designs of this Kirk and Kingdom, for Unity of Religion, and of all the Work of God in this Land: And therefore we made upon it the Observations and Animadversions following.

I. That private Persons knowing that the Commissioners of the General Assembly were sitting at this Time, about such Matters as they meddle with in their Petition, and that we had joined in presenting a Petition to the Commissioners for conserving of Peace, much about the same Particulars, whereof they could not be ignorant, by reason of the Act of the late Assembly, they did not so much as acquaint us with their Intentions, that we might either have petitioned with them, or have advised them to desist: Which although it may seem to be but an Error in the Manner of their doing, yet doth it imply Contempt, Usurpation and Division; and being winked at, may be the Cause of much Disturbance and Confusion in these Times; especially they professing that they desire to clear themselves and their Intentions, not only to the Lords of Council, but to the King's Majesty, to the Kingdom of England, and to all the World; which is nothing else but under the colour of a Petition, to make a publick Declaration, contrary to the Proceedings, not only of the General Assembly and their Commissioners, but also to the Desires and Diligence of the Commissioners of the Treaty of the Honourable Lords of Council, and of the Conservators of Peace, who have all concurred, and do still concur in their joint Desires of Unity of Religion in his Majesty's Dominions, resolving to press this Unity to the uttermost of their Endeavours, as a necessary Preservative of our own Reformation and Peace, which without it cannot long subsist; and much crossing that Clause of our Covenant, wherein we swear, That we shall not cast in any Lett or Impediment that may stay or hinder any such Resolution, as by common Consent should be found to conduce for so good Ends.

II. Although the Petitioners profess with us that they desire the Union of this Island in Religion and Kirk-Government, yet their Petition doth too plainly and palpably tend to the contrary, as is apparent by this threefold Consideration: 1. For Remedy of the Divisions and Distractions in England, the Petition desireth only *the Suppression of insolent Papists, malignant Schismatics, and disloyal Brownists and Separatists, the special, if not sole Promovers and Fomenters of these unhappy Misunderstandings*: And thus doth pass by the Prelates, and balketh the Bishops, who have been the most restless Sticklers in this Business, and the prime Authors of all these Tragedies since the Beginning, and thereby would take us of our right and straight Course of pressing Uniformity in Kirk-Government, in the Treaty, in our Declarations, and in the General Assembly: The Apologists for the Petition would have reduced the Prelates either to Papists, or to Sectaries; but the Authors of the Petition intended better Service, by sending the Petition to England, without trenching upon the Lordly Prelacy, or touching the Prelates at all; which from Strangers is an high Provocation against the Kingdom and Parliament of England, and no small Prejudice against the Proceedings of this Kirk and Kingdom for Reformation. 2. This Petition doth indirectly cast foul Aspersions upon these who are most zealous for the Reformation in England, and doth very much symbolize with the Language of the Popish and Prelatical Party in England; calling the Parliament, and all that seek after Reformation, *Brownists, Separatists, Authors of tumultuary Conventions, &c.* 3. It hinteth at our Zeal and Forwardness in the Matter of the Reformation of the Kirk of England, which may appear thus: The Petitioners declare, *That since the Duty of Charity doth oblige all Christians to pray and profess their Desires, that all others were of the same Religion with themselves, &c.* Therefore they represent their Wishes for Unity of Religion and Kirk-Government, as an Expression and Testimony of their Affection to the Good of their Brethren in England: Declaring further, *That they desire this Work to be prosecuted, without presuming or usurping to prescribe Laws and Rules of Reformation to their Neighbours.* And again they repeat, *That by their Wishes and Desires they intend noways to pass their Bounds, in prescribing or setting down Rules and Limits to His Majesty and Houses of Parliament their Wisdom and Authority, in the Way of Prosecution hereof.* And why do they so plentifully purge, and carefully clear themselves concerning this Particular, if their Intention were not to leave some Asperision upon this Kirk and State, as if we were passing our Bounds, by presuming to prescribe Rules and Limits to His Majesty and Houses of Parliament: For further Evidence whereof, it is to be remembred, that in the first Part of their Petition they plainly profess, that they are clearing themselves and their Intentions, lest they should be thought to be involved with us in the same Desires, Judgments and Opinions: So that all which they say by way of clearing of themselves and their Intentions, ariseth from this Ground; that they will not be thought involved with us in our Desires, Judgments and Opinions; and so con-

demn us in these Particulars, in which chiefly they justify themselves: Neither can we knit together their Words, or interpret their Apology to another Meaning. Now what is this else but to overturn the very Foundation of all our Endeavours for this Work of Reformation, which was the Article of the Treaty for Union in Religion, and Uniformity in Kirk-Government? Not as a Matter nakedly desired and wished for, but as a principal Demand and necessary Means, without which neither Truth nor Peace could be secured unto us. The Importance and Necessity whereof hath been since that Time so deeply laid to Heart by this Kirk and Kingdom, that as the General Assembly, and we for our Part representing the same, so the Lords of Council and the Commissioners of Parliament for Conservation of the Peace, concurring with us, have been, and are most serious and solicitous in the importunate and earnest Pressing of this Union in Religion and Kirk-Government, resolving to use our uttermost Endeavours in the prosecuting and effectuating of such a blessed and necessary Work, as being dearer to us than all our Lives and Fortunes: Neither did the General Assembly spare to represent their humble Advice concerning the Way of prosecuting that Work to the Houses of Parliament, and to others seeking after Reformation in *England*.

Their Petition doth tend to a dangerous Division in this Kirk and Kingdom; for as it doth reflect upon us for our joyning in the Petition concerning His Majesty's printed Letter presented to the Commissioners of Parliament, for Conservation of the Peace, upon a Pretext (as it saith) of the not sitting of the Privy-Council at that time; so it insinuateth, that we did presume to question or seek of the Lords of Council an Account of their Actions; both which are foul and groundless Aspersions: Yea, it declareth, that the Petitioners do so far dislike our Petition, that they conceive they were wanting in their Duty and Allegiance to the King's Majesty, if by their Silence they should suffer themselves to be involved with us in the like Desires, Judgments and Opinions: Thus plainly professing a Division and Separation, as well from us, as from other Noblemen, Gentlemen, Burgeses and Ministers, here occasionally met, with whom we joined in the foresaid Petition. And not content to withdraw themselves from being involved with us, the Petition doth also insinuate, that in their Opinion we are involved in the Breach of Duty and Allegiance to the King's Majesty; and not we only, but the Commissioners for conserving the Peace, who did hearken and assent to our Petition, and did seriously recommend to the Lords of His Majesty's Privy-Council, that Part of the Petition which did concern their Lordships clearing of their Meaning in the Publication of His Majesty's Letter, by their causing print the Declaration of the Parliament of *England*. The Lords of Council are likewise involved in the same Breach of Allegiance, by reason of their Grant of our Desire in causing print the Declaration of both Houses of Parliament, upon the Warrant of another Letter from His Majesty, and therewith declaring, that their Lordships Publication of any Paper doth not import their Approbation of the Contents thereof.

IV. The Petition above-mentioned doth import no small Prejudice to the happy Union and late Treaty of Peace betwixt the Kingdoms, insinuating to the Lords of His Majesty's Privy-Council, that their Lordships, in answering our Petition concerning the clearing of their Meaning in the Publication of His Majesty's Letter, might do no Act which may give His Majesty Occasion to repent him of that Trust for Aid and Assistance, which he was pleased to declare in his Letter, *December 5*. That he reposeth in us his Subjects of this his Ancient and Native Kingdom; whereby the Petitioners do intimate their Desires, that the Lords of Council might not declare that for which we did supplicate, but to declare by their not printing the Declaration of the Parliament, that their Lordships Publication of His Majesty's Letter did import their Approbation of the Contents thereof, and so acknowledge their Willingness to take Arms against the Parliament of *England*, upon the Grounds contained in that Letter, when His Majesty shall require them so to do. And for their own Part they declare, That they think themselves obliged *in every Cause which may concern His Majesty's Honour, to concur with their Friends and Followers in quiet Manner, or in Arms, as they shall be required of His Majesty, his Council, or any having his Authority*. Which, if understood and applied aright, no loyal Subject can deny, but it is meant and expressed in their Petition, as in Opposition to our Petition: So in Contemplation of the Differences betwixt His Majesty and the Parliament of *England*, unto which their Words relate. For they profess to represent such Particulars as they are confident will much conduce to the removing of all the Mistakes betwixt His Majesty and the Parliament; of which Particulars that is the first, That, according to His Majesty's Trust expressed in his Letter, *December 5*, the Subjects of this Kingdom declare themselves willing and ready to take Arms in every Cause which may concern His Majesty's Honour, being required by His Majesty, or any having his Authority. And is not this to make void the Treaty, ratified by the Publick Faith of this Kingdom and Act of Parliament, discharging all taking up of Arms against the Kingdom or Subjects of *England*, upon any Pretence whatsoever, without Consent of Parliament, declaring the Breach of Peace, and that after Three Months Warning? Which Treaty the Estates of Parliament did swear to observe inviolably, in the same very Oath in which they did swear Allegiance to the King's Majesty; thereby declaring, That the Observa-
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tion of the Conclusions of the Treaty may well consist with our Duty and Allegiance to our Sovereign ; whereas the Petition doth indirectly put some Aspersions of Lese-Majesty upon the Parliament, for confirming and swearing to observe the Articles of the Treaty, which in the Opinion of the Petitioners are inconsistent with our Oath of Allegiance. If they say that their Petition did only insinuate that we may not take Arms to assist the Parliament against the King, they put upon it a Sense which it cannot bear, both because they knew that the Supplication of the Noblemen, Barons, and others assisted by us, did not directly nor indirectly contain any such thing, and because His Majesty's Trust expressed in that Letter, (which they desire His Majesty may not have Occasion from us to repent) is not only a negative Trust, that we will not take Arms against him, but a positive Trust and Confidence, that we will be ready to assist him. And finally, because the Clause of the Supplication of the General Assembly, which they mention as containing our Obligation to our Sovereign, and that in reference to the present Distractions in *England*, is positive, and not negative.

Lastly, the Petitioners for their own private Ends do very much wrest and misapply our National Covenant, about which the whole Nation, and all the Members of the Kirk of *Scotland*, have as great Reason, as by the Mind of Man can be conceived, to be most tender and cautious, and which every one amongst us, according to his Place and Calling, is obliged to vindicate from every Violation, and namely from sinister Glosses and false Interpretations, which may be the Fountain and Cause (the Covenant being one principal Rule of our Actions and Undertakings) of many Scruples, Transgressions and Disturbances. We acknowledge before God, and profess before the World, that by our Covenant we are bound to the utmost of our Power, with our Means and Lives, to stand to the Defence of our dread Sovereign the King's Majesty, his Person and Authority, in the Defence and Preservation of the true Religion, Laws and Liberties of this Kirk and Kingdom ; likewise in every Cause which may concern His Majesty's Honour, according to the Laws of this Kingdom and the Duty of good Subjects, to concur with our Friends and Followers in quiet manner and in Arms, as we shall be required of His Majesty, his Council, or any having his Authority. We know, that he who wilfully transgresseth one Article of the Covenant, it being copulative, is by Interpretation guilty of all. And therefore, under the greatest Pains expressed in the Covenant, we resolve for our selves, all the Days of our Lives, and do exhort all others to that Duty which they have sworn and subscribed to perform to the King's Majesty : But we desire to know of the Petitioners, who are so ready at this Time to make their own Conclusions out of the Covenant, which was never intended by it, nor thought upon at the first or last Time, at the swearing and subscribing thereof, how it cometh to pass that they never took the Covenant in their Mouth, but in this one Article ? Are they not bound by their Covenant, and the same Clause of this Supplication, cited by them, to their mutual Concurrence and Assistance for the Cause of Religion ; and to stand with their Means and Lives to the Defence thereof, in the Doctrine and Discipline of the Kirk of *Scotland* ; and to live *godly, soberly and righteously in this present World* ? True Conscience of Duty and Sincerity in keeping the Covenant will make the Obedience universal. Secondly, seeing the Petitioners would only have Unity in Religion and Uniformity in Kirk-Government advanced by Christian Wishes and fair Means, and yet insinuate their Offer by Arms to decide the municipal Debates of *England* anent Civil Matters, while the Civil and Ecclesiastick Judicatories, and the rest of this Kirk and Kingdom are desiring an Assembly and a Parliament, to consider their Interest and Duty, and to contribute their best Endeavours (in what is above the Power of their Commissioners) to further this Unity of Religion, and remove these Distractions in *England*, we ask, Whether they presume that they alone keep the Covenant, and would render unto *Christ* which is *Christ's*, and unto *Cesar* which is *Cesar's*, and that all others are Covenant-breakers ? Thirdly, Do they not know that the Covenant was subscribed in the Years 1581 and 1591, before King *James* was King of *England* ? And that in the particular Heads and Articles it is qualified by express Limitations and Restrictions to this *Kirk and Kingdom, to the Religion, Laws and Liberties of Scotland* ? Therefore can no more be extended to municipal Debates and to the Laws and Liberties of *England*, unto which we are Strangers, than the Kingdom of *England* can judge of our Laws, and determine our Differences, the Two Kingdoms being still Independent, and not subordinate one to another, but parallel, which is more at large expressed in the Beginning of the Treaty of Peace : Nor is the sending of our Forces into *Ireland* a necessary Duty of our Covenant, but a voluntary Testimony of our high Respects to our King, and of our Brotherly Kindness to the Kingdom of *England*, as was expressed by the Estates in the last Parliament. Fourthly, Do not the Petitioners observe the Limitations expressly contained in the Words cited by themselves, *according to the Laws of this Kingdom and Duty of good Subjects* ? Which some of them may remember was interpreted in the Assembly, as if it had been said within this Kingdom ; nor was there ever any Law of this Kingdom of further Extent : A Law and Treaty there is, we know, forbidding it. Fifthly, May they not learn from the printed Letter, that the King's Majesty expresseth not his Confidence of Assistance from *Scotland*, upon any Ground or Article of the Covenant, which

His Majesty knoweth to be so obligatory among us, but from the Obedience, Duty and Affection of his Subjects of *Scotland*, without any Mention of our Covenant? But such is the Supererogation of some of the Petitioners, above what His Majesty requires, that they will put a Tye of the Covenant upon us, where God and the King hath left us free. Thus have we related the Interpretation of the Covenant made by the Assembly, and vindicated that Clause of the Covenant, which is so far perverted by this Petition.

The Petitioners hearing that their Petition had given Offence to the Commissioners of the Assembly, and that we were about the Examination and Censuring thereof, did direct Four of their Number with another Petition, to give Satisfaction to the Exceptions that might be taken against them, as is contained in their Remonstrance, which they exhibited for that End: But when in a calm and quiet Conference all the particular Reasons above-written were represented unto them, and all Means used to move them to part from their Petition, they could not be induced, neither in the Name of others that had sent them, nor for themselves, to acknowledge the smallest Error, either in the Matter of their Petition, or in the Manner of their Petitioning; only they made Offer to join with us the Commissioners of the Assembly, in a new Petition for Unity of Religion, and gave such Glosses and Interpretations upon the Clauses of their Petition, which were most excepted against, as could neither consist with the Words nor Scope of the Contrivers and Authors. And therefore, being desired and earnestly dealt with, they not only refused to declare under their Hands, That no other Thing was meant in the Petition, than they had by Word expressed; but also did shun to allow or permit us, the Commissioners of the Assembly, to declare so much in their Names, as was contained in their own verbal Expressions, intending that the Petition should go through this and the Neighbouring Kingdoms, for the Ends for which it was devised; and especially into *England*, for frustrating all that hath been done, or is now in doing by this Kirk and Kingdom, out of their pious Intention, and by their publick Endeavours for Unity of Religion and the Peace of the Two Kingdoms: And in the mean Time that nothing should be extant from them or their Confessions and Interpretations in the contrary.

In this Case we judge it necessary, and find it incumbent to us to emit this Declaration, for vindicating our present and by-past Proceedings: For our Silence and Connivence were a Breach of our Duty to God, a Neglect of the Charge and Trust committed unto us by the General Assembly, an Occasion as well of Divisions at Home, as of Jealousies and Mis-understandings betwixt the Kingdoms, a Confirmation of Petitioners in their Error, and an indirect Approbation of their Petition; as likewise a Cause of stumbling and doubting to others who shall read or hear of such a Petition, especially to those, who, through Want of Discerning, are not able to prove Things that are different, might be easily deceived by their Pretexts and Sophistications. We are not ignorant that this Petition doth very much reflect upon the Parliament, Privy-Council, and the Conservators of Peace; but this we leave to the wise Consideration of these Civil Judicatories, as they shall find themselves concerned. We have contained our selves within our proper Sphere, not daring to neglect our own Duty, while we forbear to meddle with that which pertains to others.

The Petitioners are not all of one Kind and Disposition of Heart, but are unequally yoked against the Work of God. Some of them are known, and some of them have been conceived to be Malignants and Incendiaries from the Beginning: But God forbid that they should now, by opposing Unity in Religion and Peace, prove Enemies to all Religion and Righteousness; for then will it be both thought and spoken, that all this Time past they have been lying in wait for the Season, when their Malignancy might appear; and it will be observed, that they who were of late at distance amongst themselves, are now at Agreement; and that like *Samson's* Foxes, they turn Tail to Tail, with Fire-brands in the midst, to burn up the Husbandry of God, when now the Fields are white for the Harvest. It cannot be the Cause of God, which is not either secretly or openly opposed by Men of perverse Minds; nor can blinded Minds or hardened Hearts, till God touch them by his Power, choose but secretly or openly oppose the Truth and Cause of God. And therefore it is very necessary that such Men take heed unto themselves, lest by their Fulness of all Subtily and Mischief, and their not ceasing to pervert the right Ways of the Lord, they be found to be fighting against God, which will prove Bitterness in the End: Others there be who have joined in this Petition, (to judge charitably) not from Opposition to the Unity of Religion, they having done and suffered so much, and hazarded all for the Reformation of Religion at Home, but partly out of Unwillingness to refuse or displease their Friends, to whom they are obliged by natural or other particular Bands, & partly by reason of the specious Pretences in the Petition, not considering the bad Intentions of the Contrivers, or the dangerous Importance and Consequence of the Petition it self: Let such Men, to whom the Commissioners of the Assembly wish all true Happiness, seriously think as well upon the Condition of the Work, and the Quality of the Company with whom they join, as upon their own Intentions, lest they wrong both themselves and the Cause of God, contrary to their Desires, and more than they are aware of; and let them remember how dan-

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gerous it is to walk in the Counsel of the Ungodly, for their Souls to come into their Secret, and their Glory to be join'd with that Assembly. If Counsel be like the principal Agent, Consent is like the Instrument; and to be Instruments of, or accessory unto the Hindrance of the intended, and so much desired Unity of Religion, which maketh a fair Way for the Kingdom of Christ through the Earth; how great a Sin it is? and how great a Sorrow shall it be?

All this we thought good to express, concerning that divisive Petition, and those who are joined together in it, being cast in our Way as a stumbling Block and Rock of Offence, for hindrance of the Work of God, both at Home and Abroad. And as we exhort and warn all the People of God in this Land, to observe them who cause Divisions and Offences, and to avoid them; So we hope assuredly, that no such Courses nor Counsels shall prosper, as do tend directly or indirectly, to the stopping of the Course of the Gospel, or to the Suppression of Religion and Reformation; and that God Almighty shall, against all Impediments, carry forward this blessed and glorious Work, to the Glory of His great Name, to the Advancement of the Kingdom of His Son *Jesus Christ*, to the Destruction of Antichrist, to the firm Peace and happy Union of all His Majesty's Dominions in Religion, and to his Majesty's Honour and Happiness: Whom God preserve to reign long and prosperously over us.

At *Edinburgh*, the 18th Day of *January* 1643:

THE Commissioners appointed by the King's Majesty, and his Parliament of Scotland, for conserving the Articles of the Treaty, Do find that the Petition given in to his Majesty's Privy Council, by some Noblemen and Gentlemen, upon the 10th of this Month, doth tend to the hindrance of their Proceedings and Endeavours in this publick Work committed to them by the King's Majesty and Parliament: And that it is prejudicial to the Authority of this Commission, the same being in Opposition of what was that Day recommended by the said Commissioners to the Council. And ordain this Act to be published, for stopping all farther Progress of that or other Petitions of that kind; and that it be printed with the Declaration of the Commissioners of the General Assembly made hereanent.

Sic Subscribitur,

Arch. Primerose Cler. Commiss.

Objections against the Scots answer'd.

Written in *Anno* 1646.

Objections against the Scots, by the Parliament of England.

- I. **T**HEY will not leave the Garrisons, which, by Agreement, ought to be in the *Eng-
lish* Hands.
- II. They will not go out of the Kingdom, when we have no more need of them.
- III. They oppress the Country with Taxes, besides free Quarters.
- IV. They never pay a Quarter.
- V. They commit many Outrages, Rapes, Blood-shed and Plundering, whereof Notice is given frequently from the North to our Friends, who know not what to Answer.
- VI. They undertake to interpret our Laws, and to impose Propositions upon us, according to their understanding of our Laws concerning the Militia, contesting for that, as due to the Crown, which belongs to the Houses of Parliament.
- VII. They delivered not Delinquents that went with the King, being demanded.
- VIII. They protract the War, by protecting the King among them; and his Garrisons are very high and stout, in Expectation of and from them.
- IX. They go about to impose Church-Government upon this Nation, by Force of Arms.
- X. They will allow no Livelyhood to tender Consciences.
- XI. They strengthen their Army, when they have no more Work ado here; which argues, they have no good Intentions.
- XII. They will not leave the Kingdom, tho' the Parliament offer to pay them all that is due upon just Account.
- XIII. They shew a Willingness to engage this Kingdom in a new War, upon Niceties of the Treaty.
- XIV. They have done no Service since the Fight at *Marston-Mure*, but have been intolerably chargeable to the Kingdom; & their lying so long before *Harysford*, without making any Assault upon the City is spoken of, as a probable Argument to prove their Unwillingness to put a speedy End to our Troubles.
- XV. Many are inclined to believe former Suggestions, concerning their keeping Correspondence with the Queen's Party in *France*; seeing Notice came from thence, of the King's coming to their Army, expressing the Week when he would be there.
- XVI. Aspersions are cast up, about Monies demanded here, of Oat Meal sent to *Ireland*, to maintain their own Army, and Monies appointed to be paid here, were not received when tender'd, and then interest to a Week demanded for the Time afterwards.
- XVII. They have by Plunderings raised an Army of Horses, and kept them at our Charges in *England*, though beyond the Number, come into this Kingdom for Service, according to the Articles.
- XVIII. That the *Scots* Army is under the Pay of *England*, and ought to obey their Command, and not detain the King from his Parliament.

An Answer to the Objections of the Parliament of England, against the Scots.

Certain Papers having come abroad, with the Name of Objections against the *Scots*, by the Parliament of *England*, and appearing derogatory to the Fame and Honour of the Nation, contrary to their Proceedings, to lay Aspersions upon them, to the present and After-Times; tho' we can hardly believe they came from the Two honourable Houses of Parliament, but did take them to be the Fancies and Chimeras of Men disposed to foment Divisions be-

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between our Brethren of *England* and us; that the Authors of them might be sought for, and the like not essay'd hereafter, we thought it not unfit to give them this Answer in our Defence.

I. It is objected against the *Scots*, that they will not leave the Garrisons, which, by Agreement, ought to be in the *English* Hands. We require the Treaties and Conditions condescended upon at our coming into *England*, be judiciously considered and examined; and then shall it be found, we have more than just Reason, not to give up our garrison'd Places for the present, and Matters consisting in the Poise they now do.

II. Another Objection is, We will not remove out of the Kingdom of *England*, when the Parliament hath no more need of us. This Thought could never have enter'd into the Heads of the Parliament, when they called us in for their Support and Assistance, after so much Loss of Blood, such Spoiling of particular Men's Fortunes, Wreck of the Wealth, and Trouble of the Peace of our Country; not rewarded, not thanked, not remember'd, not regarded; to challenge us, because they have no more Use of our Service, for not returning Home. This is like the Invitation of *Amnon* to *Tamar*; *This Evil of sending us away, is greater than the other done unto us, in calling us in* (n). Now ye would have us out, and bolt the Door upon us. Thus the End of all our Travels, we may justly say, is to have been *Bellum atrox & sterilis Pax*.

III. IV. V. These Objections of oppressing the Country by Taxes, not paying Quarters, committing of sundry Outrages & Plundering; We affirm to be Calumnies, and not worthy to be answered by us, except we should give that Answer which *William* Prince of *Orange* gave the *Spaniard*, upon a not far different Calumny, *Que tout Espagnol ou Espagnolize avoit menti*. But we will rather say with *Vegetius*, *Jejunus exercitus non servat Disciplinam*, or with *Tacitus*, *Neque quies gentium sine armis, neque arma sine stipendiis, neque stipendia sine tributis haberi queunt*.

VI. It is objected against us, That we take upon us to interpret the Laws of the Kingdom of *England*, and to impose Propositions upon them, according to our understanding of these Laws concerning the Militia; contesting that it is due to the King and Parliament conjunctly. If this be understood of the Laws of *England*, which *William* the Conqueror imposed upon that Nation, and remain yet *stigmata servitutis*, muffled up in barbarous *Normans*, we acknowledge we understood them not, being most part Cabalistic; and much good may they do those who boast of them, and are subjected unto them. But if they opine and conceive, that we cannot interpret National, Civil or honest Municipal Laws, they may be mistaken: That we have join'd the Prince with the Parliament, in the Power of the Militia, we acknowledge; and what God, above us all (Islanders) hath join'd, let not Man separate.

VII. The *Scots* are challenged, that they delivered not the Delinquents who came with the King, when they were demanded. They might have given them a more near Challenge, That they did not deliver the King himself, whom some of them have not doubted to name the greatest Delinquent in all the Kingdoms: And let this Appeal be to all the Courts of Earth and Heaven. In serving his Prince, the Subject keeps but his Oath of Homage and Fidelity, of which he should first have been made free and absolved, before he could have refused him Obedience, and the Kingdom should have been interdicted. The King is still King, till he be lawfully deposed; which Word, hath a Repugnance *in adjecto*.

Now the *Scots* Army cannot give up this chief and greatest Delinquent, King *Charles*, without his own Consent, though he should be sought after, and they threatned for keeping of him. First, By reason of a twofold Oath given by all true Loyal Subjects of *Scotland*, to their King; the one, the common Oath of Homage and Fidelity, as born Lieges; the other, the Oath of their Covenants, That they shall not attempt any Thing that may turn to the Diminution of the King's Greatness and Authority; but on the contrary, That they shall, to the uttermost of their Power, with their Means and Lives, stand to the Defence of their dread Sovereign, the King's Majesty, his Person and Authority. And unless they would fall under the fearful Sin of Perjury, they cannot render their Sovereign to the disposing of a Nation, who intended (as they have given forth in many printed Pamphlets) his Deposing, the ruine of his Authority, & (perhaps) of his Royal Person: For, that Nation, who stroke the Head from the Grandmother, may make small Reckoning to do the same to the Grandchild. If the *Scots* should break this Oath, by which, naturally and civilly they are obliged, they need not care what other Oaths they break; for who dare the Greater, should not fear the Lesser. Secondly, King *Charles* was not a Tyrant, his Errors proceeding most from evil Counsel; and except a Tyrant, no Army nor Kingdom can be required to give up any, who, in extreme Necessity came unto them for Sanctuary. *Errantibus & non fallentibus subvenitur*.

Thirdly, in Respect and Consideration of the Princes of *Europe*, Confederates, Allies and Brethren to King *Charles*, especially the *French*. How shall not the ancient League between

Scotland and *France* be broken, if the *Scots* shall deliver the old Confederate of the King of *France*, to their old Enemies of *England*, to be disposed upon according to their Pleasure, committed or deposed. Fourthly, in regard of the Prince of *Rothsay* and *Wales*, his Son; who, long hereafter, cannot but resent the Wrong done to his Father, and revenge upon the Authors, or their Posterity, so hainous a Fact. In Injuries done to Princes, *semper vindex est qui succedit*. Fifthly, The Baseness of the Deed would be ponderated: When the *Roman* Legions created Emperors according to their Factions, they did not give up such who had Recourse unto them, except upon seen and great Gain; and if King *Charles* should be render'd, the World may believe, and ought, That he hath been sold by the *Scottish* Army. A base and dishonourable Act, to sell their Head and Sovereign, to be disposed of at the Arbitrement of another Nation. Sixthly, Considering the Dangers which may ensue and follow the giving up of the King's Majesty, to the *English*; For, if after he were given up, (which God forbid) he should either be imprisoned or deposed, or not Honourably, and with all due Respect and Reverence to his Majesty used, the Kingdoms will be involved in greater Difficulties than ever; and be far from any Hope of Peace and Agreement. For there are Men Great and Valiant in the Three Kingdoms, (omitting stranger Forces) who, notwithstanding any Thing yet brought to pass, may set him in the Estate of his Progenitors, and restore his former Power. *Henry* the III. of *England*, after many Disasters and Imprisonments, overcame his imperious Subjects at last, and disinherited many of them, and constrained them to redeem their Lands with Money; an Earl of *Warwick*, after the entowering of *Henry* the VI. brought him back again.

VIII. They object against us, That we protract the War, by protecting the King amongst us: But it shall be found, These protract the War, who, out of a supercilious Pride and Arrogance, would not offer to the King's Majesty reasonable and just Propositions: And that the Prolongers of the Wars are they who will not give unto God that which is God's, and to *Cesar* what belongeth to *Cesar*.

IX. It is objected against us, That we go about to impose Church-Government upon the *English* Nation, and that, by way of Arms. We never entertained such Thoughts: But certain it is, the *English* required the Forms of our Church-Government, seeking, by way of Religion, to insinuate themselves in the Favour of our Nation; of which, when they had taken the Advantage, brought to pass and compassed their great Ends, the World may clearly see in what a Labyrinth they have left and entangled us.

X. We will allow no Livelyhood to tender Consciences; which (as we take it) is, we will not approve and allow a sort of Liberty of Conscience to their Sectaries; which, if it be expedient in a settled Common-wealth, we leave to the Disputes of Divines and Statesmen. But this is none of ours.

XI. We are challenged, That we strengthen our Army, when we have no Work to do. The new Supplies of our Army, are but old Creditors and Trustees, who now are appearing at the appointed Day, to crave what justly is owing them; and so soon as their Reckonings are even and satisfied, they will immediately thereafter return to the Place from whence they came. Besides, we are not brought to such a Nonplus, and so under, by the Policies of the *English*, if we be wronged, but that we dare both say and maintain, They proceed unjustly with us, who have hazarded all that we had dearest for them.

XII. XIII. XIV. Some following Objections and Repetitions of the former. One of them tells us, We have done no Service since the Field of *Langmarston*: But if the *Scottish* Northern Forces had not at *Philiphaugh* been beaten back and discomfited by some of our Army, then come from *England*; or if unhappily we had joined with them, the State of the Affairs of *England*, had fallen to as low an Ebb as now they swell in a high Tide.

XV. They challenge us of Intelligence with the Queen's Party in *France*, because of Rumours spread Abroad of the King's coming to our Army some Days before he came. These Men have no great Matters to take hold on, who betake them to so small. It was told by some then in *Scotland*, upon Considerations of State, That if the King came not to his Parliament at *London*, which was most unlikely, of necessity he would find our Army; *Non ex rumore statuendum*.

XVI. XVII. They scorn rather than object, by throwing of Oat-Meal in the People's Eyes, in way of Scoffing and Contempt concerning the *Scottish* Army in *Ireland*; but give no Reason why it should not have been paid. And after they tell us of some plundered Horses, as if for the many Horses which came out of *Scotland*, and now are killed and gone in their Service, the *Scottish* Gentlemen should return to their Country on Foot.

XVIII. Lastly they object, That the *Scottish* Army is under the Pay of *England*, and ought to obey their Command, and not detain the King from his Parliament. These Men should distinguish between Auxiliary Forces and Mercenary; the *Scottish* Army are Auxiliary Forces come from one Neighbour Country to another, to assist Justice and suppress Oppression, and came into *England* at their own Charges, not the *English*: Nor are they subject to the Directions and Resolutions of the Houses of Parliament, being commanded by a General appointed by

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by the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and subject to the Directions only of that Kingdom. Mercenaries they are not, being subject only to their own Country-Men, Captains and Officers: What Pay they receive being by way of a Treaty and Conditions of the mutual League between the Nations. Remove they cannot, until the Kingdom and People, which placed them there, give them Directions, and till they get full Satisfaction even in every Nicety of the Treaty: These *Scottish* Forces think it not lawful to give up the Person of their Prince, to be disposed on as a Stranger Nation shall think convenient, without his own Consent, and the Directions of their own Kingdom: Nor should they render him to a People who may do him wrong, or not favourably and honourably entertain and use him, who are near the Way of casting off Monarchical Government, if they be not speedily restrained.

Thus, Judicious Reader, pardon us in answering these Objections of evil disposed Men against our Country and Friends. God, who reveng'd Perjury and Breach of Covenant to the very *Turks*, upon *Ladislaus* and his *Pannonians*, will not suffer it to pass unpunished amongst us of *Great-Britain*. We earnestly desire the Honourable Houses of Parliament to call to their Memories, and think upon the often repeated Oaths sworn by them, for the Maintenance, the Safety, Honour and Happiness of the King's Majesty, and his Prosperity: And how his Honour is impaired by the too rigorous Prosecution of those, who in his greatest Distress (pitying their Prince) received and entertained him amongst them. The meanest Gentleman would think his Honour and Happiness interested to see those ill used who had done him good Service. But these spiteful Instruments think, perhaps, the King's Honour and Happiness concerneth the other World, and use all their Engines to give him up to the Arbitrement of terrible Men, be deposed, and fairly sequestered from this.

A Speech for Edinburgh to the KING.

THE Almighty, who by his Providence often giveth Way to turbulent Accidents, strange Disorders and Confusions in Humane Affairs, that his Light may shine in the midst of our Darknes; that he may extract and draw the Subject of our Joys from the deepest Gulfs of our Miseries; and by unfearchable Revolutions bring to pass the Effects of his sacred Will, by the same Ways and for the like Effects hath again, SIR, brought you back to this your Native Country. We, with all Humility, reverence his Will and this his Ordinance, we render him immortal Thanks for his Love and this his Benefit given unto us; than which a greater could not be bestowed upon any People.

This Time past we have been like Men upon the Seas, tost by Whirl-winds and raging Surges, who having lost their Compass, were throwing their best Wares into the Depths, for the Safety of their Persons; and we had surely perished amidst our Shelves and Banks, if by Divine Providence the benign Aspect of your Majesty had not at this Time cleared our Horizon and calmed the Tempest menacing us: And this Storm was the more grievous and painful unto us, that it was the less expected and looked for in a Time when we thought our Tranquillity could not be shaken. We can say nothing for our selves but that we are Men, and therefore subject to all Humane Accidents. The most Part of the Civil Broils, which harm Republicks, arise first from small Causes and by light Occasions, which being neglected and contemned at the Beginning, like a smothered Spark of Fire by Time turn unquenchable and remediless. There is no Kingdom, State or Republick, which hath not had its own Revolutions; People often travelling to find their Surety and Rest in the Factions of War, as Infants theirs in the Motions of their Cradle, which the Way of Sloth and a long Calm of Peace might have brought insensibly to their Ruine. To settle Things so under the Moon, and strive to keep them at such a constant Stay, that they should not vary and change, were to reverse that Order which God hath established by his eternal Decrees upon the Earth. The whole Continent (at least of Europe) at this Time having suffered such Earthquakes of Civil Broils and Seditions, by their Diversity of Opinions and Division of Minds: If at last the Neighbouring Isles should shake, and be Partakers of the Trembling, should it not be held as strange. Nay the whole Spheres of States about us whirling, it had been miraculous if we had not undergone some Trepidation: Thus a fatal Necessity, contrary to our Minds, did force us unto many Things: But *tacenda sunt fortune damna ne sera consultatio scindat præteriti doloris cicatricem.* A more loyal Nation to their Princes hath not been than this, nor of this Nation a more loyal Town, only an ardent Zeal and Fear of Change in Religion (all Changes of the Affairs of the World being perillous, but none so slippery nor sensible as that of the Worship of the Higher Power) hath many Times brought us here into many Dangers. I could here remember, SIR, our important Services done to your Majesty's blessed Predecessors; Our abiding constant to King James the II. when most of the Nobility and Commons combined in a League against him; Their relieving King James III. when he was beleaguer'd in his Maiden-Castle; Their long Perseverance in their Obedience to your Majesty's Grandmother, till the greater Faction overthrew them the lesser; And their Weakness interrupted and cut off that mutual Intelligence which should have been betwixt you, our Head and Prince, and us the Body, your Subjects; which Accidents occasioned many Surmises and great Mistakes, all being increased and blown up by a pannick Fear and Terror of Servitude, which was combined with Religious Zeal, and went masked with Devotion. Doubts now are resolved, all Damps and Mists cleared, and we hope that Saying shall prove true, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio.* This Assurance is wrought in us by that Confidence we have in your Majesty's Clemency, which is more proper to you than to any Prince living. You are the common Father of your People, we are your Children; Ingratitude of Children towards their Father is execrable, and Cruelty of Fathers towards their Children unnatural. Tho' all Virtues be requisite in a Prince, yet Justice and Clemency are most in him to be desired, by which he is made Good and Wise, and approacheth nearest to the Excellencies of his Maker, who is *most Just* and *most Merciful*. Whatever those Mis-intelligences have been, which might have estranged and parted us from your Majesty, we confess and acknowledge we are truly sorry for them: We confess you are our Sovereign Lord, and we swear and declare, We will live and die loyal Subjects to your Majesty, acknowledging you are ordained and placed over us by Almighty God, the King of Kings, who, lest he should dazzle our weak Sight by his exceeding Brightness, did not here below establish the Throne of his Excellency, but granted us to look upon it by the Representation of one Sun

Sun in the Heaven, and one Prince in the Common-wealth. Accept, SIR, of our Obedience, receive us to your wonted Favour; and, using your Clemency, forgive all our Errors: Your Justice also shall in this appear, if you shall gather together and unite the dispersed Members of this Kingdom, if you shall calm all appearing Troubles, establish a lasting Peace and Tranquillity amongst your Subjects, who now put up their Cries unto you, to save, relieve and forgive them all; it being more expedient to pardon those who submit themselves unto your Clemency, than by any Rigour to exasperate sick Minds, *Melius est sanare vitiosas partes quam exsecare*; Remembling that to Princes *qui benignitate & clementia imperium tenuere candida & laeta omnia fuisse*. As the Clemency of Henry IV. your Father-in-Law, in forgiving all his Subjects after so many Revolts and open Battles, is perpetually praised, so the rigorous and great Severity of the Emperor Charles V. against his Subjects of Ghent, and of Charles Duke of Burgundy, against Liege, is to all Posterity branded and made black; *Qui vult amari languida regnet manu*. Pericles, before his Death, is said to have accounted himself happy, for that, during his Government, none in Athens by his Occasion wore a Mourning-Weed. This Town was honoured by your Ancestors with many Privileges. Here they established the Seat of their Justice, the Place of their Coronations, and other Assemblies most solemn and important, which made it the Capital City of the Nation, and in a little Time to flourish in Honour and Wealth. You are the Image of the Bounty and Power of God; and therefore he would have you cloathed and adorned with Divine Qualities, honoured as his Anointed; and that your Throne should be circled with Piety, Justice and Authority, to be a Protector of the Afflicted, an Arbitrer of Right and Wrong, a sure Recourse and Refuge to your People: Protect us, save us, relieve us from that miserable Subjection and Captivity which seem to threaten and thrall us: Remove us from those pitiful and pitiless Lists, in which we were entring. Giants of State would serve themselves with mystical Pretexes of Liberty, to the Overthrow of all Liberty and Destruction of the Country, not caring, in the Tomb of the Common-wealth, to entomb themselves: Unite the dispersed Members of this your Kingdom, restoring them to a healthful and sound Temper; suffer not Religion to be a Chariot to Ambition. All which cannot be acquired but by Obedience to you their Sovereign, and an inviolable observing of Laws already established: Make Peace, Truth and Justice interchangeably embrace and kiss one another. Thus, SIR, your Subjects shall redouble their Prayers; renew their Vows for your prosperous Reign, and acknowledge you not only their King, but their Deliverer, their Preserver and their Father: Your Designs shall have a happy Success upon Earth, your self an immortal Crown of Glory, when the Curtains of this Mortal Stage shall be drawn, in Heaven.

GOD SAVE THE KING:

Les Murailles & les Fortresses sont au Roy; personne ne peut abuser de son bien au prejudice de son Souveraine.

A Speech of the Author's, when he should have been questioned for some Papers before the Circular Tables.

TIME, tho' ever in Motion and Change, is ever and always one and the same, and as Time it self, so the Actions of Mortals in Time are but a Repetition of the Actions of former Times and Ages. *The thing which hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the Sun.* Eccl. 1. 9. *In rebus humanis secula & personæ intereunt, causæ & eventa eadem recurrunt.* To verify what is now in this Time done, and to prove it to have been done before, we need not travel far off and in Foreign Histories, but only to make a retrograde Pace in our own Country and History.

In our Grandfathers Age the Lords of Scotland armed the Son against the Father their King; and the King was killed in the Chase. After which unnatural Deed they prosecuted and persecuted all who had followed the Father, taken Arms for his Defence, or who had spoken or written any thing against their Proceedings, as Traitors, Rebels, or Men (if there be such) worse than these: As if it were possible, when Civil Discord ariseth in a Country, that any Man were able so to behave, and carry himself as to please both the Factions, or that he could be suffered so to live, by their cruel Reason of State, *Spoil all that run not your Way.* Thus either by the one Party or the other Men must run a Danger.

In these late Troubles ye have taken the Daughter against the Father, Religion against Authority: For it is written, That the Church (that is Religion) shall have Kings for her Fathers and Queens for her Mothers; and if ye have not made Religion chase away Authority, if not kill her, let Posterity (which without Flattery will determine of all Actions) be Judge.

These who have followed Authority, spoken or written any thing for it, (as the Lords in the Reign of King James IV. did) ye have turned Fugitives, forced to live banished, and have begun to use all manner of Proscriptions and Forfeitures against them, and with their Wives and little Children they are compelled daily to leave the Kingdom. A Proceeding not only against Christian Religion, but against Humane Society and the Practice of many Civil Heathens. Ye say, the Fault is their own, who would not adhere to your Faction and embrace your Opinions: And why rather is not the Fault yours, who will not be content to live as ye did in the Time of the last Reign?

The King's Majesty's Servants, Officers of State and Crown, many Gentlemen in the Country and Cities live by His Majesty's Benevolence, Munificence and Bounty; and those are the Men ye would have to deny their Master, and take Arms against him: They may learn that much Policy of you, not to forsake and quit that by which they are upholden: These ye have a mind to proscrib, if they run not your Ways, and do not as ye do.

In Truth, my Lords, the Interest I have in any of the Factions of this Kingdom, by way of Gain or Advantage, is none; but out of that Duty a Subject oweth his Sovereign, I ever favoured the Party of Authority, knowing it to be a main Beam in a State; which being once shaken, the whole Frame built on it is ready to be over-tumbled. Besides, I know that however Faction prevailed for a while, it was but a Fire of Straw; That the Subjects, either out of Necessity, after they had been sore gall'd with Excises, Taxes, Loans and Maintenance of Armies, and their Estates impoverished and taken from them; or of their own free Will would return to the Obedience of their Sovereign Lord: And I would not after my Death have the Name of a Rebel set over my Grave. At last, after I had found that *apud furem multitudinem parum tuta est Majestas sine viribus*, being loath to banish my self from my Country, in my weaker Age, I went with you, and obey'd what ye commanded; for after ye had made your selves Masters of Crown, Scepter and Sword, and had invested the King's Castles, no private Man had a Disgrace, in saying as ye said, *Minima quæque parvitate sua tuta sunt.* Should I meet a number of mad Men, and they would have me to dance with them, I were the Occasion of my own Destruction, if I opposed them. *Oportet stultitiam imperantis ferre.* But that I allowed of your Proceedings, it was never in my Thoughts. Ye say, I do as ye do, assist and advance all your Proceedings: Compelled and forced Obligations are null in Law, much more what any subscribeth, under pain of being proscrib'd, if he do it not. But I will not enter into this Sea.

I am

I am called hither to make Answer, and to hear a Charge for scandalous and seditious Papers sent Abroad, and supposed to have come from my Pen, since the Beginning of the Troubles of this Kingdom. That I have been writing, I cannot deny; but that any of my Writings should prove seditious or scandalous, except to distempered Brains, is more than I can perceive. The History which I have written, of the Lives of the Five Kings of *Scotland*, may, by some Monarchomachists, be challenged as scandalous: That they are for the Suppression of Rebellion against Monarchs, I cannot deny, being written under a Monarch; and Monarchy, for any thing I could learn, by a long continued reading of Books, being, in my Judgment, the best Form of Government. But it is (perhaps) a Remonstrance, which for the Peace and Concord of the People of this Isle, I have written, which is challenged; which none, except Men guilty of the Crimes there taxed, can accuse me of. Sacrilege, Ambition and Discord, are there branded; and considering the Miseries, which by these Vices we have fallen into, why should they be flatter'd and farded, to shine like beautiful Vertues? *Honeste sapit qui non servivit malo publico.*

Some other Pieces of State have past under my Pen, which required rather an Answer of strong and solid Reasons, than a personal Reprehension and Rebuke of the Author. Verity is that which so long Time ye have been praying for; Truth is that which ye have these Years past been fighting for; and this is not, nor cannot be required, except a fair Pass and safe Conduct be granted of arguing, and both Parties be judicially heard before the Tribunal of Reason; and such Men, as labour to suppress Remonstrances and Writings, which concern the Weal of the Common-wealth, prove themselves to be altogether seditious and factious, malicious Opinatives, and that they reject every Thing which is not of their own Forge. The *Romish* Church was condemned fearfully, that they would not give Way to Reasoning, and hear our first Reformers; and some of our selves are fallen into that same Mire. Histories lately are come Abroad, allowed and approved by the present Rules of the State, which, to read in the Days of Queen *Elisabeth* and King *James*, was Treason and Capital, being forbidden by the Laws of the Kingdom and Acts of Parliament: And now, for trampled Monarchs, none dare publish a Sheet of Paper; or if any do, they are Malignants; Ecclesiastical and Committee Censures pass upon them. And yet all this is for the Honour, Preservation and Glory of the King, and to make the Subjects find Truth. If a Number of blind-folded Men were running near a Precipice, and a Passenger should cry unto them, to be aware, and tell them their Danger, why should he be rebuked? None in effect would chide or injure him for his Charity, except the malicious Blind-folders, who were delighting to see their Fall, that they might be Partakers of their Spoils.

The IDEA.

ATER the Death of *Swain* and *Boem*, the Imperial Party seem'd near their last Aims; the Two Palatinates were lost, and by all the Sollicitations of the Kings of *France* or *Britain*, at the solemn Diets, could not be re-obtain'd: *France* had long felt the Fury of a Civil War, and what they could perform for the restoring the young Palatine, was manifested to the World. *Great-Britain* remained an Object of Envy to the rest of *Europe*, potent in Men and Riches; the only Fear of the Imperialists: Which being by brave Men set on Work, was, by small Assistance of the Neighbour Countries, sufficient to have brought back and recovered the Losses of the Two Kings. This Isle being united, and keeping together in it self, seemed to be of greater Importance than what had yet appeared.

The Imperialists great Point of State, was to be free of the Power of this People; and the easiest and surest way hereunto, was a Division amongst themselves; for their own Swords would fight the Imperialists Battels, more terribly than any Foreigners could. The way to begin this Work, was surest by Religion; there were Two eminent Religions in the Isle, that which is the *Roman*, and that which is Protestant or Evangelick; this Last was here also divided into the first Form, continued in Episcopacy and other Ceremonies, and into another which rejected all Ceremonies, and approved the *Geneva* or *Switzer* Form of Ecclesiastical Government.

To breed Divisions by advancing the *Roman* Religion, was near impossible, by the small Number of those of that Religion, they being for the most part suppress'd, and no Equality to be found in the Game. The Two Protestant Religions were in a sort of Equality and Ballance, tho' not alike in the Kingdoms of *Scotland* and *England*; for, as the *Geneva* and *Switzer* Forms prevailed most in *Scotland*, so in *England* the Aristocratical or Episcopal Rites prevailed. The Imperialists laid here their Ground-Work of Division; those which are named *Roman* Catholicks, being reserved to adhere and support the weakest Party.

The first Engine was by way of Insinuation, that a Conformity might be introduced in many ceremonial Points between the *Roman* and Protestant Religions, out of which a Peace would arise, first in the Isle of *Great-Britain* amongst Christians, and after this Example would be followed by all the Christians of *Europe*. And that this might have a fair Progress, the Two Kingdoms of *Scotland* and *England* would be made one, in the Ceremonies of Religion: To this Effect, one publick Form of Church-Service should be in all the Isle of *Britain*.

The Imperialists, who were assured this would never take Effect, nor be yielded unto, by their Emissaries, stir up the Church-men on the one side to advance this Work, and on the other stir up the People to reject all; assuring them that there was here an Intention to establish the *Roman* Religion, and suppress the other: And these same Men who extolled so highly the Common-Prayer-Book of *England*, were the same who raised the Tumults among the People to reject it.

The next Engine of the Imperialists was, *England* had suffered many extraordinary Exactions, and the People were sore gall'd with the Monopolies and Tributes. They perswade the People of new Liberties and Immunities; they will essay to brawl the present Form of State and Church-Government.

The People of *England* being rich and flourishing, dared hardly take any Thing of this kind in Hand, unless they were freed of the *Scots*, a valiant, tho' poor Nation; the Imperialists move them to make the *Scots* make the first Breach, and begin the Rebellion.

To this Effect, sundry of the *English* practice indirectly some of the Nobility of *Scotland*, especially such whose Fortunes were under, and whose Estates consisted in Church-Lands, making them believe there were clandestine Propositions agreed unto, which would turn them out of their greatest Rents; for that the Church-Lands would be taken and restored to publick Uses.

This canvassing of the State, should begin by way of Reformation of Errors in the Common-wealth; and hereupon in the first Parliament of King *Charles*, certain *Scots* Noblemen gave in some Articles for amending Abuses in the Church and State, which they after suppressed, for the fit Time was not yet come to vent them; upon which they were after challenged.

The Imperialists, to give Oil and Wood to this new Kindling, perswade the King of *Britain* to advance to all Offices of State, Church-men; assuring him these were the Men he could only trust unto, and his own Creatures. They stir up the young Noblemen to Malice against them, evidencing to them, if the Church-men kept their Greatness, Noblemen would be debarred of their ancient Places of Dignity, and that a Way should be found to suppress them: But a more sure Way would be to remove them altogether, and establish a new Form of Government in the Church: The King is perswaded to adhere to the Church-men, and that his only Standing was by them. The Mine going straight, there lacked nothing but some Match to make it play.

The *French* had a Hand in this Division of *Great-Britain*: For the wise Cardinal, considering his King was of a weak Disposition of Body, and not long to continue; that the Kingdom of *England* was opulent, and the Crown supported by a hopeful Race of young Princes; whilst Children should govern *France*, or a Woman; by his Intelligencers and Pensioners, went close upon this Division of the Power of the Country. The King of *France*, before this Intestine War took an End in *Britain*, shall, by all likelihood, be of perfect Years, and know how to manage his own Affairs, and take Advantage of the intestine Broils of his Neighbours: Blood and Kindred are of small Reckoning amongst Princes, when they espy the Enlargement of their Dominions, or Weakness of their Neighbours.

After the Valuation and Estimate of almost all the Subjects Lands in *Scotland*, and Augmentation of Ministers Stipends, the Common Service-Book, by Royal Authority, is enjoined to be used in all Churches, and in some Parts where the Bishops had Power, received. In which a twofold Error was marked to have been committed; one, That the Ministers Stipends should have been augmented, before they applauded and gave way to the Book; for the Deficiency of the Augmentation would have made them to have run after it, but having their Reward before their Work, they slighted it. The other, The Advice of a General Assembly, in a Matter so highly concerning Religion, should have been sought: Neither, as Assemblies might then have been carried, the Bishops being in Supremacy, need they to have feared the not Acceptation of the Book.

The Service is intimated to be celebrated in the City of *Edinburgh*, and a solemn Day appointed, with the Presence of all the Church-men, the Councillors of the King, and Judges of the Realm; which was plotted to be performed solemnly by those Men who seemed most to applaud it, that it might receive the more solemn Blow. For Matters of Religion have been convoyed from the small Cities and Villages, and the greater, till it pleased the Almighty God to inform better Men's Minds, lest to be the last of accepting them.

The Day was appointed, the People forewarned and prepared, tho' all of the basest Sort, to make the first Breach; the Church-men, Men of too great Faith, brought upon the Stage by those Men whom they thought respected their Cause most, and the King's Interest: Yet these Men who set the People on Work against them, satisfied and appeased the Commons. But because the Morning Service was not sufficiently performed by the Commons, they reiterated it against the silly Church-men, who neither perceived their Errors, nor suspected the Stratagems of their Introducers. The Magistrates of the City, either could not, or would not pacify the Tumult.

Enough for the first Essay of the Imperialists, young Gentlemen and Church-Noblemen, who were seeking a Prologue to the Tragedy they were to act, the Ruine of their King and Country, and Subversion of all Religion.

This Acceptation had the *English* Service-Book, upon the 23d of *July*, being *Sunday* 1637. King *Charles* considering that this might rise to a downright Rebellion, put in Order his Kingdom of *England*, by looking to the Borders, and determining upon Commanders.

Yet, at the first, he was advised to try the Ways of Clemency, before to enter into a War. To this Effect, he made choice of the Marquis of *Hamilton*, whom he sent to appease all Differences, who profited so little, that Matters turned worse.

In the Month of *November*, a General Assembly of the Ministers of *Scotland*, was held at *Glasgow*, where, for the King's Commissioner, was the Marquis of *Hamilton*. The Marquis endeavoured to have a Bishop or Arch-Bishop should be chosen Moderator, or President of the Assembly; but the Deputies or Elders stopt that, and carried it, that Mr. *A. Henderson* should preside for Moderator of it, and *Archibald Thomson* be Clerk. Who shew, that the ancient Registers, which contained the Ecclesiastical Discipline of the Kirk of *Scotland*, since the Time they separated themselves from the *Roman* Church, to the Year 1606, that Bishops were introduced, after the Fashion of *England*, were preserved, and kept uncorrupted.

But they never disputed, Whether or not, a learn'd and religious King, might alter a Form brought in in his Nonage, by factious Men, and bring in a more sure, and conform to the Word of God and best Policy. * * *

The rest is wanting.

Bibliotheca Edinburgena Lectori.

I Hope, it shall not be thought strange, that a Library writes; Libraries being the best Masters of Mankind, to write, speak and perform great Actions; for tho' many have perform'd all these well by Nature only, yet none hath, without Learning, in Perfection and to Admiration practis'd them. All that I would set down and say, is, That which is so oft reiterated in my Volumes, that Ingratitude is the Height of all Vice; and to be forgetful of those who have been beneficial to me, were the Height of all Ingratitude. Tho' great Spirits love rather to do well, than to have their Actions proclaimed abroad; and learn to forget what they bruntiously bestow (knowing that Virtue in it self, without any vulgar Approbation, is a sufficient Reward; and tho' good Actions be contemned, yea, often scorned upon Earth, yet, they are not only remembred, but approved with Rewards in Heaven), the Fame of those who have founded, support and enlarge me daily, shall, by me, in all Times be resounded, whilst any Records or my Volumes shall endure, which I hope, shall be long. For Books have that strange Quality, that being of the frailest and tenderest Matter, they out-last Brass, Iron and Marble; and tho' their Habitations and Walls, by uncivil Hands, be many Times overthrown; and they themselves, by foreign Force, be turned Prisoners, yet do they often, as their Authors, keep their Givers Names; seeming rather to change Places and Masters, than to suffer a full Ruine and total Wrack. So, many of the Books of *Constantinople* changed *Greece* for *France* and *Italy*; and in our Time, that famous Library in the *Palatinate*, changed *Heidleberg* for the *Vatican*. And this, I think no small Duty, nor meaner Gift and Retribution, which I render back again to my Benefactors honest Fame, being a greater Matter than Riches; Riches being momentary and evanishing, scarce posses'd by the Third Heir; Fame, immortal, and almost everlasting; by Fame Riches is often acquired, seldom Fame by Riches; except when it is their good Hap, to fall in the Possession of some generous minded Man: And tho' a Philosopher said of famous Men, disdainfully, that they died two Deaths, one in their Bodies, another, long after, in their Names; he must confess, that where other Men live but one Life, famous Men live Two.

This love of Fame and Glory, hath moved most of the great Spirits of the World, either to affect and make learn'd Men their own, by many Benefits, with much Turmoil, endless Labours and Atchievements, perform Actions which might move learn'd Men to record them in their Writings, and turn them the Subjects of their Pens. But all is not Gold which glittereth: Some personating Virtues which they had not, have boldly intruded themselves here, and would undeservedly, in the Temple of Memory, erect to themselves Altars, covering Baseness, under a Mask of Virtue; being really covetous, would seem and appear to be liberal, or at least, would be liberal at other Men's Charges, not their own. Neither will I search into Age-worn Monuments, but relate what I have suffered my self.

There are, who, to acquire some Piece of Fame, would lately have adorn'd me with Portraits, Statues, Medals, Maps, Books of all Sciences, Languages, Characters, (which they had collected from the Liberality of others, to this use) but at so high a Rate to my Founders, and with such blown Ambition, that the want of such Stuff, was a great deal more tolerable, than the enjoying could either bring Profit or Ornament. Such a Bargain, is even as if some Stationers who had sold dearly their Books, would desire to be enrolled amongst my Benefactors, having perpetual Panegyricks, solemn Remembrances and Anniversaries offered to their Names, for their great and boundless Liberality. Let such Men go to the *Americans*, and there barter their Glasses, Feathers, Whistles and Puppets, with Gold and precious Stones, make a *Glaucius* and *Diomedes* exchange with some others; for I had rather attend Time and Providence, than remain thus obliged.

In the mean Time, live ye ever generous Spirits, who, out of your own, have been beneficial to me, who love Virtue for her self; having no other Aims than those which your own Worth, and Posterity shall bequeath unto you, and to your Lasting Fame and Memory possess, possess still the first Pages of my Books.

Bibliotheca Edinburgena.

Of Libraries.

AS we find Republicks to have flourished in Power and Glory, so do we find them to have been eminent and come to the Height in Knowledge and Letters; and as they builded Arsenals and Store-houses for Arms to serve in Time of War, so did they Libraries, furnished with Books for Peace and War. Wits, howsoever pregnant and great, without Books, are but as valiant Soldiers without Arms, and Artizans destitute of Tools. Of these did arise the many Schools in the World, and mostly in *Europe*, which by the Bounty of so many renowned Princes have been so amply privileged: And these Great Men were not so much beholden to Arms and their Conquests, whilst they lived, as after their Deaths to Letters; for neither their Monuments of Marble, nor Brass, nor Gold, nor the Diamond it self, are able so to preserve the Glory of their Actions, as are some few Sheets of Paper. Estates and Republicks owe much to those, who like Torches waste themselves to shine and give Light to others; but without these Fathers of their Countries, who endeavour to preserve and communicate to Posterity what these ingeniously have done, their Works should be little better than Spiders Webs: For what availeth the Writing of Books, if they be not preserved; and how many excellent Pieces, by the Barbarity and Negligence of Ages, have perished? To omit Ancient Times, as *Ptolemaeus-Philadelphus*, who erected that famous Library in *Alexandria*, the *Ulpian Library* of *Trajan*, and that of *Pisistratus* in *Athens*, how much is *Florence* adebted to the noble *Laurentius* of *Medives*, for his Library, and to *Bessarion*, once Bishop of *Nice*, who at his Death devoted to it a Library, valued at Thirty Thousand Crowns? And what oweth *Oxford*, nay this Isle, to the most worthy *Bodley*, whose Library, perhaps, containeth more excellent Books, than the Ancients by all their curious Search could find? Our Academies in former Times were much beholden to their Founders and Benefactors for many goodly Books: But by the Nonage of our Princes, and the Fury of Civil Wars, they, with many other Monuments, had their fatal Period; which Loss, by the Liberality of our most gracious Prince *Charles* (when we shall be so happy as to be remembered) may be repaired: Under whom the Rising and Growth of Libraries may prove as fortunate, portending good Success, as the Burning of the Library of *Antioch* was counted and proved ominous to the Emperor *Jovian*.

To such a worthy Work all the Lovers of Learning should conspire and contribute; and of small Beginnings who is ignorant what great Effects may follow? If, perhaps, we will consider the Beginnings of the greatest Libraries of *Europe*, (as *Democritus* said of the World, that it was made up of Atoms) we shall find them but small; for how great soever in their present Perfection they are now, these *Carthages* were once *Magalia*.

Libraries are as Forrests, in which not only tall Cedars and Oaks are to be found, but Bushes too and dwarfish Shrubs; and as in Apothecaries Shops all sorts of Drugs are permitted to be, so may all sorts of Books be in a Library: And as they out of Vipers and Scorpions, and poisoning Vegetables, extract often wholesome Medicaments, for the Life of Mankind; so out of whatsoever Book, good Instructions and Examples may be acquired.

In sundry Parts of the Earth there were but Seven Wonders dispersed, in one Noble Library many more worthy of greater Admiration, and of greater Excellency, are together to be found.

As good Husband-men plant Trees in their Times, of which the After-age may reap the Fruit, so should we; and what Antiquity hath done for us, do for Posterity, that Letters and Learning do not decay, but ever flourish to the Honour of God, the Publick Utility, and the Conservation of Humane Society.

One said of good Princes, That all their Names might be drawn within the Gem of one Ring: But, we hope, by Time, a Volume may be composed of the Names of such, who conspiring against Barbarity, and the Roughness of the former Age, have thought it no Dishonour to make the Muses beholden to their Liberality, which, that others (who will follow their Example) may know they have not offered to Oblivion and Ingratitude: (leaving their Due to be given them by the After-times) we have been daring to register in the Temple of Memory; which can be no Disadvantage to the Living, and may serve to the Dead for an unpolish'd Epitaph, by which they shall not all die.

Heads of a Conversation betwixt the Famous Poet Ben Johnson, and William Drummond of Hawthornden, January, 1619.

HE (*Ben Johnson*) said, That his Grandfather came from *Carlisle*, to which he had come from *Annandale* in *Scotland*; That he served King *Henry VIII.* and was a Gentleman. His Father lost his Estate under Queen *Mary*, having been cast in Prison and forfeited, and at last he turn'd Minister. He was Posthumous, being born a Month after his Father's Death, and was put to School by a Friend. His Master was *Camden*. Afterwards he was taken from it, and put to another Craft, viz. to be a Bricklayer, which he could not endure, but went to the *Low-Countries*, and returning home again, he betook himself to his wonted Studies. In his Service in the *Low-Countries* he had, in the View of both the Armies, killed an Enemy, and taken the *opima spolia* from him; and since coming to *England*, being appealed to a Duel, he had killed his Adversary, who had hurt him in the Arm, and whose Sword was Ten Inches longer than his. For this Crime he was imprisoned and almost at the Gallows. Then he took his Religion on Trust of a Priest, who visited him in Prison: He was 12 Years a Papist; but after this he was reconciled to the Church of *England*, and left off to be a Recusant. (At his first Communion, in Token of his true Reconciliation, he drunk out the full Cup of Wine.) He was Master of Arts in both Universities. In the Time of his close Imprisonment under Queen *Elizabeth* there were Spies to catch him, but he was advertised of them by the Keeper. He has an Epigram on the Spies. He married a Wife, who was a Shrew, yet honest to him. When the King came to *England*, about the Time that the Plague was in *London*, he [*Ben Johnson*] being in the Country at Sir *Rob. Cotton's* House with old *Camden*, he saw in a Vision his eldest Son, then a young Child and at *London*, appear unto him with the Mark of a bloody Cross on his Forehead, as if it had been cut with a Sword; at which, amaz'd, he pray'd unto God, and in the Morning he came to Mr. *Camden's* Chamber to tell him, who perswaded him it was but an Apprehension, at which he should not be dejected: In the mean time there come Letters from his Wife of the Death of that Boy in the Plague. He appear'd to him, he said, of a Manly Shape, and of that Growth he thinks he shall be at the Resurrection.

He was accused by Sir *James Murray* to the King, for writing something against the *Scots* in a Play called *Eastward Hoe*, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with *Chapman* and *Marston*, who had written it amongst them: It was reported, that they should have their Ears and Noses cut. After their Delivery he entertained all his Friends, there were present *Camden*, *Selden* and others. In the Middle of the Feast his old Mother drank to him, and shewed him a Paper, which she designed (if the Sentence had past) to have mixed among his Drink, and it was strong and lusty Poison, and, that she was no Churl, she told she designed first to have drunk it her self.

He said, he had spent a whole Night in lying looking to his great Toe, about which he hath seen *Tartars* and *Turks*, *Romans* and *Carthaginians* fight in his Imagination.

He wrote all his Verses first in Prose, as his Master *Camden* taught him, and said, That Verses stood by Sense, without either Colours or Accent.

He used to say, That many Epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the End what should have been understood, by what was said before; as that of Sir *John Davies*, That he had a Pastoral intituled, *The May-Lord*, his own Name is *Alkin*, *Ethra* the Countess of *Bedford*, *Mogbel Overbery*, the old Countess of *Suffolk*, an Enchantress; other Names are given to *Somerset*, his Lady, *Pembroke*, the Countess of *Rutland*, Lady *Wroth*. In his first Scene, *Alkin* comes in mending his broken Pipe. He bringeth in, says our Author, *Clowns making Mirth and foolish Sports, contrary to all other Pastorals*. He had also a Design to write a *Fisher* or Pastoral Play, and make the Stage of it in the *Lomond Lake*; and also to write his Foot-Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discovery, in a Poem he calleth *Edinburgh*;

The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other Eye.

That he had an Intention to have made a Play like *Plautus's Amphytruo*, but left it off, for that he could never find Two so like one to the other, that he could perswade the Spectators that they were one.

That

That he had a Design to write an *Epick* Poem, and was to call it *Chorologia*, of the *Worthies* of his Country raised by Fame, and was to dedicate it to his Country : It is all in Couplets, for he detested all other Rhimes. He said, he had written a *Discourse of Poetry* both against *Campion* and *Daniel*, especially the last, where he proves Couplets to be the best sort of Verses, especially when they are broke like Hexameters, and that cross Rhimes and Stanza's, because the Purpose would lead beyond 8 Lines, were all forc'd.

His Censure of the *English* Poets was this : That *Sidney* did not keep a *Decorum* in making every one speak as well as himself. *Spencer's* Stanza's pleased him not, nor his Matter; the Meaning of the Allegory of his *Fairy Queen* he had delivered in Writing to Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, which was, That by the *bleating Beast* he understood the *Puritans*, and by the false *Duessa* the Queen of Scots. He told, That *Spencer's* Goods were robbed by the *Irish*, and his House and a little Child burnt, he and his Wife escaped, and after died for want of Bread in *King Street*; he refused 20 Pieces sent him by my Lord *Essex*, and said he was sure he had no Time to spend them. *Samuel Daniel* was a good honest Man, had no Children, and was no Poet; and that he had wrote the Civil Wars, and yet hath not one Battle in all his Book. That *Michael Drayton's Polyolbion*, if he had performed what he promised, to write the Deeds of all the *Worthies*, had been excellent. That he was challenged for intituling one Book *Mortimariades*. That Sir *John Davis* play'd on *Drayton* in an Epigram, who in his Sonnet concluded his Mistress might have been the Ninth Worthy, and said, he used a Phrase like *Dametas* in *Arcadia*, who said, his Mistress, for Wit, might be a Giant. That *Silvester's* Translation of *Du Bartas* was not well done, and that he wrote his Verses before he understood to confer; and these of *Fairfax* were not good. That the Translations of *Homer* and *Virgil* in long *Alexandrines* were but Prose. That Sir *John Harrington's Ariosto*, under all Translations, was the worst. That when Sir *John Harrington* desired him to tell the Truth of his Epigrams, he answered him, That he loved not the Truth, for they were Narrations, not Epigrams. He said, *Donne* was originally a Poet, his Grandfather on the Mother Side was *Heywood* the Epigrammatist. That *Donne* for not being understood would perish. He esteemed him the first Poet in the World for some Things; his Verses of the lost *Ochadine* he had by Heart, and that Passage of *the Calm*, That *Dust and Feathers did not stir, all was so quiet*. He affirmed that *Donne* wrote all his best Pieces before he was Twenty five Years of Age. The Conceit of *Donne's* Transformation or *Μετεμύχσις*, was, that he sought the Soul of that Apple which *Eva* pulled, and thereafter made it the Soul of a Bitch, then of a She-wolf, and so of a Woman: His general Purpose was to have brought it into all the Bodies of the Hereticks from the Soul of *Cain*; and at last left it in the Body of *Calvin*. He only wrote one Sheet of this, and since he was made Doctor, repented hugely, and resolved to destroy all his Poems. He told *Donne*, That his *Anniversary* was prophane and full of Blasphemies, that if it had been written on the Virgin *Mary*, it had been tolerable. To which *Donne* answered, That he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was. He said, *Shakespeare* wanted Art and sometimes Sense; for in one of his Plays he brought in a Number of Men, saying they had suffered Ship-wrack in *Bohemia*, where is no Sea near by 100 Miles. That Sir *Walter Rawleigh* esteemed more Fame than Conscience. The best Wits in *England* were employed in making his History. *Ben* himself had written a Piece to him of the *Punick* War, which he altered, and set in his Book. He said there was no such Ground for an Heroick Poem, as *King Arthur's* Fiction; and that Sir *P. Sidney* had an Intention to have transformed all his *Arcadia* to the Stories of *King Arthur*. He said, *Owen* was a poor Pedantick Schoolmaster, sweeping his Living from the Posteriors of little Children, and has nothing good in him, his Epigrams being bare Narrations. *Francis Beaumont* died before he was 30 Years of Age, who, he said, was a good Poet, as were *Fletcher* and *Chapman*, whom he loved. That Sir *William Alexander* was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because a Friend to *Drayton*. That Sir *R. Ayton* loved him dearly. He fought several Times with *Marston*, and says, That *Marston* wrote his Father-in-Law's Preachings, and his Father-in-Law his Comedies. His Judgment of stranger Poets was, That he thought not *Bartas* a Poet, but a Verser, because he wrote not Fiction: He cursed *Petrarch* for redacting Verses into Sonnets, which he said was like that Tyrant's Bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That *Guarini* in his *Pastor fido* kept no *Decorum* in making Shepherds speak as well as himself. That he told Cardinal *Du Peron*, (when he was in *France*, Anno 1613) who shewed him his Translation of *Virgil*, that it was naught; that the best Pieces of *Ronsard* were his Odes. But all this was to no purpose (says our Author) for he never understood the French or Italian Languages. He said, *Petronius*, *Plinius Secundus* and *Plautus* spoke best Latine, and that *Tacitus* wrote the Secrets of the Council and Senate, as *Suetonius* did those of the Cabinet and Court. That *Lucan*, taken in Parts, was excellent, but altogether naught. That *Quintilian's* 6, 7, and 8 Books were not only to be read, but altogether digested. That *Juvenal*, *Horace* and *Marial*, were to be read for Delight, and so was *Pindar*; but *Hippocrates* for Health. Of the *English* Nation he said, That *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity* was best for Church-Matters, and *Selden's Titles of Honour* for Antiquities. Here our Author relates, that the Cen-

sure of his Verses was, That they were all good, especially his Epitaph on Prince Henry, save that they smelled too much of the Schools, and were not after the Fancy of the Times: For a Child (says he) may write after the Fashion of the Greek and Latin Verses in running; yet, that he wished for pleasing the King, that Piece of *Forth Feasting* had been his own.

As Ben Johnson has been very liberal of his Censures on all his Co-temporaries, so our Author does not spare him: For (he says) Ben Johnson was a great Lover and Praiser of himself, a Contemner and Scornor of others, given rather to lose a Friend than a Jest; jealous of every Word and Action of those about him, especially after Drink, which is one of the Elements in which he lived; a Dissembler of the Parts which reign in him; a Bragger of some Good that he wanted, thinketh nothing well done, but what either he himself or some of his Friends have said or done; He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindicive, but if he be well answered, at himself; interprets best Sayings and Deeds often to the worst. He was for any Religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with Fancy, which hath over-mastered his Reason, a general Disease in many Poets. His Inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a Translation. When his Play of the Silent Woman was first acted, there were found Verses after on the Stage against him, concluding, That that Play was well named the Silent Woman, because there was never one Man to say Plaudite to it.

Mr. Drummond gave the following Character of several Authors.

The Authors I have seen (saith he) on the Subject of Love, are the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, (whom, because of their Antiquity, I will not match with our better Times) Sidney, Daniel, Drayton and Spencer. He who writeth the Art of English Poetry praiseth much Rawleigh and Dyer; but their Works are so few that are come to my Hands, I cannot well say any thing of them.

The last we have are Sir William Alexander and Shakespear, who have lately published their Works. Constable saith, some have written excellently, and Murray with others, I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their Works: But of Secrets who can soundly judge?

The best and most exquisite Poet of this Subject, by Consent of the whole Senate of Poets, is Petrarch. S. W. R. in an Epitaph on Sidney, calleth him our English Petrarch; and Daniel regrates he was not a Petrarch, though his Delia be a Laura: So Sidney, in his *Ast.* and *Stell* telleth of Petrarch, *You that pure Petrarch long deceast Wooes with new-born Sighs.*

The French have also set him before them, as a Paragon; whereof we still find, that those of our English Poets who have approach'd nearest to him, are the most exquisite on this Subject. When I say, approach him, I mean not in following his Invention, but in forging as good; and when one Matter cometh to them all at once, who quintessenceth it in the finest Substance.

Among our English Poets, Petrarch is imitated, may surpass in some Things, in Matter and Manner: In Matter, none approach him to Sidney, who hath Songs and Sonnets in Matter intermingled: In Manner, the nearest I find to him, is W. Alexander; who, insisting in these same Steps, hath Sextains, Madrigals and Songs, Echoes and Equivoques, which he hath not; whereby, as the one hath surpassed him in Matter, so the other in Manner of Writting, or Form. This one Thing which is followed by the Italians, as of Sanazarius and others, is, That none celebrateth their Mistress after her Death, which Ronsard hath imitated: After which Two, next (methinks) followeth Daniel, for Sweetness in Ryming Second to none. Drayton seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his Mistress; by, I know not what artificial Similes, this sheweth well his Mind, but not the Passion. As to that which Spencer calleth his *Amorelli*, I am not of their Opinion, who think them his; for they are so childish, that it were not well to give them so honourable a Father.

Donne among the Anacreontick Lyrics, is Second to none, and far from all Second; But as Anacreon doth not approach Callimachus, tho' he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil; no more can I be brought to think him to excel either Alexander's or Sidney's Verses: They can hardly be compared together, trading diverse Paths; the one flying swift, but low; the other, like the Eagle, surpassing the Clouds. I think, if he would, he might easily be the best Epigrammatist we have found in English; of which I have not yet seen any come near the Ancients.

Compare Song, *Marry and Love*, &c. with Tasso's Stanzas against Beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best.

Drayton's *Polyolbion*, is one of the smoothest Poems I have seen in English, Poetical and well prosecuted; there are some Pieces in him, I dare compare with the best Transmarine Poems.

The 7th Song pleaseth me much.

The 12th is excellent.

The 13th also: The *Discourse of Hunting*, passeth with any Poet. And

The

Heads of a Conversation, &c. 227

The 18th, which is his Last in this Edition 1614.

I find in him, which is in most part of my Compatriots, too great an Admiration of their Country; on the History of which, whilst they muse, as wondering, they forget sometimes to be good Poets.

Silvester's Translation of *Judith*, and the Battle of *Tvory*, are excellent. He is not happy in his Inventions, as may be seen in his *Tabacco batter'd*, and *Epitaphes*: Who likes to know whether he or *Hudson* hath the Advantage of *Judith*, let them compare the Beginning of the 4th Book, *O Silver brow'd Diana*, &c. And the End of the 4th Book, *Her moved Locks*, &c. The midst of the 8th Book, *In Ragau's ample Plain one Morning met*, &c. The 6th Book, after the Beginning, *Each being set anon, fulfilled out*, &c. And after, *Judas, said she, thy Jacob to deliver, now is the Time*, &c. His Pains are much to be praised, and happy Translations, in sundry parts equalling the Original.

A short Discourse upon Impresa's and Anagrams.

To the Right Honourable, The Earl of Perth.

MY LORD,

MY Censure of the *Devise*, which was sent to me by your Lordship, is that by way of *Emblem* it may stand sufficient, but not by the Nature of an *Impresa*. Though *Emblems* and *Impresa's* sometimes seem like other, what is a Perfection in an *Emblem*, is a great Fault in an *Impresa*: The Words of the *Emblem* are only placed to declare the Figures of the *Emblem*; whereas, in an *Impresa*, the Figures express and illustrate the one part of the Author's Intention, and the Word the other. *Emblems* serve for Demonstration of some general Thing, and for a general Rule, and teaching Precept to every one, as well for the Author and Inventer, as for any other; which is a Fault in an *Impresa*: For an *Impresa* is a Demonstration and Manifestation of some notable and excellent Thought of him that conceived it, and useth it; and it belongs only to him, and is his properly, and so properly, that the Successors may not use the *Impresa* of their Predecessor and Parents, as common to them, except the *Impresa's* be incorporated into the Arms of their House, of which they are descended; or that they would shew they have the self same Thought which they had, which went before them. It is quite contrary with the *Emblem*: *Impresa's* of the Deceased may be used by others. The Figures in the *Emblems* may be One, Two, or many; but in *Impresa's*, if the essential Figures be more than Two, they lose their Grace.

But since I have went thus far off, I will set down to your Lordship, all that I could learn of the *Impresa*.

The *Impresa* either hath a Word, or is without one; and thus were they of old, of two Sorts, the most ancient wanting Words.

1. But the right *Impresa* is of Figures and Words joined, by which it hath the Excellency.

2. Two Things are most necessary in an *Impresa*, Clearness, Perspicuity, Easiness and Brevity; then, that the substantial and chief Figures be no more than Two. And for the Word, that it be no longer than a *Greek*, *Latine*, or *Vulgar Verse*.

3. The Two Figures are Two *in genere* or *in specie*, not *in individuo*, That is, the Cardinal of *Medices* hath a *Comet*, with a Number of other Stars about; though there be many Stars and one *Comet*, the Stars, being one *in specie*, make but one Figure; so Two Swans and one Eagle, the two Swans make but one Figure, being of one *species*, and the Eagle the other. Something else may be added for Ornament.

4. Of one only Figure, a fair *Impresa* is made.

5. The Figures must not be so made, that of Necessity they have need of Colours or Painting; or that without such Colours they cannot be understood.

6. In the Figures, (unless it be of set Purpose for the Nonce) we may not put in any Thing obscured, and which cannot be understood: Things never seen in that Country, as strange Trees of *India*, and Beasts of *Arabia*: And of our own Country, Things which cannot be discerned from others; as Fowls like to others, or Herbs and Flowers, which resemble others.

7. Among all the Figures, these are the fairest, which arise out of the old *Impresa* or Arms, Blazonry of the House and Family; transforming them, or adding to them as it pleaseth the Author.

8. In an *Impresa*, it is not decent to set Men or Women, as they are usually apparelled; but that the humane Shapes which are set down in an *Impresa*, be differing from the ordinary Fashion of Apparel, and have some strange Posture.

9. Perspicuity and Brevity are required in the Figure of the *Impresa*; and in the Words of it either is an *Impresa* to pass suddenly, as in a Tilting it is ordinarily; or to last long, as in Imagery, Painting and Jewels, &c. If it be to last, Gravity and Majesty must be in it, and it must be somewhat retired from the Capacity of the Vulgar. An amorous *Impresa* would be understood of all: The Words may be in any Language; the Amorous would especially be in Vulgar, for Ladies, who understand not the School Languages.

10. The best Word is, when it is made like unto the Figure, and only of two Words, as *gang warily*; or it is good of one only, as *Semper*. The farther it is from Two, it is the more imperfect.

11. The Words must not be to declare and express the Figure, and that by themselves they cannot make a perfect Sense, but that they be such, that taken out of that place, and from the Figures, they have no determinate Sense.

12. The great Secret of the Word is, That in none of the Words there be a Word naming, or signifying any of the Figures; That is, for Example, If there be the Figures of a Sea Waves, there be not in the Word, *Unda*, or *Sea-Wave*.

Thus hath your Lordship, the Laws of the *Impresa*.

13. Concerning the making of them. The *Impresa* is either made to represent themselves or some other Person, as a Lady beloved of us, a Friend, a Prince: Such as are made to represent some other, are seldom and rarely used: These which are made to represent one's self, the Author useth to understand himself in the only Figures in the only Word, and sometimes without both Figure and Word; and out of the *Impresa* altogether. In the only Figures he works, when he feigns that these Figures speak in his Person, and say that which he would say: And when these Figures are Two, the Author represents himself in them both, or in one of them; in both, it seldom hapneth. In the Word only the Author excellently, and with much Grace, useth to represent himself, when he turneth the Word not to speak to the Figures, but to himself or to the World.

In others, the Author represents himself in the Word too, but he turns his Speech to the Figures of the same *Impresa*.

Those, where the Author comprehends not himself in the Figures, nor yet in the Words, are, when the Author understanding himself without the Figures, feigneth that some other speaketh to him, or gives him that Precept. In which, either the Author speaks to himself, or that he feigns some other speaks to him: Making ever the *Impresa* on some particular Thought of our own, and not to use our selves immodestly, or like a Philosopher, or Teacher of another.

There is also an *Impresa*, which shews not clearly, if the Author represents himself, but the whole *Impresa* Reasons; or to the World, or to the Author, or to his Lady, or to any Person beloved of the Author, which are full of Grace and Excellency.

Thus far have the Wits of our Times searched into the Nature of the *Impresa*; and thus far hath your Lordship's Servant been bold to satisfy your Lordship's Desire.

Character of a perfect Anagram.

ANAGRAMS are Names turned, because they are Inversions of Letters so transposed, that without any Adjunction, Repetition or Diminution of others than these which are in the Name and Sirname of a Person, there is a Devise or Period perfectly made up in Sense; and the Orthography must be strictly observed, if it be not for Excellency, that this Rule is dispensed with. The oldest Example that we have, is in *Lycophron*, who, of the Name of *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*, Πτολεμαῖος, makes Ἀπὸ μελίτης; and of the Queen *Arfinoe's* Name Ἀρσινόη, Ἡρὰς ἱόν.

But as the Spirit of Man is more prone to Evil than Good, ordinarily Men use to make *Anagrams* rather on Vice than Virtue.

The Beginning of *Anagrams* is very old: It is likely, they have their Original from the *Hebrews*, who not only had Names in great Veneration and Respect, but the Letters of Names; and the Mysteries of the Cabalists are veiled up in Letters, from whom the *Grecians* had them.

Artemidorus maketh Mention of them, and *Eustathius* the Paraphrast of *Homer*, as Ἀτλας, τάλας, *Miser*; ὀχλὸς χόλῳ, &c. — Sundry since have essay'd them.

1. In an *Anagram* there must not be fewer nor more nor other Letters, but the same, and as many as in the Name.

It is named also by the *Greeks* Ἀναγραμματισμός, which is the Transposition of Letters.

2. *Anagramma est clausula quæ ex artificiosa literarum omnium, neque plurium, alicujus nominis transpositione componitur. Dicitur proprie clausula, id quod aliquid claudit.* It is called a Sentence. *Est Anagrammatismus particula orationis, quatuor plus minus dictiones continet, cum tamen unam persæpe contineat.* This is the Law of an *Anagram*, That no Letter be added, nor any taken away. This admitteth some Exceptions, which is, That some one or other Letter may be omitted; but with great Judgment, That that Letter be no eminent principal Letter of the Name, which is omitted: But such, without which the Name may consist. For when the same Letters occur many times in the Name, then the Omission of one or more is pardonable; especially for some excellent Sense that agreeth to the Person, as in that of *Auratus* PIERRE DE RONSARD. ROSE DE PINDARE, of four R's, two are omitted.

3. A Letter may easily be omitted, without whose Help, the Name by it self may stand; as H, which placed behind, after Consonants, seemeth not much to alter the Power of the Name; which Letter some of the *Latins* have abolished, thinking it rather an Aspiration than a Letter.

4. It was said, that no Letter should be taken away; yet, if there be any great Reason, a Letter may be added as *relegio, repperit*; or rather a Letter may be doubled, as when two Letters occur in the Name, one may be abolished, so one of Necessity may be doubled.

5. All Diphthongs may be separated per *Diarezen*; and even so, two Vowels per *Synaresin*, may be conjoin'd, which *Auratus* practised in the Name of *Jesus*, ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΣΤΗ ΟΥΣ.

6. So some think, the Diphthong being forgot, we may use and take only the last and sounding Letter: But, for the most part, we must keep Orthography, as it is vulgarly and by approved Authors used; and if we adjoin a Letter, let us add one of these which make up the Name, that we seem not so much to have adjoined one, as doubled it. So a Jesuit doubled the Letter S, in the Anagram of *Ignatius de Loyola*, O ignis a Deo illatus; and another turn'd it, *Lita ei anguis doli.*

7. If it be asked, Whether adjecting or omitting be more to be tolerated? I answer, Adjecting; for so by Nature we are prepared rather to take, than have any Loss.

8. It is sometime lawful to change one Letter into another, That is, for one Letter to put another, which is the admitting of one, and omitting of another: Yet, I would think, these Letters must be such as may change into others, as D. into T. which the *Spaniards* use in the Latine *Cado* for *Cato*.

9. A double Letter, not unhappily, may be changed into a simple, as Z. into S. I would say, divided as Z into S D.

10. But the Conclusion is, The *Anagrammatism* is so much the more perfect, the farther it be from all Licence.

11. The Definition says, *Alicujus nominis*, which is to be understood of proper Names, yet not only in Persons, but in Names of other Things, may an *Anagrammatism* be made. By Name, here is to be understood generally the Sirname, Fore-name, affixed Name, as *Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus*; or the Name of any Dignity.

12. Ye may use one Name, as *Valesius*, *Laus Jesu*; for many Nations have but one Name, but oftner the Name and Sirname are turned.

13. It is to be observed, That not only Names of Men, but the Names of any other Thing, as Trees, Floods, Towns, may be turned, as *Roma*, *Mora*.

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*Cur varios tamdiu remoratur Roma clientes,
Forte quod inverso nomine Roma Mora est.*

14. There is in the Definition, (Transposition) because if any Sense be in the Name of Letters not transposed it is not so much an Anagram as *equivoque*, as *Anna Grame*, *Anagram*.

- - - - *What needs an Anagram,
Since that her very Name is Anna Grame.*

But by Transposition we understand Conversion, when the Letters of the Name are transposed.

Now for the Use of the Anagram,

1. We may use it as an Apophthegm, mostly if it contain any sharp Sentence. It may be the Title or Inscription of a Tomb, the Word of an Impresa, the Chyme of Verses, that especially which admitteth of Explication.

An Anagram, which turneth in an Hemistich or half Verse, is most pleasant. However it be, in an Epigram or Sonnet it fitly cometh in mostly in the Conclusion, but so that it appeareth not indented in, but of it self naturally.

2. The Reason of Anagrams appeareth to be vain; for in a good Man's Name ye shall find some Evil, and in an evil Man's Good, according to the Searcher.

3. One will say, it is a frivolous Art and difficult, upon which that of *Martial* is current,

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.*

The Challenge of the Knights Errant.

To the Right Honourable, the Earl of----

K NOWING the Delight your Lordship was wont to take in the Sports of Court, whether as Beholder or Actor, I thought I should not importune your Honour in sending you the Challenge of the Errant Knights, proclaimed with Sound of Trumpet before the Palace-Gate of *Greenwich*.

To all Honourable Men of Arms and Knights Adventurers of Hereditary Note and Exemplary Nobleness, that for most maintainable Actions do wield their Swords or Launces in the Quest of Glory.

RIGHT Brave and Chevalrous, wheresoever through the World, we Four Knights Errant, denominated of the *Fortunate Island*, Servants of the Destinies, Awaken your sleeping Courages with *Mavortial* Greetings. Know ye that our Sovereign Lady and Mistress, Mother of the Fates and Empress of high Achievements, revolving of late the Adamantine Leafs of her eternal Volumes; and finding in them that the Triumphal Times were now at hand, wherein the marvellous Adventures of the *Lucent Pillar* should be revealed to the Wonder of Times and Men, (as *Merlin*, Secretary to her most inward Designs, did long since prophecy) hath therefore (most deeply weighing with herself how necessary it is that sound Opinions should prepare the Way to so unheard of a Marvel) been pleased to command us her voluntary, but ever most humble Voraries, solemnly to publish and maintain by all the allowed Ways of Knightly Arguing these Four indisputable Propositions following.

1. *That in Service of Ladies no Knight hath free Will.*
2. *That it is Beauty maintaineth the World in Valour.*
3. *That no fair Lady was ever false.*
4. *That none can be perfectly wise but Lovers.*

Against which, or any of which, if any of you shall dare to argue at Point of Launce and Sword in honourable Lists, before rarest Beauty and best Judgments: Then again know you, that we the said Four Champions shall, by the high Sufferance of Heaven, and Virtue of our Knightly Valour, be ready, at the Valley of *Mirefleure*, constantly to answer and make perfect our imposed Undertakings, against all such of you as shall within Forty Days after the

first publick Intimation of our universal Challenge, arrive to attend the glorious Issue of the thrice famous Adventure of *the Lucent Pillar*, in which Prizes are reserved and ordained (by the happy Fate of our Country and Crown) for Three several succeeding Days of Trial at Tilt, Tourney and at Barriers.

The Maintainers of the Four Positions are,

The Earl of *Lenox*, the First.

The Earl of *Arundel*, the Second.

The Earl of *Pembroke*, the Third.

The Earl of *Montgomery*, the Fourth.

The King of *Denmark* is expected here daily, for whose Entertainment this Challenge appeareth to be given forth; who, if his Courage answer his Fame, will not be an idle On-looker to such Pastimes, which I would wish your Lordship to see, at least *in speculo constellato*.

Greenwich, June 1. 1606.

To the Right Honourable -----

MY LORD,

AFTER many many Reports and long expecting, the King of *Denmark* is come hither; the King of *Great-Britain* (for so I must now, for Distinction of Two Kings in one Island, call him) the 16th Day of this Month, being at *Orlands*, was assured of his Brother's Arrival, from which he came in all haste to *Greenwich*, from whence, the next Day, with the Prince and such of his Nobility as were present, he passed in the Parliament Barge to *Gravesend*, where he was welcomed by the King of *Denmark*, and banquetted in his Ships magnificently: The Afternoon they came by the Tide up the River, which had never more Eyes upon it than then; and no wonder, for since the coming of the Emperor to *Henry VIII.* it had never born Two Kings. The King would always have his Guest take the right Hand, go every where before him, for that he said he must be absolutely obey'd in his own Country. He is a Man of a goodly Person, of Stature in no Extremes; in Face so like his Sister, that he who hath seen the one, may paint in his Fancy the other. He was apparell'd in his Entry in Black cut out on Cloath of Silver; about his Hat he wore a Band of Gold, wrought in Form of a Crown, and set with precious Stones. His first Way was to see his Sister, (who since the Death of her Daughter *Sophia* did keep her Chamber) the next by the Gardens to his Lodging, which was in the House of the Tilting Yard, where the King bore him Company at Supper.

Greenwich, July 18, 1606.

To the Right Honourable -----

THERE is nothing to be heard at Court but Sounding of Trumpets, Haut-boys, Musick, Revellings and Comedies: The last of this *July* the two Kings rode in State through *London*, where the Inside of the Houses seemed to be turned out, stately Pageants being erected in sundry Parts: That of *Cheapside* was of *Neptune* on a *Hippocampus*, with his *Tritons* & *Nereides*, and *Apollo*, who, set down in a Chair, delivered a Speech to them; That at the Fleet was in Form of a Pastoral, a Shepherd standing by a shady *Fountain* with his Shepherdess, conjured her now by her Oath to give place to his Affection, since she had promised so to do, when there should be Two Kings in one Kingdom peaceably. The next Day in the Morning the King of *Denmark* went in a Coach with some Lords accompanied to the Tower, which welcomed him with huge Thunder of Cannons, and where he discharged a Piece of Ordinance himself; mounted also the Top of *Pauls*, and visited the Tombs of *Westminster*. They are now come back to *Greenwich* for the Churching of the Queen.

Greenwich, August 3. 1606.

To the Right Honourable -----

THE 5th of *August* being a solemn Day kept by His Majesty, was honoured with Martial Pastimes, where the King of *Denmark*, for gracing of the Solemnity, would be an Actor. The Tilters were all in plain Armour, except *Christianus*, who, mounted on a dapple Gray, had his Armour Sky-coloured, spangled with some Gold; he wore in his Helm a Bunch of Blew and White Feathers, as the rest of his Company: He broke some Staves with a marvellous Grace and great Applause of the People. The Declining of the Sun ended this Day's Sport. The next Day early in the Morning he was invited to see a Show of Fencers in the privy Gardens, where it was a Wonder to see how foolishly ambitious those Fellows were, if they could, to have killed one another; for they would have most willingly taken the Buttons off the

the Foils, as their Swords differed not much from common ones. But this Sport was interrupted by a great Rain.

Greenwich, August 6, 1606.

To the Right Honourable -----

NONE of our Pleasures are lasting, they, as all Humane Things, have their End. The King of *Denmark*, the 9th of this Month, taking his Leave of his Sister and his Majesty, (who with Tears in their Eyes returned) went towards his Ships to *Gravesend*: He was presented with a Sword and some excellent Horses: He liberally rewarded such of the King's Servants as were appointed to attend him; left a general Commendation in this Island of his Virtues, which is much beholden unto him for honouring it with his Presence: For altho' sundry have thought it dangerous that Printes should see other, yet in the Meeting of Two such Kings, what Peril could the most Politick Judgment foresee? They were not jealous of one another's Estate or Worth, each of them wishing double Happiness to his Brother. Their Kingdoms lay not together, whereby they might have been instigated by Avarice or Ambition. They met Brothers, and departed more than Brother-Friends.

Greenwich, August 12, 1606.

To the Right Honourable -----

IT was not in my Default, but of the Matter it self, that I wrote unto your Lordship the Event of the Challenge of the *Errant Knights*. A Gentleman told me he heard of it in the Court of *France*. It is answered, but in Words, yet well to this Purpose:

To the Errant Knights of the Fortunate Islands, Servant Men to the Destinies, awaking our ever awake Courages, with their Mavortial Greetings.

MOST tonitruous, astonishing Chevaliers, Re-know ye, that we of Hereditary and Fee-simple Blood, and undegenerating Valour to *Doucel del Phabus*, *Amadis de Gaul*, *Palmerin de Oliva*, and *Ascuper le Huce*, rather by the Bounds of your Challenge, than by the Show of your Meanings, have echoed in the Vault of our Understanding, the Volley of your Desires; and do allow you this for Answer. We confidently entertain your Challenge with your Circumstance proposed already, seeing the Event in the Cause; for old defended Virtue of Women is expired; and Men overcome with Women, are made less than themselves, and far inferior to the Valour of uneffeminate Knights. We are sorry, that any in the Shape or Apparel of Valour, should either be so short of Experience, or so unable to bring to their Wills their Knowledges, as to undertake the long forsaken Cause of a Sex, that have spent all their Virtue, which is sullied by Falshood, to the Abuse of their own Defenders; at the first, their Minds drew Wrath and Judgment, and now their Bodies draw Passion into a blind Adventure. Wherefore, we deny your Assertions, being assured of these Truths which head down your Fancies; and these ours, in Peace and Pity, we offer to your Second Considerations; which, otherwise, if you believe not, will prove a most dangerous Matter to you and yours.

1. That a Man at the Tears of Discretion, bath his Love in his own Haras.
2. That Beauty melteth Valour, and maketh the Tongue far readier than the Sword.
3. That fairest Ladies are falsest, having fairest Occasions.
4. That to Love, and to be Wise, were ever two Men's Parts.

Against you, arm'd with the Truth of these, we shall come with sharp Arguments, not doubting to beat Falshood into her Darknes, unable to endure the Beams of the *Lucent Pillar*; the Myltery whereof ye vaunt we honour. Expect us therefore, if your rash Heat consume not before Performance.

The King, not without Laughter, can see, read the Challenge, and put the Noblermen Defenders in Expectation to be answered, but the Answerers have not appeared.

Greenwich, June 28. 1606.

To the Right Worshipful, Mr. Michael Drayton, Esq;

SIR,

I Have understood by Mr. *Davis*, the Direction he received from you, to salute me here; which undeserved Favour I value above the Commendations of the Greatest and Mightiest in this Isle: Tho' I have not had the Fortune to see you, (which Sight, is but like the neat view of Pictures in Tapestry) yet, almost ever since I could know any, ye have been to me known and beloved. Long since, your amorous (and truly Heroical) Epistles, did ravish me; and lately your most happy *Albion*, put me into a new Trance. Works (most excellent Pourtraits

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of

of a rarely indued Mind) which (if one may conjecture of what is to come) shall be read, in Spite of Envy, so long as Men read Books. Of your great Love, Courtesy and generous Disposition, I have been informed by more than one, of the worthiest of this Country; but what before was only known to me by Fame, I have now found by Experience: Your Goodness preventing me in that Duty, which a strange Bashfulness, or bashful Strangeness, hindred me to offer unto you. You have the first Advantage, the next should be mine; and hereafter you shall excuse my Boldness, if, when I write to your matchless Friend Sir W. Alexander, I now and then salute you; and in that claim, though unknown, to be

Your loving and assured Friend,
W. D.

To his worthy Friend, Mr. Benjamin Johnson.

SIR,

Here you have that Epigram which you desired, with another of the like Argument. If there be any other Thing in this Country, (unto which my Power can reach) command it; there is nothing I wish more, than to be in the Calendar of them who love you. I have heard from Court, that the late Mask was not so approved of the King, as in former Times, and that your Absence was regretted: Such Applause hath true Worth, even of those who otherwise are not for it. Thus, to the next Occasion, taking my Leave, I remain

January 17. 1619.

Your loving Friend,

To the Right Honourable, Sir William Alexander.

SIR,

After my Return from the Country, I received a Letter of yours, than which nothing was more welcome: I have so oft excused my self of that you challenge me, seldom writing, that the falling into the other Extreme, I fear, can only make my Fault less. That now you are become jealous of my Affection, I am not much troubled, since this does prove your Love towards me of the purest kind: Never any Friendship of mine, went so near my Thoughts, as yours, because I never thought any so worthy: It is all the Treasure and Conquest, when Death shall remove this Pageant of the World from me, that I have here to vaunt of; neither would I wish another Epitaph and *Hic jacet* over my Grave, than that you esteem'd me worthy of your Friendship. There is nothing I long so much for, as to see the Perfection of your Works; may Fortune one Day be ashamed, to see such a Spirit so long attend the ungrateful Court, that deserves to have the Sovereignty of all *Parnassus*; I had almost said the World, save that I fear to meet with Treason.

December 20. 1618.

To the Right Worshipful, Mr. Michael Drayton Esq;

SIR,

If my Letters were so welcome to you, what may you think yours were to me, which must be so much more welcome, in that the Conquest I make, is more than that of yours. They, who by some strange Means have had Conference with some of the old Heroes, can only judge that Delight I had in reading them; for they were to me, as if they had come from *Virgil*, *Ovid*, or the Father of our Sonnets, *Petrarch*. I must love this Year of my Life, more dearly than any that forwent it, because in it I was so happy to be acquainted with such Worth. Whatever were Mr. Davis's other Designs, methinks some secret Prudence directed him to those Parts only: For this I will, in Love of you, surpass as far your Countrymen, as you go beyond them all in true Worth; and shall strive to be second to none, save your fair and worthy Mistress. Your other Letters I delivered to *Andrew Hart*, and have been earnest with him in that Particular. How would I be overjoy'd to see our North once honoured with your Works, as before it was with *Sidney's*; tho' it be barren of Excellency in it self, it can both love and admire the Excellency of others.

Decemb. 20. 1618.

Li

Litera Magistri Gulielmi Drummond de fabrica Machinarum Militarium, Anno 1627.

Carolus Dei Gratia Magnæ Britannia, Francia & Hibernia Rex, fideique Defensor, omnibus probis hominibus suis ad quos præsentis literæ pervenerint salutem. Sciatis quandoquidem, ex multorum testimoniis omni exceptione majoribus, liquido nobis innotuit, fidelem nostrum subditum Magistrum *Willielmum Drummond* ab *Hawthornden*, plurimum temporis, laboris & pecuniarum insumpsisse in excogitandis & fabricandis machinis multivariis, quæ & in pacis & militiæ negotiis reipublicæ usui & emolumento esse possint, eundemque ex matheseos & naturæ principiis & nova quadam arma invenisse, & vetera nonnulla vel imperfecta perfecisse, vel obsoleta ab oblivione vindicasse, præsertim vero machinas bellicas quibus ut armis uti liceat, cum ad offensionem rum ad defensionem, sive marina sive terrestri pugna fuerit conflegendum. *Primum* instrumentum equestre, quo singuli equites non minus in prælio præstare poterunt, quam vulgaribus armis quini aut feni valeant: quod quidem instrumentum pedestri militiæ optime conveniet, & ab effectu non minus horrendo quam expedito *Βασιλεὺς ἐν ἡφρον*, seu *Baculus Tonitruans* nominatur, vulgus autem ob quantitatem quidem diversam, proprietatem vero communem, *le BOX PISTOL, BOX MUSQUET, BOX CARRABYN* vel *BOX DRAGOON* diversis nominibus appellat. *Secundum* est novum quoddam hastæ genus, qua pedes quispiam, præter suum munus, quinque etiam aut sex sclopetariorum partibus defungi poterit: hoc instrumentum, *Λογχακονίστης*, quasi *hasta ejaculans* nominari potest, *le PICKARQUEBUS*. *Tertium* est scloporum quasi conjugatorum machina, cujus beneficio miles unus aut alter centum sclopetariorum muneri exæquando idoneus reddetur: Quæ quidem machina ab effectu *Ἀρμακερὺν* & ceu *Currus fulminans* appellari potest, vulgo *le FYERY WAGGON*. *Quartum* est tormenti majoris nova quadam species, qua citra auxilium, eodem temporis spatio, quo hactenus singuli globi explodi solebant, tres quatuor aut etiam quinque explodi possunt, idque sive navali sive terrestri prælio; atque hujus machinæ species tum figura tum quantitate variæ sunt, cæterum a communi omnium proprietate *Ἀνοξισαλιστέον*, seu *Tormentum apertum* communi nomine dici possunt, vulgo *le OPEN ORDINANCE*. *Quintum* & *Sextum* ex mortariorum seu syphunculorum genere sunt, quorum alterum ob insignem usum quem in parietibus navibusque defendendis obtinet, & ob expeditionem plane mirabilem *Πλαίσκοεδαστίκον*, (vulgo *le FLAT-SCOURER*) appellant, alterum quod in bello navali ad malos, carbasa ac armamenta navium remosque distrum pendos, in primis utile, sic *Εὐθυστήριον* vulgo *le CUTTER*, nuncupant. *Septimum*, est machinæ genus præcorum *Ἡεπόλι* non abstinile, seu potius *Helepolis*, ad hodiernæ militiæ disciplinam, idque cum ad vim propugnaculis interendam, cum etiam ad eandem propulsandam accomodata, cujus beneficio in oppugnationibus urbium accessus repentini adusque propugnaculum interius, aut fossam, absque aggere volubili fieri possunt, & in urbium defensione hujus machinæ auxilio, propugnaculum ita communiri potest, ut nullis unquam impulsibus expugnari aut demoliri possit, & ab hostibus liberum præstabit interturrum. Hæc machina propter similitudinem cum ea propugnaculi parte quam *Equitem* appellant (vulgo *le Cavalier*) & quod milites complures ferat & mobilitate prædita sit *Περβολοκινήτης* nominari potest, vulgo *le ELEPHANT* vel *CAVALIER ERRANT*. *Novum* est navigii novum quoddam genus, quod portus quoscunque nullis catenarum, repagulorum aut tormentorum viribus impeditum ingredi, & naves universas aut incendio corrumpere, aut vi capere poterit. Hoc navigium a stupendo plane & terribili effectu, ac horrenda navium portuumque strage *Λιμενολοθρεύτης*, vulgo *LEVIATHAN* dici meruit. *Decimum* instrumentum est ad proportionalem ventorum intensiorem ac remissionem observandam interveniens; unde naclerus ad justam itineris marini mensuram certius determinandam instruat, quod propterea *Ἀνεμομέτερον*, vulgo *le WIND MEASURE* nominatur. *Undecimum* est leve quoddam navigii genus, quod velis ac remis quolibet tempore vel adverso vento celerrimo cursu feretur, & quodlibet ordinarium navigium velocitate superabit, *Εὐαλιόδρομον* proinde nuncupatus, vulgo *le SEA POSTILION*. *Duodecimum* est instrumentum quoddam, quo itineris marini quantitas exacte supputatur, & longitudinis locorum differentia, sive in Oceano, sive in littoribus proximis determinantur, *Μηκοδείκτης*, vulgo *le LENGTH COMPASS* appellatur. *Decimum tertium* instrumentum est quo aquæ salis magna copia dulcis & potulenta facili impendio efficitur, & quotidie quidem tantum in diem navi sufficiat, ita ut ex diuturna conservatione putredo non sit metuenda. Hoc *Πηγοφανήριον*, vulgo *SHIP FOUNTAIN* nuncupatur. *Decimum quartum* specula ustoria diversi generis complectitur, quibus in quantacunque distantia combustibilia qualibet, sive mari sive terra, incendi possunt, ad quæ nullis tormentis pertingi potest. Hæc omnia licet ex variis sectionibus

Conicis, concavis & convexis, aliisque superficiebus curvilineis, iisque varie admixtis constantia, & per reflexionem non minus quam refractionem comburentia, nomen tamen habent commune *Γορραπυρίπνον*, & ut clarissimo *Archimedi* suis constet honos, *specula Archimedeae* appellabuntur. *Decimum quintum* dioptri quædam genera comprehendit, quorum ope ad quantamcunque distantiam quodlibet objectum lumine illustratum non minus perspicue ac vivide sub suis dimensionibus apparebit, quam si ad justam distantiam collocatum esset, *Γαυρασίειροπρον* appellant, ac vulgo le *LYNXES EYES*. *Decimum sextum* est machina organica ex causa naturali & indefessa motum perpetuum producens, cujus beneficio infinita operationum mechanicarum varietas principium habere potest; hæc machina *Ακινυσιθ*, vulgo le *MOVER* nuncupatur. Quum hæc & alia non paucâ insigni industria, & solertia non vulgari excogitaverit antedictus Magister *Gulielmus Drummond*, & vero jus & æquum postulent, ut virtutis suæ præmiis quisque fruatur, quo præclara ingenia mentesque sublimes ad consimiles labores subeundos, eaque molienda accendantur, quæ reipublicæ beneficio & usui esse possint, propterea nos *Dedimus & Concessimus* tenoreque hujus nostri diplomatis *Damus & Concedimus* antedicto Magistro *Gulielmo Drummond* ejusque deputatis, uni seu pluribus, pro spatio unius & viginti annorum proxime & immediate datam præsentium sequentium, nostram plenam potestatem & privilegium faciendi, vel aliis potestatem concedendi ut faciant, per nostros subditos vel per externos, omnes supranominatas machinas: utque ille & illi libere vendant, importent & exportent in & ad idem regnum & ab eodem. *Et quia* non desunt invidi quidam & avari, qui ex sordido ignavoque animo alienorum laborum usus & fructus ad se derivare contendunt, ut qui bene de republica meriti sunt, justo laborum suorum præmio fraudentur, *Idcirco* mandamus, inhibemus & interdicimus, quatenus nullus nostrorum subditorum infra dictum regnum nostrum *Scotia*, faciat, vel facere causet, emat, vendat, utatur, vel quocunque modo possideat, aliquod dictorum instrumentorum, absque expressa licentia præfati Magistri *Gulielmi Drummond* suorumque prædictorum prius habita & obtenta, durante spatio prædicto. *Et si* contigerit aliquem in contrarium facere, agere vel fieri causare, vendere, emere, uti, vel quocunque modo possidere, aliquod dictorum instrumentorum absque expressa licentia præfati Magistri *Gulielmi Drummond* suorumque prædictorum, dicta instrumenta ad Magistrum *Gulielmum Drummond* suosque prædictos pertinebunt, & delinquens multam quingentarum mercarum usualis monetæ regni nostri *Scotia* solvet, dimidium cujus per nostrum Thesaurarium nostro usui, alterum vere dimidium per dictum Magistrum *Willielmum Drummond* suosque prædictos hæredes, idque toties quoties in contrarium fecerint, cujuscunque ordinis vel qualitatis sint. *Et si* delinquentes ob paupertatem dictam multam solvere nequeant, ut in eorum bonis & personis mulctentur, sicuti nostro Thesaurario, Thesaurario deputato & dicto Magistro *Willielmo Drummond* suisque prædictis expediens videbitur. *Præterea* præcipimus & mandamus Dominis nostri *Concilii & Sessionis* quatenus literas coronationis, namationis & incarcerationis desuper dirigant, omnibusque Justitiariis pacis ac aliis officiariis & judicibus cujuscunque ordinis, ut capiant, apprehendant, & incarcerent delinquentes, eorumque bona desuper disponenda (ut dictum est) appetant. *Provisio* omnimodo, quod si contigerit præfatum Magistrum *Willielmum Drummond* suosque prædictos prænominatas varias machinas, vel earum unam vel plures infra spatium trium annorum proxime & immediate datam præsentium sequentium, in praxin reducendo succumbere, quod tunc & in eo casu præsentia hæc erunt nullius roboris, efficaciae aut valoris, in quantum extendi potest ad omnia vel aliqua dictorum particularium in praxin non positorum, ut prædicitur, absque præjudicio tamen eorum in praxin pro bono dicti regni positorum. In cujus rei testimonium præsentibus magnum sigillum nostrum apponi præcepimus. Apud *Hampton-Court* penultimo die mensis *Septembris*, Anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo vigesimo sexto, & Anno regni nostri secundo.

Per signaturam manus S. D. N. Regis suprascriptam,

Sealed at Holy-rood-house,

24. December, 1627.

M. DAVID STBBALD.



Some

SOME
NOTES

By the AUTHOR, entitled, A
VINDICATION
OF THE
HAMILTONS;

And particularly of
JAMES Duke of *Hamilton*,
General of the *Scots* Army:

From those ASPERSIONS cast upon them, in a scandalous Libel
or *Letter written from a Malignant in London, to his Friend in Scotland* :
Directed thus ; *For the much Honoured*, 21. 53. 7. 10. 19. 72.
67. 40:

Written with the Author's own Hand in the Year 1648. a little before
his Death.

KING *James* approved all which the *Hamiltons* had undertaken for the Support of his
Mother, and could not endure patiently those, who under pretence of installing
him, had bore Arms, or done wrong to his Mother, whom he named Rebels, as
all those who compelled her to resign her Crown to him then a Child.

The Emulations and Jealousies of the Houses of *Lennox* and *Hamilton*, support
the Crown, and the King's Right. There have been no Kingdoms, wherein, during the Mi-
nority of Kings, the Grandees have not contested for Eminency in the Government, and striv-
ven to be nearest to the King, and raise their own Fortunes ; yet this is never thought (in Hi-
stories) any Affectation of the Crown; for their Ends were not absolute Power, but secondary
Places to the Kings.

The Contentions betwixt the Houses of *Lennox* and *Hamilton*, kept the innocent young Prin-
cess in Safety; which otherwise, if they had not contested, might have proven dangerous to
her. Neither did the *Hamiltons* put in for the Crown all this Time, but to save the young
Queen :

Queen: It was not the *Hamiltons*, but Queen *Mary of Lorain* who gave the *French* her Daughter, and all those of the *Roman Religion*, who fear'd the Reformation of *England*. *Hamilton* was not named by a private Faction-Governour, but by the Hatred that was carried towards Cardinal *Beaton*: He was made Duke of *Castleherauld*, for resigning the Government to Queen *Mary of Lorain*.

There are Men of such froward, mischievous and perverse Dispositions, that others Misery is their Happiness, and Wrongs their Delight; and who care not to set their own Houses on Fire, so they may burn up their Neighbours. This may be really demonstrated in these late Troubles of this Isle, where a Number are found to wrong their native Country, for no other End, but that they may (as *Nero* did, in the burning of *Rome*) sing their tragical Verses, and rejoice in the Ruines of it. Of this sort of Men are they, who, when they could not by their laborious Pains, hinder the States of the Kingdom, from the honourable and noble Undertaking, to relieve their imprison'd King, and vindicate the Loyalty of their Nation, from many Aspersions and Calumnies cast upon it, and seek Reparation of the Breach of the solemn League drawn up between the Two Nations, and Articles condescended first unto, and scornfully now broken; have gone about, after a malicious, though silly Way, to blame, find Fault with, and accuse the Judgment of the Lords of Parliament and Gentlemen, for having made choice of such a General to their Army: And this (forsooth) they have attempted by way of a Letter written from a *Malignant*. That it is written by a *Malignant* no honest Man can deny, if Malignancy be Corruption, Envy, Malice and Lying; but what Malignant, none needeth to call in question, but that it is come from those same superlative Men, who have defiled so much Paper with Declarations, Instructions, Informations, &c. to pervert the Hearts of the People by Falshoods, to estrange them from all Truths and Honesty, to alienate them from the Love of their distressed Sovereign, and continue their Miseries; and that it is written to themselves, the Arithmetical Characters testify, being the Numbers of some Consistorians.

He saith, *One Hundred and Twenty Years the Hamiltons have aim'd at the Crown of Scotland, and Government of the State.*

In the Minority of King *James the V.* he telleth us, *The Hamiltons conspired to thrust out John Duke of Albany from the Government*: But the History records this of *Alexander Earl of Home*, who brought him in, and who also plotted a Way to make Queen *Margaret* fly into *England* with the young King; and that *Hamilton* gave way to his Brother-in-Law's Counsel, in going with him out of the Castle of *Edinburgh*: Neither was there any great Wrong to the State, if *John* had been sent over to *France*; for, saith the Story of the *Hamilton*, *Qui proximus post superioris Regis liberos esset bares, nempe e Jacobi tertii sorore genitus, & quibusque esse ut ille proximum a Rege locum teneret, quam Joannes, e fratre quidem sed exule natus, & cetera plane peregrinus cum quo ne lingua quidem commercium esset.*

He cometh next, to Sir *James Hamilton*, the Natural Son of the Earl of Arran, who, he saith, conspired against King *James V.* which they can never prove; for the Process of Sir *James Hamilton* is ambiguous, and not yet clearly recorded: He addeth of Sir *James Hamilton*, that he went with the King to *France*, to hinder his Marriage with the *French King's* Daughter. A great Man and Agent, forsooth. What Likeness hath this, That a Marriage being agreed upon, Sir *James*, a Youth in the Spring of his Age, following his Pleasures, would be able to frustrate it?

The Hamiltons hindred the King's meeting with his Uncle the King of England, and the Marriage with Mary of England. The Histories instruct you otherwise, That the Church-men were the Hinderers of the King from meeting his Uncle; and stopt that Marriage, out of fear of a Reformation of their Religion.

He insisteth in his malicious Relations, *That the Hamiltons got the Earl of Arran, named Governour, by a private Faction*: As if the Convention of the Three Estates were a private Faction: *That he had a Design to marry his Son upon the Queen*: And was such an Intention (if real) a Wrong to the State or Crown? Happy *Scotland*, if she had never been offered to the *English* nor *French*, & more happy She her self: But if he had had such a Design, was it out of his Power to bring it to pass, as the State then stood? There was no Impossibility here: But his Error was, out of too much Loyalty to his Counrty, he reserved her for another; and the *English* having disobliged the Nation by that bloody Field of *Pinky*, she was given to the *French*.

There is no Evil committed during the Queen's abroad in France, but they will have the Hamiltons accessory to it; and after her Return, the Murder of the Lord Darnly her Husband is objected against them; When the Histories are manifest, That that was by *Morton* and *Bothwel*; as also, that the Earl of *Murray* was deservedly, by *Hamilton* of *Bothwelhaugh*, cut off, not only for the particular Wrongs he had suffered from him himself, but also as a good Service done for the Well of his imprison'd Queen.

The State-Impostors at that Time, had a Design to prove King *James* the V. to have been married on my Lord *Erskine's* Daughter; and by Consequence, *James* Earl of *Murray* lawful Successor to the Crown, and Queen *Mary* a Bastard; which the Change of Religion in the Country might have made passable, as Matters then stood.

This Malignant, hath patch'd together what Evil he could, against the Name of *Hamilton*, but forgetteth the Good; *The disbanding the Earl of Douglas's Army at Abercorn, without Blood*; for which Service, Histories records that King *James* the II. made him a Promise of one of his Daughters in Marriage. *The Loss of much of their Blood at Longside, for the Defence of the distressed Queen, &c.* Now he approacheth his fairest Mark, which is to derogate from the Honour of this Duke *Hamilton*, General of the *Scots* Army, and cast such Aspersions on him, as may make his Nation hate him, his Army mutiny against him, and the *English* put no Trust in him, and bring to nought his Designs for the Relief of his King, and Peace of the Two Kingdoms; that insolent Church-men may trample on the Necks of the Nobility, harass the Gentry, and turn the Commons eternal Fools.

One general Answer shall suffice for all here maliciously set down: And it is,

That the Duke, with such of his Friends and Servants here taxed, have sufficiently made null, void, and of no Probability, all that this Libeller can, or hath objected, *The great malignant Actors have suffered in their Persons and Estates, for their notorious Forgeries and base Gallinies.*

Ochiltry having lyen long immur'd in Prison; *Rea*, a banish'd Man, whom the Judges, Wife and Brave, would never have Sentenced, if they had found any Appearance of Verity in all their Procceses.

The Accused, are of Sufficiency to answer for themselves, either by Sword or Pen, being Men living most part, and vigorous to this Day, to serve their King and Country.

He beginneth with that Levy 1630, for the *German* War; of which Narration there is not any Connexion nor Coherence; nor can any Attempt be gathered out of all, for a Crown.

Now (Reader) view this great Attempt for a Crown, ponder it, and judge equally.

In Anno 1630, Three or Four considerable Persons not having served the King of Sweden one Year, cashier themselves from Service, the Lord *Rea* being in Stockholm, was informed of them, asked a Reason, If the Marquess was resolved to be a Soldier: They tell, they will share in his Fortune. After they drunk together, which was no strange Thing in Stockholm, the Health of *James* by the Grace of God, King of Scotland: After Cups, they fall to the Reformation of Religion, and will abolish Popery and Arminianism, they gather an invisible Army, take Orkney in their Way. In the Month of July, a Master of Arts findeth my Lord *Rea* in Pomerland, upon good News turneth a happy Man, and finds that 6000 Soldiers will do a great Business; in one Night they take the Castles of Stirling, Edinburgh, Dumbarton, and the Town of Berwick, and fortify Leith; and then they enter England by Force.

Horrible, very horrible Attempts, to get the Crown of Scotland.

My Lord *Ochiltry* and *Rea* meet at the Bear of the Bridge-foot, and this Matter is turned into a Case of Conscience; If *Ochiltry*, who had once the fairest, formalest and largest Puritan Conscience in the Kingdom, had any, or my Lord *Rea* could have brought one out of the *Suna* or *Strathnavern*.

The Treasurer of *England* is informed of all, and the King heareth it, who remitteth *Ochiltry* to his Trial in Scotland.

The next Attempt of the Marquess, to get Power into his Hands to settle the Differences in Scotland, was the Commanding the Navy: Of which Actions of the Marquess, both the Kingdoms are Witnesses; and how harmlesly he behaved himself between his King and Country, and by the King's own Direction; and such other Matters, of which the Libeller can give no Probability, or bring any thing to the contrary.

Other Matters are Alledgeances, of which they can give no Reason, nor affirm any Certainty: His Speeches are observed with his Brother's, and narrowly pryed into, during their Imprisonment and Disgrace, and wrested to a malicious Sense; and the Libeller's foul Intentions are vented as his. "It stood not with their Designs, to have his Majesty present in Scotland, that would too much eclipse their Greatness, and disappoint their Ends; and therefore they keep off the King with fair Pretences, from coming to Scotland, till a Guard was put about him. The Authors of this Deed are well known not to be the *Hamiltons*; and the Speeches publish'd to the World, and to all Posterity, shall justify it.

What Correspondence they have with the Sectaries, *Lambeth* can testify; and others, e'te long, shall tell the World.

It hath no appearance at all, That a Man of so sound a Judgment, would have spoken so contemptuously of his Master the King, as ye have set down; and such Reproaches he will answer, and more fittingly, with a Sword than a Pen.

What hath been said of this last Part, hath been a hundred Times said before by others, and as many Times cudgell'd and defy'd, if they dare in close Field avouch it before Martial Judges, Hand to Hand, and Sword to Sword, in honourable Lifts.

Evil may not be done, that Good may come of it; as it is great Presumption to do Evil, that Good may come of it, so it argues both disobedience to, and distrust of God, to omit Duties for fear of Consequences.

If the Duke and his Brother be such Men as they are Character'd to be, by the Libellers, prudent secret Workers, how could they entertain such Thoughts of a Crown, so many being interposed between them and it? The Race of the Queen of *Bohemia*, the fair and hopeful Offspring of King *Charles* himself; could they work Miracles, or had they an Intention with *Guido Faux*, *Catesby*, and the Powder-Traitors, to overthrow them all at one Blow?

How could these Plotters, with 6000 train'd Souldiers, think to conquer the Crown of *Scotland*; or if they had, what could they have done with the Crowns of *England* and *Ireland*? It is not very likely, King *Charles* would have contented himself with the Crown of *England*, and suffered them to enjoy the Crown of *Scotland* peaceably. *D. Ramsay* never understood what Arminianism was. O notable *Stockholm* and *Pomerland* Reformers!

If this treasonable Plot hath any Ground, let it be believed; if it hath the smallest piece of Reason, Judgment or Sense in it, let it be believed: No Children could have so foolish Imaginations, no phrenetick Person, as this Libeller has, who would have Men, whom he holdeth to be the most subtle, crafty and plotting Spirits, in the Kingdom, to engage into such ridiculous and impossible Projects. *Ochiltry* and *Rea*, the one a bold Man, and whose Father, from a *Swedish* Captain, had advanced his Fortune to be Earl of *Arran*, and Chancellor of the Kingdom, by abominable Means: The other, of an aspiring, half barbarous Race of People, who could not content himself with his waste Desarts, adventurous, shamelessly daring; and both under desperate Estates: Upon the Ruines of the *Hamiltons*, they thought to raise their Fortunes, working on the Credulity of the Prince: yet was not this *Bear Bridge-foot*-Tragedy artificially enough contrived.

The Author, in his Dedication to John Earl of Perth, having mentioned an Indenture of Agreement betwixt the Drummonds and the Menteiths, anno 1360; We have, for the use of the Curious, published the same from the original Copy.

ANNO ab Incarnatione Domini Millesimo Trecentesimo Sexagesimo, Die Dominico, Decimo Septimo die mensis Maij super ripam aque de Forth juxta Strivelyn. In presentia Dominorum Roberti de Erskyn & Hugonis de Eglynton Justiciariorum Scotiæ & Domini Patricij de Grame, ac aliorum plurium nobilium & proborum, inter Johannem de Dromund ex parte una, et Johannem de Meneteth & Alexandrum de Meneteth Fratres quondam Walteri de Meneteth ex altera, Omnibus inimicitiis hinc inde & diffensionibus sopitis finaliter fuit reformata concordia per hunc modum, viz. quod pro emendis occisionum dicti quondam Walteri de Meneteth et Malcolmi ac Willelmi fratrum ejusdem, & hominum & adherentium eorundem cum eis, & alibi ubicunque per dictum Johannem de Dromund, homines, seu adherentes suos, interfectorum; nec non pro omnibus felonis, transgressionibus & dampnis per ipsum Johannem de Dromund, Mauritium fratrem suum & Walterum de Moravia, ac per quoscunque alios homines & adherentes ejusdem Johannis de Dromund usque in diem confessionis presentium, predictis fratribus omnibus & singulis, & parentibus, amicis, hominibus ac adherentibus eorundem qualitercunque perpetratis seu illatis finaliter emendandis: Idem Johannes de Dromund pro se & suis heredibus dedit, concessit, & facta infeodatione per chartam confirmavit Alexandro de Meneteth supradicto & heredibus suis, rotam terram suam de Rosnef cum pertinentiis, infra Comitatum de Levenax, cum clausula warrantie, prout in ipsa carta plenius continetur. Et concessit expresse ex hoc pacto, quod licet in eadem carta fiat mencio de homagio & servicio secundum communem cartarum tenorem, dictus tamen Alexander non tenebitur, pro tempore vite sue, sicut nec sui successores in posterum, ad servitium aliquod preter homagium atque sectam. Concessit quoque similiter idem Johannes de Dromund, quod in casu quo dictus Alexander maluerit verum & propinquiorem heredem dicti quondam Walteri fratris sui sibi in dicta hereditate succedere, quam propriam prolem suam, licet eam habuerit de se legitime procreatam, ipsum heredem dicti quondam Walteri ad successionem hereditariam dicte terre tanquam heredem assignatum dicti Alexandri in hoc casu admittet, & ex nunc, prout ex tunc pro se suisque heredibus, dicto casu contingente, admittit & acceptat pariter per presentes. Insuper & dictus Johannes de Dromund in ampliacionem emendationis omnium premissorum, que propter bonum concordie sedari summe desiderat, pro se & heredibus suis, nec non pro Mauricio fratre suo, & pro Waltero de Moravia predictis, ac pro quibuscunque aliis hominibus, parentibus, amicis & adherentibus suis, quos restringere potest & tenetur, omnem animorum rancorem & motionem, ac omnimodam actionem & sectam, quas habuerunt dicto die, vel habere potuerunt, aut habere unquam poterunt in futurum, erga dictos fratres, heredes, parentes, amicos, homines & adherentes suos pro quibuscunque transgressionibus, felonis, dampnis & injuriis sibi & suis prenomatis illatis seu commissis, in personis vel bonis, occulte vel publice, penitus & manifeste remisit: Obligando se firmiter fide data, quod dicti fratres & heredes sui ac heredes dicti quondam Walteri, nec non omnes & singuli parentes, amici, homines & adherentes eorundem, aut ejusdem quondam Walteri, quos ipsi fratres possunt astringere & tenentur, ab ipso Johanne de Dromund, heredibus suis, nec non ab omnibus prenomatis suis parentibus, amicis, hominibus & adherentibus, ac ab omni procuracione sui seu suorum, publica vel occulta, pro quacunque felonis, transgressionis seu maleficio, usque in dictum diem quomodolibet perpetrato, quos scilicet idem Johannes potest astringere & tenetur, quieti erunt & indemnes. Etiam dictus Johannes de Dromund concessit & manucepit, quod Ghilaspic & Kessanus dicti Macghilecharrik, Dounaldus filius Gilberti, Duncanus filius Nigelli, & omnes alii qui fuerunt ad interfectionem Bricii Procuratoris, erunt specialiter pro dicta interfectione, in perpetuum ac pro quibuscunque aliis transgressionibus qualitercunque huc usque perpetratis, a dicto Johanne de Dromund, Mauricio fratre suo & Waltero de Moravia, ac ab omnibus & singulis hominibus & adherentibus suis, quos ipse potest & tenetur astringere, indemnes & quieti, nec procurabunt iis publice vel occulte malum, molestiam seu gravamen. Sed si aliqui alij de parentela voluerint eos prosequi pro morte dicti Bricii in forma juris, licitum erit iis; sed dictus Johannes, frater suus predictus, aut Walterus de Moravia hujusmodi prosecutores, si qui fuerint, clam vel palam in hoc non manu tenebunt in aliquo nec fovebunt. Similiter & Finlaus filius Ay pro aliquo huc usque commisso indemnis erit a dicto Johanne de Dromund, Mauricio

ricio fratre ejus, & Waltero de Moravia, ac aliis suis hominibus occulte vel publice, quos ipse potest astringere in hoc casu. E converso dicti fratres Johannes & Alexander de Meneterh, pro se & suis heredibus, ac pro heredibus dicti quondam Walteri, dictis Johanni de Dromund, Mauricio fratri suo & Waltero de Moravia, ac omnibus & singulis aliis parentibus, amicis, hominibus, & adherentibus ejusdem Johannis de Dromund, omnem rancorem & motionem animorum suorum, ac omnem actionem & sectam, quas contra ipsos vel ipsorum aliquem habuerunt, vel habere potuerunt, aut poterunt in futurum, causam interfectionum dictorum fratrum suorum, seu causam aliarum quarumcunque transgressionum, feloniarum, injuriarum vel dampnorum, usque in eundem diem confectionis presentium qualitercunque perpetratarum, clam vel palam, manifeste & corditer in perpetuum remiserunt. Obligando se similiter vice versa, quod dictus Johannes de Dromund, Mauricius frater ejus, ac Walterus de Moravia, nec non omnes & singuli alii parentes, amici, homines & adherentes ejusdem Johannis, quos ipse potest & tenetur astringere, a dictis fratribus Johanne & Alexandro & heredibus suis, ac heredibus dicti quondam Walteri, ac ab omnibus & singulis aliis parentibus, amicis, hominibus & adherentibus eorundem, quos ipsi possunt astringere & tenentur; atque ab omni perpetratoe sive occulta vel publica pro predictis interfectionibus, ac pro quibuscunque aliis transgressionibus, felonis sive dampnis usque in dictum diem qualitercunque patratas, indemnes erunt penitus in perpetuum & quieti. Preterea Walterus de Buchanane nepos dicti quondam Walteri pro se & suis heredibus, hominibus & adherentibus universis, dicto Johanni de Dromund & suis prenomatis consimilium remissionum, securitatum, indemnitatum & conventionum pacta & federa, quemadmodum et dicti fratres, sui avunculi, astringit firmiter et federat fideliter per presentes. Excipiuntur tamen precise a dictorum fratrum conventionem et obligationem premissa Ghillaspic Cambel, et Colinus filius suus cum hominibus eorundem, quos ad dictam securitatem servandam predicti fratres nequeunt alligare. Verum tamen ipsi duo fratres et dictus Walterus nepos eorundem, per hoc pactum se obligant, quod in casu quo predicti Ghillaspic et Colinus, vel eorum alter, insurrexerint vel insurrexerit, contra dictum Johannem de Dromund et suos, et in eorum gravamen ipsum Johannem insculti fuerint vel fuerit inscultur; ipsi cum tota sua potentia exurgent continuo cum dicto Johanne in sui defensionem, contra eos vel eum, tanquam contra suscitatores seu suscitatore hostilitatis principaliter jam sopite: et hoc facient totiens quotiens contigerit ita esse. Igitur presentem reformationem concordie iidem fratres et Walterus nepos eorum predictus, pro se et suis heredibus, laudantes, ratificantes, et per omnia confirmantes, se et suos heredes obligant eandem servare fideliter et in nullo unquam contravenire, aut dicere seu procurare, occulte vel publice, promittunt firmiter bona fide. Obligati sunt etiam dicti fratres, ac nepos eorum predictus, quod statim cum verus et propinquior heres dicti quondam Walteri ad legitimam etatem pervenerit, quod se de jure valeat obligare, suas literas sub sigillo suo omnino consimiles presentibus, eundem heredem facient suis propriis laboribus et expensis, dicto Johanni de Dromund et suis heredibus reddi et libere liberari. Sic scilicet literas intelligendo consimiles, quod consimiles remissiones, obligationes, securitates & federa, faciat & recipiat dictus heres tunc temporis. Et quantumvis varientur tunc forsitan nomina loci, temporis, vel aliquarum personarum, ipse tamen litere faciende literarum presentium tenorem habeant & sapiant intellectum. Si vero dicti fratres Johannes & Alexander & dictus nepos suus appropinquato tempore hoc fieri non fecerint, eo ipso tota predicta terra de Rosnef cum pertinentiis ad dictum Johannem de Dromund & heredes suos irremissibiliter revertetur. Etiam & dicti Johannes & Alexander ac Walterus, erunt ex tunc in posterum in statu quo fuerunt ante compositionem presentis tractatus. Ceterum si quavis temeritate, seu maligni spem versutia suggerente, quod absit, forte contigerit aliquem dictorum Johannis, Alexandri & Walteri presentem reformationem concordie eatenus infringere, ut mortem inferat aut inferri procuret persone dicti Johannis de Dromund aut Mauricio fratri suo, vel dicto Waltero de Moravia, sive alicui heredum, parentum, hominum vel adherentium dicti Johannis propter aliquam causam vel motionem exortam ante diem confectionis presentium: Ille qui tante perfidie auctor vel fautor extiterit ex predictis, hoc statim probato per discussionem fidelium, semper erit in posterum in omni curia & communione proborum infamis, reprobus & perjurus, ac ab omni honore armorum & militis deprivatus. Similiter & quicumque ex predictis Johanne & Alexandro fratribus, ac Waltero, qui dicta probatione facta non insurgat continuo cum dicto Johanne de Dromund & parte sua contra alium eorundem hujus tractatus facti concorditer, ac fidei proprie infractorem, totis viribus, eodem nomine censetur, eademque animadversione plectetur. Et specialiter cum hoc, si dictus Alexander in hoc casu defectum fecerit, ex hoc ipsa terra de Rosnef cum pertinentiis ad dictum Johannem de Dromund & suos heredes in perpetuum revertetur. Idcirco finaliter, ut hujusmodi ignominiosa opprobria, tamque periculosa gravamina, que ex infractione presentis concordie in tot personarum poterunt excitari excidia, devitentur, & maxime ne usque ad unius ejusdem, quod gravius exterminium, discrimina intestina procedant, ambe partes predictae dictorum proborum salubri frete consilio, semoto omnis finistre suspitionis & simulationis scrupulo, in naturalis consanguinitatis affectum sese corditer amplectentes, mutue dilectionis federa futuris sincerius duratura temporibus in solide

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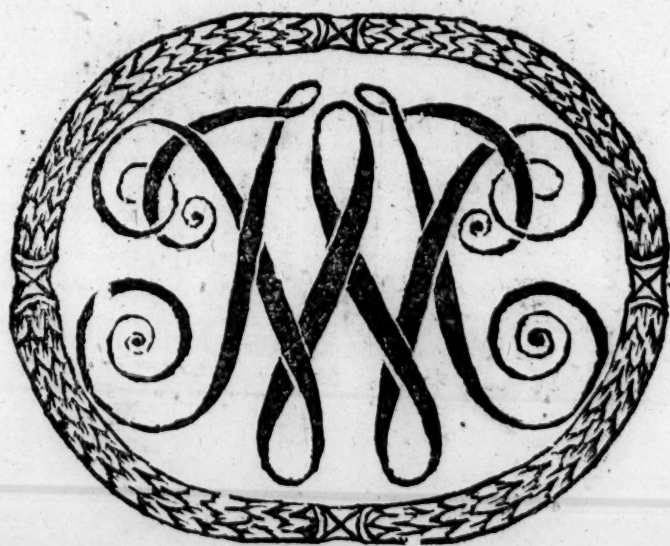
mentis constantia hilariter astringerunt ad invicem, quam si non invaluisse unquam dissensio inter ipsas. Et ad premissa ergo omnia ac singula facienda fideliter & firmiter observanda, quatenus tangunt & tangere possunt personas memoratas singulatim, dicti Johannes & Alexander de Meneteth, ac Walterus de Buchanane pro parte una, & dicti Johannes de Dromund, Mauricius de Dromund, & Walterus de Moravia pro altera, tactis sacro-sanctis Evangeliiis corporalia prestiterunt personaliter juramenta. Insuper Dominus Senescallus Scocie Comes de Strathern pro se & suis heredibus; tanquam principalis parentele utriusque partis predictae, ac Domini Comites de Douglas & Anegus, ac Dominus Johannes de Meneteth Dominus de Arane dictis Johanni de Dromund & Mauricio fratri suo, ac Waltero de Moravia, & eorum parentibus, hominibus & adherentibus quibuscumque omnem motionem & rancorem animorum suorum erga eos conceptum, pro morte quondam Walteri, Malcolmi & Willelmi de Meneteth predictorum consanguineorum suorum, ac omnem sectam & actionem, quas erga eos ob hoc habuerunt, vel habere potuerunt, seu poterunt in futurum, totaliter ad dictorum fratrum instantiam, & propter bonum concordie remiserunt. Et presentem tractatum concordie in omnibus & singulis suis punctis & articulis hinc inde initis, concessis & affirmatis, ipsi pro se & suis heredibus laudabilem, acceptam, atque perutilem decernentes, et quatenus in eis est vel esse poterit confirman-tes, manuceperunt firmiter, & fide data efficaciter promiserunt pro se scilicet quilibet singulatim. Quod si contigerit presentem reformationem concordie in aliquo in ipso tractatu expresso per alteram dictarum partium contra alteram infringi, quod absit, hoc statim probato ipsi cum sua potentia consurgent & consilio, cum parte ista cui infractio facta fuerit contra illam. Et in hujus rei testimonium, ac in majorem evidentiam omnium premissorum his literis duplicibus in pari forma omnino confectis, viz. uni monumento pro qualibet parte predicta, prefati Domini sua sigilla fecerunt apponi: monumento vero seu literis penes dictum Johannem de Dromund remanentibus dicti Johannes & Alexander de Meneteth ac Walterus de Buchanane sua apposuerunt sigilla in testimonium premissorum. Illi quidem monumento seu literis penes dictos fratres Johannem & Alexandrum de Meneteth remanentibus, Johannes de Dromund, Mauricius frater ejus & Walterus de Moravia sigilla sua apposuerunt in testimonium eorundem. Ulterius etiam extitit concordatum, quamvis non sit expressum superius in loco magis competenti, quod in casu quo dictus Johannes de Meneteth, vel dictus Walterus nepos suus, pro aliqua causa vel motione exorta usque presens, dicto Johanni de Dromund, vel Mauricio fratri suo, sive dicto Waltero de Moravia, aut alicui heredum, hominum, parentum vel adherentium eorundem, mortem intulerit quavis maligna suggestionem, quod absit; seu in casu quo non insurrexerit cum eisdem contra illum ex ipsis qui tantum facinus perpetraverit prout continetur magis clare superius in clausula: Ceterum statim hoc facto & probato, ut ibidem dicitur, dicta terra de Rosnef ad dictum Johannem de Dromund & heredes suos pure & in perpetuum revertetur, quemadmodum fieri pro facto Alexandri de Meneteth in prefata clausula dictum fuit. Et ad magis manifestam atque autenticam noticiam omnium & singulorum punctorum & articulorum contentorum in presenti tractatu, & ad perpetuam persistenciam eorundem eadem partes predictae subscriptionem, attestationem & signum publici tabellionis subscripti presentibus literis duplicibus tanquam indentatis, uni pari earundem viz. penes alterutram dictarum partium remanenti, fecerunt & requisiverunt ibidem inferi & inscribi, una cum sigillis dictorum Dominorum atque suis. Acta & data anno, die & loco predictis.

A
COLLECTION
Of all the
POEMS

Written by
William Drummond,
OF
HAWTHORNDEN.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cælo Musa beat. -----*

Horat. Od. 8. lib. 4.



EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Watson, in Craig's-Clofs, 1711.

A
COLLECTION

Of all the

P
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Written by

William Drummond

OF
HAWTHORNDEN.

Printed by J. G. & Co. 1841.



To the Author.

PARTHENIUS,

On his Sonnets.

WHILE thou dost praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,
 Which in a dangling Tress and Face appear,
 Still stands the Sun in Skies, thy Songs to bear,
 A Silence sweet each whispering Wind doth hold:
 Sleep in Pasithea's Lap his Eyes doth fold,
 The Sword falls from the God of the Fifth Sphere,
 The Herds to Feed, the Birds to Sing forber,
 Each Plant breaths Love, each Flood and Fountain cold.
 And hence it is, that that once Nymph, now Tree,
 Who did th' Amphrysian Shepherds Sighs disdain,
 And scorn'd his Lays mov'd by a Sweeter Vein,
 Is become pitiful, and follows thee.
 Thee loves, and vaunteth that she hath the Grace,
 A Garland for thy Locks to enterlace.

ALEXIS.

On the Madrigals.

THE Love Alexis did to Damon bear,
 Shall witness'd be to all the Woods and Plains;
 As singular, renown'd by neighbouring Swains,
 That to our Relicks Time may Trophies rear.
 Those Madrigals we sung amidst our Flocks,
 With Garlands guarded from Apollo's Beams,
 On Ochels whiles, whiles near Bodotrian Streams,
 The Eccho's did resound them from the Rocks;
 Of foreign Shepherds bent to try the States
 Though I (World's Guest) a Vagabond do stray,
 Thou may that Store which I esteem survey,
 As best acquainted with my Soul's Conceits.
 What ever Fate Heavens have for me design'd,
 I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

CHLORUS.

SWAN, which so sweetly sings,
 By Aska's Banks, and pitifully plains,
 That old Meander never heard such Strains,
 Eternal Fame thou to thy Country brings:

And now our Caledon
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.
Her Mountains, Woods, and Springs,
While Mountains, Woods, Springs be, shall sound thy Praise:
And though fierce Bores oft make pale her Bays,
And kill these Myrtles with enraged Breath,
Which should thy Brows inwreath;
Her Flouds have Pearls, Seas Amber do send forth,
Her Heaven hath golden Stars to crown thy Worth.

M O E R I S.

THE Sister Nymphs which haunt the Thespian Springs,
More lib'rally their Gifts ne're did bequeath
To them who on the Hills suck sacred Breath,
Than unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did Apollo raise on Pegase Wings
A Muse more near Himself, more far from Earth,
Than thine; whether thou weep thy Lady's Death,
Or sing those sweet sour Pangs that Passion brings.
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merit Praise,
But thus the Verse to gild in Fiction's Ore,
Bright, rich, delightful, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy melodious Lays:
No doubt thy Muses fair Morn doth bewray
The swift Approach of a more glistering Day.

Upon the Tears on the Death of Mæliades.

IN waves of Woe thy Sighs my Soul do rofe,
And make run out the Flood-gates of my Tears,
Whose rankling Wound no smoothing Balm long bears,
But freely bleeds when ought upbraids my Loss.
Tis thou so sweetly Sorrow makest to sing,
And troubled Passions doft so well accord,
That more Delight thy Anguish doth afford,
Than others Joys can Satisfaction bring.
What sacred Wits, (when ravish'd) do affect,
To force Affections, metamorphose Minds,
Whilst numerous Power the Soul in secret binds,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect.
For never Complaints did greater Pity move,
The best Applause that can such Notes approve.

Sir William Alexander.

POEMS



POEMS.

The First Part.

1. SONNET.

IN my First Prime, when childish Humours fed
My wanton Wit, ere I did know the Bliss
Lies in a loving Eye, or amorous Kiss,
Or with what Sighs a Lover warms his Bed;
By the sweet *Thespian* Sisters Error led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect Red and White;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my Head.
Love smil'd to see me take so great Delight,
To turn those *Antiques* of the Age of Gold,
And that I might more *Mysteries* behold,
He set so fair a *Volume* to my Sight,
That I *Ephemerides* laid aside
Glad on this blushing Book my Death to read:

2. SON.

I Know that all beneath the *Moon* decays,
And what by Mortals in this World is brought;
In *Time's* great Periods shall return to nought;
That fairest *States* have fatal Nights and Days.
I know that all the *Muses* heavenly Lays,
With toil of Spirit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle *Sounds*, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain Praise:
I know frail *Beauty* like the purple Flower,
To which one Morn oft Birth and Death affords,
That *Love* a jarring is of Minds Accords,
Where *Sense* and *Will* bring under *Reason's* Power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that (*alas*) I both must Write, and Love:

3. SON.

YE who so curiously do paint your Thoughts,
Enlightning ev'ry Line in such a guise,
That they seem rather to have fallen from Skies,
Than of a humane Hand by mortal Draughts.
In one Part *Sorrow* so tormented lies,
As if his Life at ev'ry Sigh would part:
Love Here blindfolded stands with Bow and Dart,
There *Hope* looks pale, *Despair* with flaming Eyes:
Of my rude Pencil look not for such Art,
My Wit I find too little to devise
So high Conceptions to express my Smart,
And some say *Love* is feign'd that's too too wise.
These troubled Words and Lines confus'd you find,
Are like unto their Model, my sick Mind.

4. SON.

AY me, and I am now the Man whose Muse
In happier Times was wont to laugh at *Love*,
And those who suff'ring that blind Boy abuse
The noble Gifts were given them from above.
What *Metamorphose* strange is this I prove?
My Self now scarce I find my Self, to be,
And think no Fable *Circe's* Tyranny,
And all the Tales are told of changed *Jove*;
Vertue hath taught with her *Philosophy*
My Mind into a better Course to move;
Reason may chide her fill, and oft reprove
Affection's Power, but what is that to me?
Who ever think, and never think on Ought
But that bright *Cerberus* which thralls my Thought.

5. SON.

How that vast Heaven intitl'd *First* is roll'd,
If any glancing *Tow'rs* beyond it be

And *People* living in Eternity,
Or *Essence* pure that doth this *All* uphold:
What Motion have those fixed Sparks of Gold,
The wand'ring *Carbuncles* which shine from high,
By Sp'rits, or Bodies cross-ways in the Sky,
If they be turn'd, and Mortal Things behold.
How *Sun* posts Heaven about, how *Night's* pale Queen
With borrowed Beams looks on this hanging Round,
What Cause fair *Ira* hath, and Monsters seen
In Air's large Fields of Light, and Seas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring Thoughts, when thy sweet Eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on Thee.

6. SON.

Air is my Yoke, though grievous be my Pains,
Sweet are my Wounds, although they deeply smart,
My Bit is Gold, though shortened be the Reins,
My Bondage brave, though I may not depart,
Although I burn, the Fire which doth impart
Those Flames, so sweet reviving Force contains,
That, like *Arabia's* Bird, my wasted Heart
Made quick by Death, more lively still remains.
I joy though oft my waking Eyes spend Tears,
I never want Delight, even when I groan,
Best companied when most I am alone,
A Heaven of Hopes I have midst Hells of Fears:
Thus every way Contentment strange I find,
But most in Her rare Beauty, my rare Mind:

7. SON.

Vault not, fair *Heavens*, of your two glorious Lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not when they
And shining, cannot show their Beams divine (shine,
Both in one Place, but part by Days and Nights;
Earth vaunt not of those Treasures you enshrine,
Held on'y dear, because hid from our Sights,
Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,
Snow-passing Ivory that the Eye delights,
Nor Seas of those dear Wares are in you found.
Vaunt not, rich Pearl, red Coral, which do stir
A fond Desire in Fools to plunge your Ground;
These all more fair are to be had in Her:
Pearl, Ivory, Coral, Diamond, Suns, Gold,
Teeth, Neck, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Hair are to behold.

8. SON.

When *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought
All *Auristella's* Parts, except her Eyes,
To make those Twins Two Lamps in *Beauty's* Skies;
She Counsel of her *Starry* Senate sought.
Mars and *Apollo* first did her advise,
To wrap in Colour Black, those Comets bright,
That *Love* him so might soberly disguise,
And unperceived Wound at every Sight.
Chast *Phoebe* spake for purest azure Dies;
But *Jove* and *Venus* Green about the Light,
To frame thought best, as bringing most Delight,
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for ay arise:
Nature (all said) a *Paradise* of Green
There plac'd, to make all *Love* which have them seen.

9. SON.

That learned *Grecian* who did so excel
In Knowledge passing Sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the After-worlds *Divine*, doth tell,
That all the Time when first our Souls are fram'd,
Ere in these Mansions blind they come to dwell,

A

They

They live bright Rays of that *Eternal Light*,
And others see, know, love, in Heaven's great height;
Not toil'd with ought to *Reason* doth rebel.
It is most true, for straight at the first sight
My Mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw th' *Idea* of that Face,
And lov'd a Love of Heavenly pure Delight.
What wonder now I feel so fair a Flame,
Since I her lov'd ere on this *Earth* She came?

10. SON.

Now while the *Night* her sable Veil hath spread,
And silently her resty Coach doth roll,
Rowling with Her from *Tethys* azure Bed,
Those starry *Nymphs* which dance about the Pole,
While *Cynthia* in purest *Cypress* cled,
The *Lamian* Shepherd in a Trance descends,
And looking pale from height of all the Skies,
She dies her Beauties in a blushing Red,
While *Sleep* (in Triumph) closed hath all Eyes,
And Birds, and Beasts a Silence sweet do keep,
And *Proteus* monstrous People in the Deep,
The Winds and Waves (hush'd up) to rest entice,
I wake, I turn, I weep oppress'd with Pain,
Perplex'd in the *Meanders* of my Brain.

11. SON.

Sleep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortals brings,
Indifferent Host to Shepherds and to Kings,
Sole Comforter of Minds which are oppress'd.
Lo by thy charming Rod all breathing Things
Ly slumbring, with Forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy Wings
Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face
To inward Light which thou art wont to show,
With fain'd Solace ease a true felt Wo;
Or if, *deaf God*, thou do deny that Grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the *Image* of my Death.

12. SON.

Fair Moon who with thy cold and silver Shine,
Makes sweet the Horror of the dreadful Night,
Delighting the weak Eye with Smiles divine,
Which *Phœbus* dazles with his too much Light,
Bright Queen of the first Heaven, if in thy Shrine
By turning oft, and Heavens eternal Might,
Thou hast not yet that once sweet Fire of thine
Endymion, forgot, and Lovers Plight:
If Cause like thine may Pity breed in thee,
And Pity somewhat else to it obtain,
Since thou hast Power of Dreams as well as He
Who paints strange Figures in the slumbring Brain:
Now while She sleeps in doleful Guise her Show,
These Tears, and the black Map of all my Wo.

13. SON.

Lamp of Heaven's Christal Hall that brings the
Eye-dazeler, who makes the ugly Night (Hours,
At thy Approach fly to her slumbry Bow'rs,
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight.
Life of all Lives, Death-giver by thy flight
To the South Pole from these fix Signs of ours,
Gold-smith of all the Stars, with Silver bright
Who Moon enamels, *Apelles* of the Flow'rs.
Ah from these wat'ry Plains thy golden Head
Raise up, and bring the so long ling'ring Morn,
A Grave, nay Hell, I find become this Bed,
This Bed so grievously where I am torn:
But *wo* is me though thou now brought the Day,
Day shall but serve mee Sorrows to display.

14. SONG.

It was the Time when to our Northern Pole
The brightest Lamp of Heaven begins to roll,
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,
And scorning Skies her Flow'rs in Rain-bows beareth,
On which the Air moift Diamonds doth bequeath,

Which quake to feel the kissing *Zephyrs* breath:
When Birds from shady Groves their Love forth warble,
And Sea-like Heaven, Heaven looks like smoothest Mar-
When I in simple Course free from all Cares, (ble
Far from the muddy World's enslaving Snares.
By *Ora's* flow'ry Banks alone did wander:
Ora that sports her like to old *Meander*,
A Flood more worthy Fame and lasting Praise
Than that which *Phaeton's* fall so high did raise:
By whose pure moving Glass the Milk-white Lillies
Do dress their Tresses and the Daffadillies.
Where *Ora* with a Wood is crown'd about
And (seems) forgets the way how to come out,
A Place there is, where a delicious Fountain
Springs from the swelling Breast of a proud Mountain,
Whose falling Streams the quiet Caverns wound,
And make the *Echoes* shrill resound that Sound.
The Laurel there the shining Chancel graces,
The Palm her Love with long stretch'd Arms embraces,
The Poplar spreads her Branches to the Sky,
And hides from sight that azure Canopy. (rich,
The Streams the Trees, the Trees their leaves still nour-
That Place grave *Winter* finds not without flourish.
If living Eyes *Elysian* Fields could see
This little *Arden* might *Elysium* be,
Oft did *Diana* there her self repose,
And *Mars* the *Acidalian* Queen encluse.
The *Nymphs* oft here their Baskets bring with Flow'rs,
And *Anadems* weave for their Paramours.
The *Satyrs* in those Shades are heard to languish,
And make the Shepherds Partners of their anguish,
The Shepherds who in Barks of tender Trees
Do grave their Loves, Disdains and Jealousies:
Which *Phyllis*, when there by her Flocks she feedeth,
With Pity now, anon with Laughter readeth.
Near to this Place, when Sun in midst of Day
In highest top of Heaven his Coach did stay,
And (as advising) on his Career glanced
As all along, that Morn he had advanced
His panting Steeds along those Fields of Light,
Most princely looking from that glorious Height:
When most the Grasshoppers are heard in Meadows,
And loftiest Pines or small, or have no shadows:
It was my Hap, O woful Hap! to bide
Where thickest Shades me from all Rays did hide,
In a fair Arbor, 'twas some *Sylvan's* Chamber,
Whose ceiling spread was with the Locks of Amber
Of new bloom'd *Sicamores*, Floor wrought with Flow'rs,
More sweet and rich than those in Princes Bow'rs.
Here *Adon* blush'd, and *Clivia* all amazed
Lookt pale, with Him who in the Fountain gazed,
The *Amarantibus* smil'd, and that sweet Boy
Which sometimes was the God of *Delos* Joy:
The brave Carnation, speckled Pink here shined,
The Violet her fainting Head declined
Beneath a sleepy Chesbow, all of Gold
The Marigold her Leaves did here unfold.
Now while that ravish'd with Delight and Wonder,
Half in a Trance I lay those Arches under,
The Season, Silence, Place began t' entice,
Eyes drowsy Lids to bring Night on their Skies,
Which softly having stollen themselves together
(Like Evening Clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.
As Cowards leave the Fort which they should keep,
My Senses one by one gave place to *Sleep*,
Who followed with a Troop of golden Slumbers
Thrust from my quiet Brain all base Encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his Rod of Gold,
A Heaven of Visions in my Temples roll'd,
To countervail those Pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent Prison clos'd he left me.
Methought through all the neighbour Woods a Noise
Of *Quiristers*, more sweet than Lute or Voice,
(For those harmonious Sounds to *Jove* are given
By the soft Touches of the Nine-string'd Heaven,
Such Airs, and nothing else) did wound mine Ear,
No Soul but would become all Ear to hear:
And whilst I listning lay, O lovely Wonder!
I saw a pleasant Mirtle cleave afunder;
A Mirtle great with Birth, from whose rent Womb
Three



Three naked *Nymphs* more white than Snow forth come.
For *Nymphs* they seem'd, about their heavenly Faces,
In Waves of Gold noted their curling Tresses,
About their Arms, their Arms more white than Milk.
They blushing Armlets wore of crimson Silk.
The Goddesses were such that by *Scamander*,
Appeared to the *Phrygian Alexander*:

Aglaia and her Sisters such perchance
Are, when about some sacred Spring they dance.
But scarce the Grove their naked Beauties graced,
And on the Verdure had each other traced,
When to the Flood they ran, the Flood in Robes
Of curling Chrystal their Breasts Ivory Globes
Did all about incircle, yet took pleasure
To show white Snows throughout her liquid Azure.

Look how *Prometheus* Man when heavenly Fire
First gave him Breath, Days Brandon did admire,
And wondred at this World's Amphitheater:
So gaz'd I on those new Guests of the Water.
All Three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as *Phæbus* doth the *Cyprian* Star,
Or Diamonds, small Gems, or Gems do other,
Or Pearls that shining Shell is call'd their Mother.

Her Hair more bright than are the Morning's Beams
Hung in a golden Shower above the Streams,
And dangling sought her fore-head for to cover,
Which seen did fraight a Sky of Milk discover,
With two fair Brows, *Love's* Brows, which never bend
But that a golden Arrow forth they send,
Beneath the which two burning *Planets* glancing
Flasht Flames of Love, for Love there still is dancing.

Her either Cheek resembled blushing *Morn*,
Or *Roses* *Gules* in Field of Lillies born:
'Twixt which an Ivory Wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased when it's praised.
Her Lips like Rows of Coral soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel:
The *Tyrian* Fish looks pale, pale look the *Roses*,
The *Rubies* pale, when Mouth's sweet Cherry closes.

Her Chin like Silver *Phæbe* did appear
Dark in the midst, to make the rest more clear:
Her Neck seem'd fram'd by curious *Phidias*'s Master,
Most smooth, most white, a Piece of Alabaster.
Two foaming Billows flow'd upon her Breast.
Which did their tops with Coral red increst:
There all about as Brooks them sport at leisure,
With Circling Branches Veins did swell in Azure:
Within those Crooks are only found those *Isses*
Which *Fortunate* the dreaming old World files.
The rest the Streams did hide, but as a Lilly
Sunk in a Chrystal's fair transparent Belly.

I who yet humane Weakness did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that Archer's Bow,
Nor could I think that from the coldest Water
The winged Yongling burning Flames could scatter)
On every part my vagabounding Sight
Did cast, and drown mine Eyes in sweet Delight.
O wondrous thing (said I) that Beauty's named!
Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,

And never found in all my flying Days
Joy unto this, which only merits Praise.
My Pleasures have been Pains, my Comforts Crosses,
My Treasure Poverty, my Gains but Losses.

O precious Sight! which none doth else descry
Except the burning Sun, and quivering I.
And yet O dear-bought Sight! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!

O happy Flood! if so ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this Moment's Pride,
Adjure your Rilllets all for to behold Her,
And in their Chrystal Arms to come and fold Her;

And since ye may not long this Bliss embrace,
Draw Thousand Portraits of Her on your Face,
Portraits which in my Heart are more apparent,
It like to yours my Breast were but transparent.

O that I were while She doth in you play,
A Dolphin to transport Her to the Sea!
To none of all those Gods I would Her render,
From *Trile* to *Inde* though I should with Her wander.
Oh! what is this? the more I fix mine Eye,

Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espy,
The more I spy, the more in uncouth-fashion
My Soul is ravish'd in a pleasant Passion.

But look not Eyes, (as more I would have said)
A sound of rattling Wheels me all dismayd,
And with the sound forth from the trembling Bushes,
With storm-like Course a sumptuous Chariot rushes;
A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheels were Gold,
The Nails and Axel Gold on which it roll'd:
The upmost part a Scarlet Veil did cover,
More rich than *Danae's* Lap spread with her Lover.

In midst of it in a triumphing Chair,
A Lady sat miraculously fair,
Whose pensive Countenance, and looks of Honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her;
Than the most wanton Face and amorous Eyes,
That *Amathus* or flowry *Paphos* sees,
A Crew of Virgins made a Ring about Her;
The Diamond she, they seem the Gold without Her;
Such *Iberis* is when to the Billows roar

With Mermaids nice she danceth on the Shore:
So in a sable Night the Sun's bright Sister
Among the lesser twinkling Lights doth glister.
Fair Yokes of Ermelines whose Colour pass
The whitest Snows on aged *Grampus* Face,
More swift than *Venus* Birds this Chariot guided
To the astonish'd Banks, where as it bided:
But long it did not bide, when poor those Streams
Ay me, it made, transporting those rich Gems,
And by that Burthen lighter, swiftly driv'd
Till (as me thought) it at a Tow'r arriv'd.

Upon a Rock of Chrystal shining clear
With Diamonds wrought this Castle did appear;
Whose rising Spires of Gold so high them reared,
That *Atlas*-like it seem'd the Heaven they beared.
Amidst which Hights, on Arches did arise
(Arches which gilt Flames brandish to the Skies)
Of sparkling Topazes, Proud, Gorgeous, Ample,
(Like to a little Heaven) a sacred Temple.

The Walls no Windows have, nay all the Wall
Is but one Window, Night there doth not fall,
More when the Sun to Western World's declineth;
Than in our Zenith when at Noon he shineth.
Two flaming Hills the Passage strait defend
Which to this radiant Building doth ascend;
Upon whose Arching tops on a Pilaster,
A Port stands open, rais'd in *Love's* Disaster.
For none that narrow Bridge and Gate can pass,
Who have their Faces seen in *Venus* Glafs.

If those within, but to come forth do venter,
That stately Place again they never enter.
The Precincts strengthned with a Ditch of Fears;
In which doth swell a Lake of Inky Tears
Of madding Lovers, who abide there moaning,
And thicken even the Air with piteous Groaning.
This Hold to brave the Skies the *Destines* fram'd,
And then the *Fort of Chastity* is nam'd.

The Queen of the third Heaven once to appal it;
The God of *Thrace* here brought who could not thrall it;
For which he vow'd ne're Arms more to put on
And on *Riphean* Hills was heard to groan.
Here *Psyche's* Lover hurls his Darts at Randon;
Which all for nought him serve, as doth his Brandon.

What grievous Agony did invade my Mind?
When in that Place my Hope I saw confin'd,
Where with high towring Thoughts I only reach'd her,
Which did burn up their Wings when they approach'd
Me thought I set me by a *Cypress* Shade; (her)

And Night and Day the Hyacinth there read:
And that bewailing Nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my Plaint, and Sorrows of my Sorrow.
My Food was Wormwood, mine own Tears my Drink,
My Rest, on Death and sad Mishaps to think.
And for such Thoughts to have my Heart enlarged,
And ease mine Eyes with briny Tribute charged,
Over a Brook I laid my pining Face;
But then the Brook, as griev'd at my Disgrace,
A Face me shew'd to pind, sad, over clouded,
That at the Sight afraid mine Eyes them throw'd;
This is the Guerdon, *Love*, this is the Gain;

In end which to thy Servants doth remain.
More would I say, when Fear made Sleep to leave me,
And of those fatal Shadows did bereave me.
But ah alas! instead to dream of Love,
And Woes, I now them in Effect did prove:
For what into my troubled Brain was painted,
Awak'd I found that Time and Place presented.

15. SON.

AH burning Thoughts! now let me take some Rest,
And your tumultuous Broils a while appease;
Is't not enough, *Stars, Fortune, Love* molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let Hope, tho false, yet lodge within my Breast.
My high Attempt (tho dangerous) yet praise;
What tho I trace not right Heaven's steppy ways,
It doth suffice my Fall shall make me blest,
I do not doat on Days, I fear not Death,
So that my Life be good, I wish't not long;
Let me renown'd live from the Vulgar throng,
And when Heaven lifts, recal this borrowed Breath,
Men but like Visions are, Time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a lasting Name.

16. SON.

NOR *Arne*, nor *Mincius*, nor stately *Tiber*,
Sebestus, nor the Flood into whose Streams
He fell who burnt the World with borrowed Beams,
Gold-rolling, *Tagus*, *Munda*, famous *Iber*,
Sorgue, *Rosne*, *Loire*, *Garon*, nor proud banked *Seine*,
Peneus, *Phasis*, *Xanabus*, humble *Ladon*,
Nor *She* whose Nymphs excel her loved *Adon*,
Fair *Tamēsis* nor *Ister* large, nor *Rhine*,
Euphrates, *Tigris*, *Indus*, *Hermus*, *Gange*.
Pearly *Hydaspes*, Serpent-like *Meander*,
The Flood which robbed *Hero* of *Leander*,
Nile that far far his hidden Head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of Praise,
As *Or* where this *Northern Phoenix* stays.

17. SON.

TO hear my Complaints fair River *Christalline*
Thou in a silent Slumber seems to stay,
Delicious Flowers, Lilly and Columbine,
Ye bow your Heads when I my Woes display.
Forrests in you the *Mirtle*, *Palm* and *Bay*,
Have had Compassion listning to my Groans,
The Winds with Sighs have solemniz'd my Moans
Among leaves which whispered what they could not say,
The Caves, the Rocks, the Hills, the *Sylvans* Thrones,
(As it even Pity did in them appear)
Have at my Sorrow rent their ruthless Stones,
Each thing I find hath Sense except my Dear.
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My Grief, perchance delighting in my Wo.

18. SON.

SVVeet Brook, in whose clear *Chrystal* I my Eyes
Have oft seen great in Labour of their Tears,
Enamell'd Bank whose shining Gravel bears
These sad Characters of my Miseries,
High Woods, whose mounting Tops menace the Spheres
VWild Citizens, *Amphions* of the Trees,
You gloomy Groves at hottest Noons which freeze,
Elysian Shades which *Phæbus* never clears;
Vast solitary Mountains, pleasant Plains,
Embroidered Meads that *Ocean*-ways you reach;
Hills, Dales, Springs, all whom my sad Cry constrains,
To take part of my Complaints, and learn woes Speech,
VVill that remorseless Fair ere Pity show?
Of Grace now answer if ye ought know: No.

19. SON.

WWith flaming Horns the Bull now brings the Year,
Melt do the Mountains rowling Floods of snow,
The silver Rivers in smooth Channels flow,
The late bare Woods green Anadems do wear,
The Nightingale forgetting *VVinter's* wo,
Calls up the lazy Morn her Notes to hear,
Spread are those Flow'rs which *Names of Princes* bear,

Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lowes a Heifer, there *bea*-wailing strays
A harmless Lamb, not far a Stag rebounds;
The Shepherds sing to grazing Flocks sweet Lays:
And all about the Echoing Air resounds.
Hills, Dales, Woods, Floods, and ev'ry thing doth
But *St* in *Rigour*, I in Love am strange. (change

20. SON.

THat I so slenderly set forth my Mind;
Writing I wot not what in ragged Rimes,
O'recharg'd with Brags in these so golden Times
When others tower so high, am left behind:
I crave not *Phæbus* leave his sacred Cell
To bind my Brows with fresh *Aonian* Bays:
But leav't to those who tuning sweetest Lays
By *Tempe* sit, or *Aganippe's* Well;
Nor yet to *Venus* Tree do I aspire,
Since *She* for whom I might affect that Praise,
My best Attempts with cruel Words gainsays,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping *Myrte* the Crown is which I crave,
With a lad *Cypress* to adorn my Grave.

21. MADRIGAL.

WHen as *She* smiles, I find
More Light before mine Eyes,
Than when the Sun from *Inde*
Brings to our VWorld a flowry Paradise:
But when *She* gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly Showers,
On Cheeks fair blushing Flowers,
A sweet Melancholy my Senses keeps.
Both feed so my Disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my Heart doth burn,
Love to behold her smile, or *Pny* mourn.

22. SON.

MY Tears may well *Numidian* Lions tame,
And Pity breed into the hardest Heart
That ever *Pyrrha* did to Maid impart,
VVhen *She* them first of blushing Rocks did frame.
Ah Eyes! which only serve to wail my smart,
How long will you my inward woes proclaim,
May't not suffice you bear a weeping part
All Night, at Day but you must do the same?
Cease idle Sighs to spend your Storms in vain,
And these sweet silent Thickets to molest,
Contain you in the Prison of my Breast,
You do not ease but aggravate my Pain;
Or if burst forth you must, that Tempest move
In fight of her whom I so dearly love.

23. SON.

YOU restless Seas, appease your roaring Waves,
And you who raise huge Mountains in that Plain,
Air's Trumpeters, your hideous Sounds contain,
And listen to the Complaints my Grief doth cause.
Eternal Lights! though *Adamantine* Laws
Of Destinies to move still you ordain,
Turn hither all your Eyes, your Axels pause,
And wonder at the Torments I sustain.
Sad Earth, if thou made dull by my Disgrace,
Be not as senseless, ask those Powers above,
Why they so cross a VVretch brought on thy Face,
Fram'd for Mishap, th' *Anachoriz* of Love,
And bid them (that no more *Etna's* may burn)
To *Erimanth*, or *Rhodope* me turn.

24. SON.

IF cross with all Mishaps be my poor Life,
If one short Day I never spent in Mirth,
If my Sp'rit with itself holds lasting Strife,
If Sorrows Death is but new Sorrows Birth;
If this vain World be but a mournful Stage,
Where Slave-born Man plays to the laughing Stars,
If Youth be tof'd with Love, with Weakness Age.
If Knowledge serves to hold our Thoughts in VVars,
If Time can close the hundred Mouths of Fame,

And

And make what's long since past, like that's to be ;
If Virtue only be an idle Name,
If being born I was but born to die ;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome Days ?
The fairest Rose in shortest Time decays.

25. SON.

ALL other Beauties, howso'er they shine
In Hairs more bright than is the golden Ore,
Or Cheeks more fair than fairest *Eglantine*,
Or Hands like her's that comes the Sun before :
Match'd with that Heavenly Hue and Shape Divine,
With those dear Stars which my weak Thoughts adore,
Look but as Shadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine,
Who sees those Eyes, their Force that doth not prove ?
Who gazeth on the Dimple of that Chin,
And finds not *Venus* Son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not Sense, or knows not what is Love ?
To see thee had *Narcissus* had the Grace,
He would have died with wondring on thy Face,

26. SEXTAIN.

THE Heaven doth not contain so many Stars,
Nor levell'd by so many Leaves in *Woods*,
When *Autumn* and cold *Boreas* sound their *VVars*;
So many Waves have not the Ocean Floods,
As my torn Mind bath Torments all the Night,
And Heart spends Sighs, when *Phæbus* brings the Light.

Why was I made a Partner of the Light,
Who crost in Birth, by bad Aspect of Stars,
Have never since had happy Day nor Night ?
Why was not I a Liver in the *Woods*,
Or Citizen of *Thetis* Christal Floods,
But fram'd a Man for Love and Fortune's *VVars* ?

I look each Day when Death should end the *VVars*,
Uncivil Wars 'twixt Sense and Reason's Light :
My Pains I count to Mountains, Meads and Floods,
And of my Sorrow Partners make the Stars,
All Desolate I haunt the fearful *Woods*,
When I should give my self to Rest at Night.

With watchful Eyes I ne'er behold the Night
Mother of Peace, but ah ! to me of *VVars*,
And *Cynthia* Queen-like shining through the *Woods*,
But straight those Lamps come in my Thought, whose
My Judgment daz'd, passing brightest Stars, (Light
And then my Eyes in-ill themselves with Floods.

Turn to their Springs again first shall the Floods,
Clear shall the Sun the sad and gloomy Night,
To dance about the Pole cease shall the Stars,
The Elements renew their ancient *VVars*
Shall first, and be depriv'd of Place and Light,
E're I find Rest in City, Fields, or *Woods*.

End these my Days you Inmates of the *Woods*,
Take this my Life ye deep and raging Floods,
Sun never rise to clear me with thy Light,
Horror and Darknes keep a lasting Night,
Consume me, Care, with thy Intestine *VVars*,
And stay your Influence ov'r me bright Stars.

In vain the Stars the Inhabitants o'th' *Woods*,
Care, Horror, *VVars* I call, and raging Floods,
For all have sworn no Night shall dim my Light,

27. SON.

O Sacred Blush, enpurpling Cheeks, pure Skies
With Crimson Wings which spread thee like the
O bashful Look, sent from those shining Eyes, (Morn,
Which though slid down on Earth doth Heaven adorn.
O Tongue in which most luscious Nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn,
Dear Coral Lip, which Beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her Words were born.
And you her Words, Words, no, but golden Chains
Which did enslave my Ears, ensnare my Soul,

Wife Image of her Mind, Mind that contains
A Power all Power of Senses to controul:
So sweetly you from Love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my Love can be;

28. SON.

SOUND hoarse, sad Lute, true Witness of my Woe,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen Pain,
With Soul-enchancing Sounds your Accents strain,
Unto these Tears incessantly which flow,
Sad Treble weep, and you dull Basses show
Your Masters Sorrow in a doleful Strain ;
Let never joyful Hand upon you go,
Nor Comfort keep, but when you do complain,
Fly *Phæbus* Rays, abhor the irksome Light,
Wood's solitary Shades for thee are best,
Or the black Horrors of the blackest Night;
When all the World save thou and I do rest:
Then sound, sad Lute, and bear a mourning Part,
Thou *Hell* canst move, tho' not a Woman's Heart.

29. SON.

IN vain I haunt the cool and silver Springs,
To quench the Fever burning in my Veins,
In vain (*Love's* Pilgrim) Mountains, Dales and Plains
I over-run, vain Help long Absence brings,
In vain my Friends your Counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my Thoughts on other Things ;
Ah ! like the Bird that fired hath her Wings,
The more I move, the greater are my Pains,
Desire (alas) Desire a *Zeuxus* new,
From th' *Orient* borrowing Gold, from *Western* Skies
Heavenly *Cinabre*, sets before my Eyes,
In every place, her Hair, sweet Look, and Hue :
That flie, run; rest, I, all doth prove but vain,
My Life lyes in those Eyes which have me slain.

30. SON.

SLIDE soft fair Forth, and make a Christal Plain,
Cut your white Locks, and on your foamy Face
Let not a Wrinkle be, when you embrace
The Boat that *Earth's* Perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wondring hold your Peace:
Or if that ye your Hearts cannot restrain
From sending Sighs, feeling a Lover's Case,
Sigh, and in her fair Hair your selves enchain.
Or take these Sighs which Absence makes arise
From my oppressed Breast, and the Sails fill,
Or some sweet Breath new brought from *Paradise* :
The Floods do smile, Love o'er the Winds prevails ;
And yet huge Waves arise, the Cause is this,
The Ocean strives with Forth the Boat to kiss.

31. SON.

TRUST not, sweet Soul, those curled Waves of Gold
With gentle Tides that on your Temples flow,
Nor Temples spread with Flakes of Virgin Snow,
Nor Snow of Cheeks with *Tyrian* Grain enrol'd.
Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my Woe,
When first I did their azure Rayes behold,
Nor Voice, whose Sounds more strange Effects do show
Than of the *Thracian* Harper have been told :
Look to this dying Lilly, fading Rose,
Dark *Hyacinth*, of late whose blushing Beams
Made all the neighbouring Herbs and Grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt Life's Extreams ;
The cruel Tyrant that did kill those Flowers,
Shall once, ay me, not spare that Spring of yours.

32. SON.

IN Mind's pure Glass when I my self behold,
And lively see how my best Days are spent,
What Clouds of Care above my Head are rol'd,
What coming Ill, which I cannot prevent :
My Course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what Reason oft hath told,
But scarce thus think I, when Love hath control'd
All the best Reasons Reason could invent.
Tho' sure I know my Labour's End is Grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,

B

That

That only Death shall be my last Relief:
Yet when I think upon that Face divine,
Like one with Arrow shot, in Laughter's place,
Maugre my Heart, I joy in my Disgrace.

33. SON.

DEar Quirister, who from those Shadows sends
E're that the blushing Morn dare shew her Light,
Such sad lamenting Strains, that *Night* attends,
(Become all Ear) *Stars* stay to hear thy Plight.
If one whose Grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne're (not in a Dream) did taste Delight,
May thee importune who like *Cafe* pretends,
And seems to joy in *Wo*, in *Wo*'s despight.
Tell me (so may thou *Fortune* milder try,
And long long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Since *Winter*'s gone and *Sun* in dappled Sky
Enamour'd smiles on Woods and flowry Plains?
The Bird, as if my Questions did her move,
With trembling Wings sigh'd forth, *I love, I love.*

34. SON.

OCruel Beauty, Sweetness inhumane,
That Night and Day contends with my Desire,
And seeks my Hope to kill, not quench my Fire,
By Death, not Balm to ease my pleasant Pain.
Though ye my Thoughtstread down which would aspire
And bound my Bliss, do not alas disdain
That I your matchless Worth and Grace admire,
And for their Cause these Torments sharp sustain.
Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his Death
Found in the midst of those *Sicilian* Flames,
And *Phaeton* that Heaven him rest of Breath,
And *Dadal's* Son who nam'd the *Samian* Streams:
Their Haps I not envy, my Praise shall be
That the most Fair that lives mov'd me to die.

35. SON.

THE *Hyperborean* Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,
Or *Arimaspus* (cruel) first thee bred,
The *Caspian* Tigers with their Milk thee fed,
And *Fawns* did humane Blood on the bestow.
Fierce *Orithya's* Lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didst not drink the Floods which here do flow,
But Tears, or those by icy *Tanais* Head.
Since thou disdains my Love, neglects my Grief,
Laughs at my Groans, and still affects my Death:
Of thee, nor Heaven I'll seek no more Relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome Breath;
But yield unto my *Stars*, that thou may'st prove,
What Loss thou hadst in losing such a Love.

36. SONG.

PHOEBUS arise,
And paint the fable Skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rowse *Memnon's* Mother from her *Tithon's* Bed,
That she thy Career may with Roses spread,
The Nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing,
Make an eternal Spring:
Give Life to this dark World which lyeth dead.
Spread forth thy golden Hair
In larger Locks than thou wast wont before,
And Emperour-like decore
With Diadem of Pearl thy Temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly Night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious Light.
This is that happy Morn,
That Day, long-wished Day,
Of all my Life so dark,
(If cruel *Stars* have not my Ruin sworn,
And Fates my Hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting *Diamond* should it mark.
This is the Morn should bring unto this Grove
My Love, to hear, and recompence my Love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing Beams,
And thou Two sweeter Eyes

Shall see than those which by *Peneus's* Streams
Did once thy Heart surprise:
Nay, *Suns* which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did'st to *Rome* appear:
Now *Flora* deck thy self in fairest Guise,
If that ye *Winds* would hear
A voice surpassing far *Amphion's* Lyre,
Your furious Chiding stay,
Let *Zephyre* only breath,
And with her Treffes play,
Kissing sometimes those purple Ports of Death.
The *Winds* all silent are,
And *Phæbus* in his Chair
Ensafroning Sea and Air,
Makes vanish every Star:
Night like a Drunkard reels
Beyond the Hills to shun his flaming Wheels:
The Fields with Flow'rs are deckt in every Hue,
The Clouds with Orient Gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant Place,
And nothing wanting is save *She* alas.

37. SON.

WHo hath not seen into her saffron Bed
The Morning's Goddess mildly her repose,
Or her of whose pure Blood first sprang the Rose
Lull'd in a Slumber by a Mistle shade?
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red,
Makes *Phæbe* look so pale, which she did close
In that *Jonian* Hill, to ease her Woes,
Which only lives by her dear Kisses fed?
Come but and see my Lady sweetly sleep,
The sighing Rubies of those heavenly Lips,
The *Cupids* which Breasts golden Apples keep,
Those Eyes which shine in midst of their Eclipse:
And he them all shall see, perhaps and prove
She waking but persuades, now forceth Love.

38. SON.

SEE *Cithere's* Birds, that milk-white Pair
On yonder leavy Mistle Tree which groan,
And waken with their Kisses in the Air
Th' enamour'd *Zephyres* murmuring one by one;
If thou but Sense had'st like *Pigmalion's* Stone,
Or hadst not seen *Medusa's* snaky Hair,
Love's Lessons thou might'st learn; and, learn sweet Fair,
To *Summer's* Heat, ere that thy *Spring* be grown,
And if those kissing Lovers seem but cold,
Look how that *Elme* this Ivy doth embrace,
And binds and clasp with many a wanton Fold,
And courting Sleep, o're shadows all the Place;
Nay, seems to say, dear Tree, we shall not part,
In Sign whereof, lo in each Leaf a Heart.

39. SON.

THE Sun is fair when he with crimson Crown,
And flaming Rubies leaves his Eastern Bed,
Fair is *Thaumasias* in her Christal Gown,
When Clouds engemm'd shew Azure, Green and Red.
To Western Worlds when wearied Day goes down,
And from Heaven's Windows each Star shows her Head,
Earth's silent Daughter, *Night*, is fair tho' brown,
Fair is the Moon though in Love's Livery cled.
The *Spring* is fair when it doth paint *April*,
Fair are the Meads, the Woods, the Floods are fair,
Fair looketh *Ceres* with her Yellow Hair,
And *Apple's*-Queen when *Rose*-cheek'd she doth smile.
That Heaven and Earth, and Seas are fair is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you-

40. MADRIGAL.

LIKE the *Idalian* Queen
Her hair about her Eyne,
And Neck, on Breasts ripe Apples to be seen,
At first Glance of the Morn,
In *Cyprus* Gardens gathering those fair Flowers
Which of her Blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw my Paramours.
The *Graces* naked danc'd about the Place,]
The *Wind* and *Trees* amaz'd

With

With Silence on her gaz'd,
The Flowers did smile like those upon her Face,
And as their Aspin stalks those Fingers bind,
That she might read my Case
I wish'd to be a *Hyacinth* in her Hand.

41. SON.

Then is she gone? O Fool and Coward I!
O good Occasion lost, ne'er to be found!
What fatal Chains have my dull Senses bound,
When best they might; that did not *Fortune* try?
Here is the fainting Grass where *She* did lie,
With Roses here she stelly'd the Ground,
She fix'd her Eyes on this yet smiling Pond,
Nor time, nor place seem'd ought for to deny.
Too long, too long *Respect* I do embrace,
Your Counsel full of Threats and sharp Disdain.
Disdain in her sweet Heart can have no Place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth *Respect* farewell, I've heard it told
Who lives in Love can never be too bold,

42. SON.

What cruel *Star* into this World me brought?
What gloomy Day did dawn to give me Light?
What unkind Hand to nurse me (*Orphan*) foughr,
And would not leave me in eternal Night?
What thing so dear as I hath Essence bought?
The Elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The smallest living Things which *Nature* wrought,
Be freed of Wo, if they have small Delight.
Ah only I abandon'd to *Despair*,
Nail'd to my Torments in pale *Horror's* Shade,
Like wand'ring Clouds see all my Comforts fled,
And Ill on Ill with Hours my Life impair:
The Heavens and *Fortune* which were wont to turn,
Stay in one Mansion fixt to cause me mourn.

43. SON.

Dear Eye, which deign'd on this sad Monument,
The fable Scroll of my Mishaps to view,
Though it with mourning Muses Tears be spent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazl'd with a Heavenly Hue,
And comely Feature, didst not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thy self content,
O let not Love thee to his Laws subdue.
Look on the woful Ship-wrack of my Youth,
And let my Ruines thee for Beacon serve,
To shun this Rock *Capharean* of Untruth,
And serve no God which doth his Church-men starve:
His Kingdom's but of Complaints, his Guerdon Tears,
What he gives more is Jealousies and Fears.

44. MAD.

To the delightful Green
Of your fair radiant Een,
Let each black yield beneath the starry Arch.
Eyes burnisht Heavens of Love,
Sinople Lamps of *Jove*, (parch:
Save all those Hearts which with your Flames you
Two burning Suns you prove;
All other Eyes compar'd with you, dear Lights,
Are Hells, or if not Hells, yet dumpish Nights.
The Heavens [if we their Glass
The Sea believe] are green not perfect blue
They all make fair what ever fair yet was,
And they are fair because they look like you.

45. SON.

Nymphs, Sister Nymphs, which haunt this chrystal
And happy in these floating Bowers abide, (Brook,
Where trembling Roofs of Trees from Sun you hide,
Which make *Idean* Woods in every Crook;
Whether ye Garlands for your Locks provide,
Or pearly Letters seek in sandy Book,
Or count your Loves when *Thetis* was a Bride,
Lift up your golden Heads and on me look.
Read in mine Eyes my agonizing Cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again:

Fair Nymphs, say all these Streams are but my Tears,
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell that the bitt'rest Tears which Eyes can pour,
When shed for her can be no longer sowre.

46. SON.

She whose fair Flowers no Autumn makes decay,
Whose Hue Celestial earthly Hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous Plain
Did walk alone to brave the Pride of *May*;
And whilst through flowry Lifts she made her Way,
That proudly smil'd her Sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought to make of him her Prey:
For which of golden Locks a fairest Hair
To bind the Boy she took, but he afraid
At her Approach sprang swiftly in the Air,
And mounting far from Reach, lookt back and said,
Why shouldst thou sweet, me seek in Chains to bind;
Sith in thy Eyes I daily am confin'd?

47. MAD.

Sweet Rose, whence is this Hue
Which does all Hues excell?
Whence this most fragrant Smell?
And whence this Form and gracing Grace in you?
In flowry *Pastum's* Fields perhaps you grew,
Or *Hybla's* Hills you bred,
Or Odoriferous *Enna's* Plains you fed,
Or *Tmolus*, or where Boar young *Adon* slew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
In that dear Blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blift,
My Lady's Breaft you bore, her Lips you kift.

48. MAD.

On this cold World of ours,
Flow'r of the Seasons, Season of the Flow'r's,
Sun of the Sun, sweet *Spring*,
Such hot and burning Days why dost thou bring?
Is it because these high Eternal Pow'r's
Flash down that Fire this World environing?
Or that now *Phæbus* keeps his Sister's Sphere?
Or doth some *Phæton*
Enflame the Sea and Air?
Or rather is't not *Usher* of the Year,
Or that last Day among the Flow'r's alone
Unmask'd thou saw'st my Fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And to thy Brother *Summer* doth thee turn.

49. SON.

Dear Wood, and you sweet solitary Place,
Where I estranged from the Vulgar live,
Contented more with what your Shades me give,
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:
What snaky Eye grown jealous of my Peace,
Now from your silent Horrors would me drive;
When Sun advancing in his glorious Race
Beyond the *Twins*, doth near our Pole arrive.
What sweet Delight a quiet Life affords,
And what it is to be from Bondage free,
Far from the madding Worldling's hoarse Discords,
Sweet flowry Place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear Resorts
I would not change with Princes stateli'st Courts.

50. SON.

AH! who can see those Fruits of Paradise,
Celestial Cherries which so sweetly swell,
That Sweetness self confin'd there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest Parts about despise?
Ah who can see and feel no Flame surprise
His hard'ned Heart? For me, alas! too well
I know their Force, and how they do excell,
Now through Desire I burn, and now I freeze,
I die (dear Life) unless to me be given
As many Kisses as the Spring hath Flow'r's,
Or there be silver Drops in *l'ru* Show'r's,
Or Stars there be in all embracing Heaven;

And if displeas'd ye of the Match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again:

51. SON.

IS't not enough (ay me!) me thus to see
Like some Heaven-banish'd Ghost still wailing go,
A Shadow which your Rays do only show;
To vex me more unless you bid me die;
What could ye worse allot unto your Foe?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That Grace to me which mortal Foes even try:
To chuse what sort of Death shall end my Woe.
Once did I find that whiles you did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting Soul so sweet a Touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my Bliss,
I do but crave my Death's Wound may be such:
For though by Grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much Joy?

52. MAD.

UNhappy Light,
Do not approach to bring the woful Day,
When I must bid for ay
Farewel to her, and live in endless Plight.
Fair Moon with gentle Beams,
The Sight who never mars,
Clear long Heaven's fable Vault, and you bright Stars,
Your golden Locks long View in Earth's pure Streams,
Let *Phæbus* never rise
To dim your watchful Eyes;
Prolong, alas! prolong my short Delight,
And if ye can, make an eternal Night.

53. SON.

With Grief in Heart, and Tears in swelling Eyes,
When I to her had given a sad Farewel,
Close sealed with a Kiss, and Dew which fell
On my else moist'ned Face from Beauty's Skies;
So strange Amazement did my Mind surprize,
That at each Pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a *Torpedo* stupifies,
Not feeling Honour's Bit, nor Reason's Rein:
But when fierce Stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast Looks I both envy'd and blest'd
The happy Walls and Place did her contain,
Untill my Eyes that flying Object miss'd;
So wailing parted *Ganymede* the fair,
When Eagle's Talons bore him through the Air.

54. SEXTAIN.

Sith gone is my Delight and only *Pleasure*,
The last of all my Hopes, the cheartful *Sun*
That clear'd my Life's dark Sphere, Nature's sweet
More dear to me than all beneath the *Moon*, (*Treasure*,
What resteth now, but that upon this *Mountain*
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a *Fountain*?

Fresh, fair, delicious, chrystal, pearly *Fountain*,
On whole smooth Face to look she oft took *Pleasure*,
Tell me (so may thy Streams long cheer this *Mountain*
So Serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee *Sun*,
So may with wat'ry Beams thee kiss the *Moon*)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a *Treasure*?

While she here gaz'd on thee, rich *Tagus* *Treasure*,
Thou needest not envy, nor yet the *Fountain*,
In which the Hunter saw that naked *Moon*,
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy Wealth and *Pleasure*,
And I remain like Marigold of *Sun*
Depriv'd, that dies by Shadow of some *Mountain*.

Nymphs of the Forrests, Nymphs who on this *Moun*.
Are wont to dance, shewing your Beauty's *Treasure* (tain
To Goat-foot *Sylvans* and the wondring *Sun*,
When as you gather Flowers about this *Fountain*,
Bid her farewell, who placed here her *Pleasure*,
And sing her Praises to the Stars and *Moon*.

Among the lesser Lights as is the *Moon*,
Blushing through muffling Clouds on *Lamos Mountain*

Or when she views her silver Locks for *Pleasure*,
In *Thetis* Streams, proud of so gay a *Treasure*,
Such was my Fair when she sat by this *Fountain*,
With other Nymphs to shun the amorous *Sun*.

As is our Earth in Absence of the *Sun*,
Or when of *Sun* deprived is the *Moon*,
As is without a verdant Shade a *Fountain*,
Or wanting Grasse, a Mead, a Vale, a *Mountain*;
Such is my State, bereft of my dear *Treasure*,
To know whose only Worth was all my *Pleasure*.

Ne'er think of *Pleasure*, Heart, Eyes shun the *Sun*,
Tears be your *Treasure*, which the wandring *Moon*
Shall see you shed by *Mountain*, Vale and *Fountain*.

55. SON.

Window sometime which served for a Sphere,
To that dear Planet of my Heart, whose Light
Made often blush the glorious Queen of Night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear,
What mourning Weeds alas! dost thou now wear?
How loathsome to my Eyes is thy sad Sight?
How poorly looks thou, with what heavy Chear,
Since set's that *Sun* which made thee shine so bright?
Unhappy, now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring Eyes thou wert a Paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A Gulf thou art whence Clouds of Sighs arise:
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly sees my murdered Joys in thee.

56. SON.

How many times Night's silent Queen her Face
Hath hid, how oft with Stars in Silver Mask,
In Heaven's great Hall, she hath begun her Task,
And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place?
How oft the *Sun* hath made by Heaven's swift Race
The happy Lover to forsake the Breast
Of his dear Lady, wishing in the West,
His Golden Coach to run had larger space?
I ever count and tell, since I, alas,
Did bid Farewel to my Heart's dearest Guest,
The Miles I number, and in mind I chafe,
The Floods and Mountains hold me from my rest.
But wo is me, long count and count may I,
E'er I see her whose Absence makes me die.

57. SON.

OF Death some tell, some of the cruel Pain
Which that bad Crafts-man in his Work did try,
When [a new Monster] Flames once did constrain
A humane Corps to yield a bellowing Cry.
Some tell of those in burning Beds who lie,
Because they durst in the *Phlegrean Plain*
The mighty Ruler of the Skies defie,
And siege those chrystal Tow'rs which all contain,
Another counts of *Phlegeton*'s hot Floods,
The Souls which drink *Ixion*'s endless Smart,
And his who feeds a Vultur with his Heart,
One tells of Spectres in enchanted Woods:
Of all those Pains th' extreamest who would prove,
Let him be absent and but burn in Love.

58. SON.

HAir, precious Hair, which *Mida*'s Hand did strain,
Part of the Wreath of Gold that crowns those
Which Winter's whitest white in whiteness stain, (Brows
And Lilly by *Eridan*'s Bank that grows,
Hair fatal present, which first caus'd my Woes,
When loose ye hang like *Danae*'s golden Rain,
Sweet Nets which sweetly do all Hearts enchain;
Strings, deadly Strings, with which Love bends his
How are ye hither come, tell me O Hair? Bows,
Dear Armelet, for what were thus ye given!
I know, a Badge of Bondage I you wear,
Yet Hair for you, O that I were a Heaven!
Like *Berenice*'s Locks, that ye might shine,
(But brighter far) about this Arm of mine.

59. SON.

59. SON.

Are these the flowry Banks? Is this the Mead
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant Hours?
Was't here her Eyes exhal'd mine Eyes salt Show'rs,
And on her Lap did lay my wearied Head?
Is this the goodly Elm did us o'respread,
Whose tender Rind, cut forth in curious Flow'r's
By that white Hand, contains these Flames of ours?
Is this the murmuring Spring us Musick made?
Deffourisht Mead, where is your heavenly Hue?
And Bank, that *Arras* did you late adorn!
How look'st thou Elm, all withered and forlorn?
Only sweet Spring nought alter'd seems in you.
But while here chang'd each other Thing appears,
To salt your Streams take of mine Eyes these Tears.

60. SON.

Alexis, here she stay'd, among these Pines,
Sweet Hermitress she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the Treasure of her Hair,
More rich than that brought from the *Colchian* Mines.
Here sat she by these Musket Eglantines,
The happy Flow'r's seem yet the Print to bear,
Her Voice did sweeten here thy sug'red Lines,
To which Winds, Trees, Beasts, Birds, did lend an Ear.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a Morn
Of bright Carnations did o'respread her Face:
Here did she sigh, here first my Hopes were born,
Here first I got a Pledge of promis'd Grace:
But ah! what serves't t'have been made happy so?
Since pass'd Pleasures double but new Woe.

61. SON.

Place me where angry *Titan* burns the Moor,
And thirsty *Africk* fiery Monsters brings,
Or where the New-born *Phoenix* spreads her Wings,
And Troop of wondring Birds her Flight adore:
Place me by *Gange* or *Inde*'s enamell'd Shore,
Where smiling Heav'n's on Earth cause double Springs,
Place me where *Neptune*'s Quire of *Syrens* sings,
Or where made hoarse through Cold he leaves to roar:
Place me where Fortune doth her Darlings crown,
A Wonder or a Spark in *Envie*'s Eye,
Or you outrageous Fates upon me frown,
Till Pity wailing see disastred me;
Affection's Print my Mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget my self, but not my Love.

62. MADRIGAL.

The Ivory, Coral, Gold,
Of Breast, of Lips, of Hair,
So lively Sleep doth show to inward Sight,
That wake I think I hold
No Shadow, but my Fair:
My self so to deceive
With long-shut Eyes I shun the irksome Light.
Such Pleasure here I have
Delighting in false Gleams,
If Death Sleep's Brother be,
And Souls bereft of Sense have so sweet Dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die.

63. SON.

Fame, who with golden Wings abroad doth range,
Where *Phœbus* leaves the Night, or brings the Day,
Fame, in one Place who restless doth not stay
Till thou hast flown from *Atlas* unto *Gange*;
Fame, Enemy to Time, that still doth change,
And in his changing Course would make Decay
What here below he findeth in his Way,
Even making Virtue to her self look strange:
Daughter of Heaven; now all thy Trumpets sound,
Raise up thy Head unto the highest Sky,
With Wonder blaze the Gifts in her are found,
And when she from this mortal Glob shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her Name,
So thou by her, she by thee live shall Fame.

64. SON.

Let Fortune triumph now, and so sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this Load of Care,
Let her what most I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked Trophies in her Temple rear.
She who high Palmy Empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the Dust the proudest King,
Let her vaunt how my Bless she did impair,
To what low Ebb she now my Flow doth bring:
Let her count how (a new *Ixion*) Me,
She in her Wheel did turn, how high nor low
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be.
Weep Soul, weep plaintful Soul, thy Sorrows know,
Weep, of thy Tears till a black River swell,
Which may *Cocytus* be to this thy Hell,

65. SON.

O Night, clear Night, O dark and gloomy Day!
O wofull Waking! O Soul-pleasing Sleep!
O sweet Conceits which in my Brains did creep!
Yet sower Conceits which went so soon away.
A Sleep I had more then poor Words can say,
For clos'd in Arms (me thought) I did thee keep,
A sorry Wretch plung'd in Misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd? when Light doth Lies bewray.
O that that Night had ever still been black!
O that that Day had never yet begun!
And you mine Eyes would ye no Time saw Sun!
To have your Sun in such a Zodiack:
Lo, what is good of Life is but a Dream,
When Sorrow is a never-ebbing Stream.

66. MADRIGAL.

I Fear not henceforth Death,
Sith after this Departure yet I breath,
Let Rocks, and Seas, and Wind,
Their highest Treasons show,
Let Sky and Earth combin'd,
Strive (if they can) to end my Life and Woe:
Sith Grief cannot, me nothing can o'rethrow,
Or if that ought can cause my fatal Lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

67. SON.

So grievous is my Pain, so painful Life,
That oft I find me in the Arms of Death,
But (Breath half gone) that Tyrant called Death,
Who others kills, restoreth me to Life:
For while I think how Woe shall end with Life,
And that I quiet Peace shall joy by Death,
That Thought ev'n doth o'rpow'r the Pains of Death,
And call me home again to loathed Life:
Thus doth mine Evil transcend both Life and Death,
While no Death is so bad as is my Life,
Nor no Life such which doth not end by Death,
And Protean Changes turn my Death and Life:
O happy those who in their Birth find Death,
Sith but to languish Heaven affordeth Life,

68. SON.

I Curse the Night, yet doth from Day me hide,
The *Pandionian* Birds I tyre with Moans,
The *Eccho*'s even are wear'd with my Groans,
Since Absence did me from my Bliss divide.
Each Dream, each Toy, my Reason doth affright,
And when Remembrance reads the curious Scroul
Of past Contentments caused by her Sight,
Then bitter Anguish doth invade my Soul,
While thus I live Eclipsed of her Light.
(O me!) what better am I then the Mole?
Or those whose *Zenith* is the only Pole,
Whose Hemisphere is hid with so long Night?
Save that in Earth he rests, they hope for Sun,
I pine, and find mine endless Night begun.

69. MADRIGAL.

TRitons, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid Plain,
When as ye shall arrive

With tilting Tides where silver *Ora* plays,
And to your King his watry Tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest Main.

P O E M S.

The Second Part.

1. SONNET.

OF mortal Glory O soon darkned Ray!
O posting Joys of Man! more swift than Wind,
O fond Desires! which wing'd with Fancies fray,
O trait'rous Hopes! which do our Judgments blind:
Lo, in a Flash that Light is gone away,
Which dazle did each Eye, delight each Mind,
And with that Sun (from whence it came) combin'd,
Now makes more radiant Heavens eternal Day.
Let Beauty now bedew her Cheeks with Tears,
Let widow'd Musick only roar and plain:
Poor Virtue get thee Wings, and mount the Spheres,
And let thine only Name on Earth remain.
Death hath thy Temple raz'd, Loves Empire foil'd,
The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetness spoil'd.

2. SON.

THose Eyes, those sparkling Sapphires of Delight,
Which thousand thousand Hearts did set on Fire,
Of which that Eye of Heaven which brings the Light,
Oft jealous, stay'd amaz'd them to admire.
That living Snow, those Crimson Roses bright,
Those Pearls, those Rubies which inflam'd Desire,
Those Locks of Gold, that Purple asir of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ay me!) up in eternal Night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched World,
Sith she who caused all thy Bliss is gone?
Thy ever-burning Lamps, Rounds ever-whorl'd
Cannot unto thee modell such a one:
Or if they should such Beauty bring on Earth,
They should be forc'd again to give her Birth.

3. SON.

OF Fate, conjur'd to pour your worst on me!
O rigorous Rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel Hands ye have cut down the Tree,
And Fruit with Leaves have scatter'd on the Ground,
A little Space of Earth my Love doth bound,
That Beauty which did raise it to the Sky,
Turn'd in dislained Dust, now low doth ly,
Deaf to my Plaints, and senseless of my Wound.
Ah! did I live for this? ah! did I love?
And was't for this (fierce Powers) she did excell,
That e're she well the Sweets of Life did prove,
She should (too dear a Guest) with Darknes dwell?
Weak Influence of Heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the Prime, and passeth like a Thought.

4. SON.

O Woful Life! Life, no, but living Death,
Frail Boat of Chrystal in a rocky Sea,
A Gem expos'd to Fortune's stormy Breath,
Which kept with Pain with Terror doth decay:
The false Delights, true Woes thou dost bequeath
My all-appalled Mind sodo affray,
That I those envy who are laid in Earth,
And pity those who run thy dreadfull Way.

When did mine Eyes behold one chearful Morn?
When had my tossed Soul one Night of Rest?
When did not angry Stars my Projects scorn?
O! now I find what is for Mortals best:
Even, since our Voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike Sail, and perish in the Port.

5. SON.

Dissolve, my Eyes, your Globes in briny Streams,
And with a Cloud of Sorrow dim your Sight,
The Sun's bright Sun is set, of late whose Beams
Gave Lustre to your Day, Day to your Night.
My Voice, now cleave the Earth with Anathems,
Roar for a Challenge in the World's Despight,
Till that disguised Grief is her Delight,
That Life a Slumber is of fearfull Dreams;
And woful Mind abhor to think of Joy,
My Senses all from Comforts all you hide,
Accept no Object but of black Annoy, (wide,
Tears, Plaints, Sighs, mourning Weeds, Graves gaping
I have nought left to with, my Hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a Marble laid.

6. SON.

Sweet Soul, which in the April of thy Years,
For to enrich the Heaven mad'st poor this Round,
And now with flaming Rays of Glory crown'd
Most blest abides above the Sphere of Spheres;
If Heavenly Laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this Globe that all up bears,
If Ruth and Pity there above be found,
O daign to lend a Look unto these Tears,
Do not disdain (dear Ghost) this Sacrifice,
And though I raise not Pillars to thy Praise,
My Off'rings take, let this for me suffice,
My Heart a living Pyramide I raise: (green,
And whilst King's Tombs with Lawrells flourish
Thine shall with Mirtles and these Flow'rs be seen.

7. SON.

Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The Zephyres curl the green Locks of the Plain,
The Clouds for Joy in Pearls weep down their show'rs,
Turn thou, sweet Youth? but ah! my pleasant Hours
And happy Days with thee come not again,
The sad Memorials only of my Pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweet to fow'rs.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
But the whole Breath embalm'd thy wholesome Air
Is gone; nor Gold, nor Gems can her restore.
Neglected Virtue, Seasons go and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a Tomb.

8. SON.

What doth it serve to see the Sun's bright Face?
And Skies enamell'd with the Indian Gold?
Or

Or jetty Moon at Night in Chariot roll'd,
And all the Glory of that starry Place?
What doth it serve Earth's Beauty to behold?
The Mountains Pride, the Meadows flow'ry Grace,
The stately Comeliness of Forrests old,
The Sport of Floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the *Sylvans* Songs,
The cheerful *Thrush*, the *Nightingale's* sad Strains,
Which in dark Shades seem to deplore my Wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this World contains?
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no Part of them now with me here.

9. M A D.

THis Life which seems so fair,
Is like a Bubble blown up in the Air,
By sporting Childrens Breath,
Who chase it every where,
And strive who can most Motion it bequeath.
And though it sometime seem of its own Might,
Like to an Eye of Gold to be fixt there,
And firm to hover in that empty Height;
That only is, because it is so light,
But in that Pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a Thought,
Because it earst was nought, it turns to nought.

10. S O N.

MY Lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green Mother in some shady Grove,
When immelodious Winds but made thee move,
And Birds their Ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear Voice which did thy Sounds approve,
Which went in such harmonious Strains to flow,
Is rest from Earth to tune those Spheres above,
What art thou but a Harbinger of Woe?
Thy pleasing Notes be pleasing Notes no more,
But Orphans VVailings to their fainting Ear,
Each Stroke a Sigh, each Sound draws forth a Tear,
For which be silent as in Woods before:
Or if that any Hand to touch thee daign,
Like widow'd Turtle still her Lofs complain.

11. S O N.

AH Handkerchief! sad Present of my Dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only Guerdon of my helpless Pain,
When I thee got thou shewest my State too clear,
I never since have ceased to complain,
I since the Badge of Grief did ever wear,
Joy in my Face durst never since appear.
Care was the Food which did me entertain,
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this Tribute pay thee for mine Een,
And that I (this short Time I am to live)
Laundre thy filken Figures in this Brine:
No, I must yet even beg of thee the Grace,
That in my Grave thou daign to shroud my Face.

12. M A D.

Trees happier far than I,
Which have the Grace to heave your Heads so
And overlook those Plains: (high,
Grow till your Branches kiss that lofty Sky,
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know mine endless Love and Pains,
And how these Tears which from mine Eyes do fall,
Help you to rise so tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd Breath,
So for her sake I now court lingring Death.

13. S O N G.

SAd Dämon being come,
To that for ever lamentable Tomb,
Which these eternal Powers that all controul,
Unto his living Soul,
A melancholy Prison had prescrib'd:
Of Colour, Heat, and Motion depriv'd,
In Arms weak, fainting, cold,
A Marble, he the Marble did infold:

And having made it warm with many a Shower,
Which dimmed Eyes did pour, (stay'd
When Grief had given him Leave, and Sighs them
Thus with a sad Alas, at last be said.
Who would have thought to me
The Place where thou didst lie could grievous be?
And that (dear Body) long thee having sought,
(O me)! who would have thought,
Thee once to find it should my Soul confound,
And give my Heart than Death a deeper Wound?
Thou didst disdain my Tears,
But grieve not that this ruthless Stone them bears,
Mine Eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
And let that Course them keep,
Although thou never wouldst them Comfort show,
Do not repine, they have Part of thy Woe.
Ah Wretch! too late I find
How Virtue's glorious Titles prove but Wind;
For if that Virtue could release from Death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst Breath:
For if she e're appear'd to mortal Een,
It was in thy fair Shape that she was seen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outrageous Fates which dimm'd thy Sight,
Let me see hatefull Light?
They without me made Death thee to surprise,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.
O Grief! and could one Day
Have Force such Excellence to take away?
Could a swift flying Moment, ah! deface
Those matchless Gifts, that Grace,
Which Art and Nature had in thee combin'd,
To make thy Body paragon thy Mind?
Have all pass'd like a Cloud,
And doth eternal Silence now them shroud?
Is that so much admir'd, now nought but Dust,
Of which a Stone hath Trust?
O Change? O cruel Change, thou to our Sight
Show'st the Fates Rigour equal to their might!
When thou from Earth didst pass,
Sweet Nymph, Perfection's Mirror broken was,
And this of late so glorious World of ours,
Like Meadow without Flowers,
Or Ring of a rich Gem made blind, appear'd,
Or Starless Night, or *Cynthia* nothing clear'd.
Love when he saw thee dy
Entomb'd him in the Lid of either Eye,
And left his Torch within thy sacred Urn,
There for a Lamp to burn:
Worth, Honour, Pleasure, with thy Life expir'd,
Death since grown sweet begins to be desir'd.
Whilst thou to us wert given,
The Earth her *Venus* had as well as Heaven:
Nay, and her Suns which burnt as many Hearts,
As he the Eastern Parts;
Bright Suns which forc'd to leave these Hemispheres,
Benighted set into a Sea of Tears.
Ah Death, who shall thee flee,
Since the most mighty are o'erhrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the Crow, and *Nightingale* dost kill,
And triumph'st at thy Will,
But give thou cannot such another Blow,
Because Earth cannot such another show.
O bitter sweets of Love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
Than when we do your Pleasures most possess,
To find them thus made less?
O! that the Cause which doth consume our Joy
Would the Remembrance of it too destroy?
What doth this Life bestow,
But Flow'rs on Thorns which grow?
Which though they sometime blandish soft Delight,
Yet afterwards us smite:
And if the rising Sun them fair doth see,
That Planet setting doth behold them die.
This World is made a Hell,
Depriv'd of all that did in it excell.
O Pan, Pan, Winter is fallen in our May,

Turn'd is to Night our Day,
 Forsake thy Pipe, a Scepter take to thee,
 Thy Locks disgarland, thou black *Jove* shall be.
 The Flocks do leave the Meads,
 And, loathing Three-leav'd Grass, hold up their Heads,
 The Streams not glide now with a gentle Roar,
 Nor Birds sing as before,
 Hills stand with Clouds like Mourners vail'd in black,
 And Owls upon our Roofs foretell our Wrack.

That *Zephyre* every Year

So soon was hear'd to sigh in Forrests here,
 It was for her: That wrapt in Gowns of Green,
 Meads were so early seen;
 That in the saddest Months oft sung the Mearls,
 It was for her: For her Trees dropt forth Pearls.
 That proud and stately Courts
 Did envy these our Shades and calm Resorts,
 It was for her; and she is gone, O woe!
 Woods cut again do grow,
 Bud doth the Rose and Dazy, Winter's done,
 But we once dead, do no more see the Sun.

Whose Names shall now make ring
 The *Echoes*? of whom shall the Nymphets sing?
 Whose heavenly Voice, whose Soul-invading Strains,
 Shall fill with Joy the Plains?

What Hair, what Eyes, can make the *Morn* in East,
 Weep that a fairer riseth in the West?

Fair Sun, post still away,
 No Musick here is left thy Course to stay.
 Sweet *Hybla's* swarms, with Wormwood fill your Bows.
 Gone is the Flow'r of Flow'rs:
 Blush no more, Rose, nor Lilly pale remain,
 Dead is that Beauty which your's late did stain.

Ay me! to wait my Plight,
 Why have not I as many Eyes as Night?
 Or as that Shepherd which *Jove's* Love did keep,
 That I still, still may weep?
 But though I had, my Tears unto my Cross
 Were not yet equal, nor Grief to my Loss.
 Yet of you, bring Show'rs,
 Which here I pour, may spring as many Flow'rs,
 As come of those which fell from *Helen's* Eyes:
 And when ye do arise,
 May every Leaf in fable Letters bear
 The dolefull Cause for which ye spring up here.

14. M A D.

THE Beauty and the Life
 Of Life's and Beautie's fairest *Paragon*,
 O Tears! O Grief! hung at a feeble Thread,
 To which pale *Atropos* had set her Knife:
 The Soul with many a Groan
 Had left each outward Part,
 And now did take the last Leave of the Heart;
 Nought else did want save Death, for to be dead:
 When the sad Company about her Bed
 Seeing Death invade her Lips, her Cheeks, her Eyes,
 Cried ah! and can Death enter Paradise?

15. S O N.

O! It is not to me bright Lamp of Day,
 That in the East thou show'st thy golden Face,
 O! it is not to me thou leav'st that Sea,
 And in those Azure Lifts began'st thy Race,
 Thou shin'st not to the Dead in any Place.
 And I dead from this World am past away,
 Or if I seem (a Shadow) yet to stay,
 It is a while but to bewail my Case.
 My Mirth is lost, my Comforts are dismay'd,
 And unto sad Mishaps their Place do yield;
 My Knowledge represents a bloody Field,
 Where I my Hopes and Helps see prostrate laid,
 So plaintful is Life's Course which I have run,
 That I do wish it never had begun.

16. M A D R I G A L.

DEAR Night, the Ease of Care,
 Untroubled Seat of Peace,
 Time's eldest Child, which oft the blind do see,
 On this our Hemisphere,

What makes thee now so sadly dark to be?
 Comes thou in funeral Pomp her Grave to grace?
 Or do those Stars which should thy Horror clear,
 In *Jove's* high Hall advise,
 In what Part of the Skies,
 With them, or *Cynthia* she shall appear?
 Or ah! alas! because those matchless Eyes,
 Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
 Striv'st thou to make all others Eyes look blind?

17. S O N.

SINCE it hath pleas'd that first and supreme Fair,
 To take that Beauty to himself again,
 Which in this World of Sense not to remain,
 But to amaze, was sent, and home repair;
 The Love which to that Beauty I did bear,
 Made pure of mortal Spots which did it stain,
 And endless, which even Death cannot impair,
 I place on him who will it not disdain.
 No shining Eyes, no Locks of curling Gold:
 No blushing Roses on a Virgin Face,
 No outward Show, no, nor no inward Grace,
 Shall Power have my Thoughts henceforth to hold:
 Love here on Earth huge Storms of Care doth
 But plac'd above exempted is from Loss. (toss,

18. S O N G.

IT *Autumn* was, and on our Hemisphere,
 Fair *Erycine* began bright to appear,
 Night Westward did her gemmy World decline,
 And hid her Lights that greater Lights might shine:
 The crested Bird had given Alarm twice
 To lazy Mortals to unlock their Eyes,
 The Owl had left to plain, and from each Thorn
 The wing'd Musicians did salute the Morn,
 Who (while she dress'd her Locks in *Gange's* Streams)
 Set open wide the chrystal Port of Dreams:
 When I, whose Eyes no drowsy Night could close,
 In Sleep's soft Arms did quietly repose,
 And, for that Heavens to die did me deny,
 Death's Image kissed, and as dead did lie.
 I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my Cares,
 And slack'd scarce my Sighs, scarce dried my Tears,
 Sleep scarce the ugly Figures of the Day,
 Had with his fable Pencil put away,
 And left me in a still and calmy Mood,
 When by my Bed, me thought a Virgin stood,
 A Virgin in the blooming of her Prime,
 If such rare Beauty measur'd be by Time,
 Her Head a Garland wore of Opals bright,
 About her flow'd a Gown like purest Light,
 Pure Amber Locks gave Umbrage to her Face,
 Where Modesty high Majesty did grace;
 Her Eyes such Beams sent forth, that but with Pain
 Here, weaker Sights their Sparklings could sustain.
 No feigned Deity which haunts the Woods
 Is like to her, nor *Siren* of the Floods:
 Such is the golden Planet of the Year,
 When blushing in the East he doth appear.
 Her Grace did Beauty, Voice yet Grace did pass,
 Which thus through Pearls and Rubies broken was,
 How long wilt thou, said she, estrang'd from Joy
 Paint Shadows to thy self of false Annoy?
 How long thy Mind with horrid Shapes affright,
 And in imaginary Evils delight?
 Esteem that Loss, which (when well view'd) is Gain,
 Or if a Loss, yet not a Loss to plain!
 O leave thy plaintful Soul more to molest,
 And think, that Woe when shortest then is best.
 If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the Sky
 Be dead; what then? was she not born to die?
 Was she not mortal born? If thou dost grieve
 That Times should be in which she should not live,
 Ere ere she was weep that Day's Wheel was roll'd,
 Weep that she liv'd not in the Age of Gold.
 For that she was not then, thou may'st deplore,
 As well as that she now can be no more.
 If only she had died, thou sure hadst Cause
 To blame the Fates, and their too iron Laws.
 But look how many Millions her advance,

What

What Numbers with her enter in this Dance,
With those which are to come: Shall Heavens them
And th' Universe dissolve, thee to obey? (stay,
As Birth, Death, which so much thee doth apall,
A Piece is of the Life of this great All.
Strong Cities die, die do high palmy Reigns,
And Fondling thou thus to be us'd complains.

If she be dead, then she of loathsome Days
Hath past the Line, whose Length but Loss bewrays,
Then she hath left this filthy Stage of Care;
Where Pleasures seldom, Woe doth still repair.
For all the Pleasures which it doth contain,
Not countervail the small'st Minute's Pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little Vapour, this poor Spark of Fire,
Which Life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath,
But some few Years, which Birth draws out to Death?
Which if thou parallel with Lustres run,
Or those whose Courses are but now begun,
In Days great Number they shall less appear,
Than with the Sea when matched is a Tear.
But why shouldst thou here longer wish to be?
One Year doth serve all Nature's Pomp to see.
Nay, even one Day and Night: This Moon, that Sun,
Those lesser Fires about this Round which run,
Be but the same, which under Saturn's Reign.
Did the serpentine Seasons interchain.
How oft doth Life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For Age, which all abhor (yet would embrace)
Doth make the Mind as wrinkled as the Face.
Then leave Laments, and think thou didst not live
Laws to that first eternal Cause to give,
But to obey those Laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just Decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot erre, whatever foggy Mists
Do blind Men in these sublunary Lifts.

But what if she, for whom thou spends those Groans,
And wastes thy Life's dear Torch in ruthfull Moans,
She, for whose sake thou hat'st the joyfull Light,
Courts solitary Shades and irksome Night,
Doth live? ah! if thou canst, through Tears, a Space
Lift thy dim'd Lights, and look upon this Face,
Look if those Eyes which, Fool, thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if those Roses Death could ought impair
Those Roses which thou once saidst were so fair,
And if these Locks have lost ought of that Gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.

Alas! while we are wrapt in Gowns of Earth,
And blind here suck the Air of Woe beneath,
Each thing in Senses Ballances we weigh,
And but with Toil and Pain the Truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable Frame,
This Temple visible, which World we name,
Within whose Walls so many Lamps do burn,
So many Arches with cross Motions turn,
Where th' Elemental Brothers nurse their Strife,
And by intestine Wars maintain their Life:
There is a World, a World of perfect Bless,
Pure, immaterial, bright as, far from this,
As that high Circle which the rest enspheres,
Is from this dull, ignoble Vale of Tears.
A World, where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than Heaven and Ground:
It hath an Earth, as hath this World of yours,
With Creatures peopled, and adorn'd with Flow'rs,
It hath a Sea, like Sapphire Girdle cast
Which decks of the harmonious Shores the Waste,
It hath pure Fire, it hath delicious Air,
Moon, Sun, and Stars, Heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, Trees grow not old,
No Creature dieth there through Heat or Cold:
Sea there not tossed is, nor Air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others Wrack:
There Heavens be not contrain'd about to range,
For this VWorld hath no Need of any Change:
Minutes mount not to Hours, nor Hours to Days,

Days make no Months, but ever blooming Mays.

Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their Span of Days in Virtue spend;
VWhatever pleasant this low Place contains,
Is but a Glance of what above remains.
Those who, perchance, think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide Expansion which they see;
And that nought else mounts Stars Circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their Sense,
Feel such a Case, as one whom some Abime
In the deep Ocean kept had all his Time:
Who born and nourish'd there, cannot believe
Than elsewhere ought without those Waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be Temples, Tow'rs,
Which go beyond his Caves and dampish Bow'rs:
Or there be other People, Manners, Laws,
Than what he finds within the churlish Waves:
That sweeter Flow'rs do spring than grow on Rocks,
Or Beasts there are excell the scaly Flocks,
That other Elements are to be found,
Than is the Water and this Ball of Ground;
But think that Man from this Abime being brought
Did see what curious Nature here hath wrought,
Did view the Meads, the tall and shady Woods,
And mark'd the Hills, and the clear rowling Floods;
And all the Beasts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feathered Troops that flee, and sweetly sing:
Observ'd the Palaces and Cities fair,
Mens Fashion of Life, the Fire, the Air,
The Brightness of the Sun that dims his Sight,
The Moon, and Splendors of the painted Night:
What sudden Rapture would his Mind surprise?
How would he his late dear Refuge despise?
How would he muse how foolish he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was seen?
Why do we get this high and vast Desire,
Unto immortal Things still to aspire?
Why doth our Mind extend it beyond Time,
And to that highest Happiness even climb?
If we are nought but what to Sense we seem,
And more than Dust us Worldlings do esteem?
We are not made for Earth, though here we come,
More than the Embryo for the Mother's Womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome Jaile of Care and Pain:
But thou, who vulgar Footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to rowle up thy Mind to view this Place,
And what Earth-creeping Mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain Shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better lost than with such Travel gain'd.
Think that on Earth what Worldlings Greatness call,
Is but a glorious Title to live thrall:
That Scepters, Diadems, and Chairs of State,
Not in themselves, but to small Minds are great:
That those who loftly mount do hardest light,
And deepest Falls be from the highest Height:
That Fame an Eccho is, and all Renown
Like to a blasted Rose, ere Night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this Round
Is but a little Point which doth it bound.
O leave that Love which reacheth but to Dust,
And in that Love eternal only trust,
And Beauty, which when once it is possess
Can only fill the Soul, and make it blest.
Pale Envy, jealous Emulations, Fears,
Sighs, Complaints, Remorse, here have no Place, nor Tears;
False Joys, vain Hopes, here be not, Hate, nor Wrath
What ends all Love here most augments it, Death.
If such Force had the dim Glance of an Eye,
Which but some few Days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other Things,
And like a Taper fly there burn thy Wings:
And if a Voice, of late which could but wail,
Such Power had as through Ears thy Soul
If once thou on that purely Fair could gaze,
What Flames of Love would this within thee raise?
In what amazing Maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that Quire Celestial sing?
The fairest Shapes on which thy Love did seize,

D

Which

Which erst didst breed Delight, then would displease,
 But Discords hoarse were Earth's enticing Sounds,
 All Musick but a Noise, which Sense confounds,
 This great and burning Glass which clears all Eyes,
 And musters with such Glory in the Skies.
 That silver Star which with her purer Light
 Makes Day oft envy the Eye-pleasing Night,
 Those golden Letters which so brightly shine
 In Heaven's great Volume gorgeously divine;
 All Wonders in the Sea, the Earth, the Air,
 Be but dark Pictures of that Sovereign Fair,
 And Tongues which still thus cry into your Ear
 (Could ye amidst World's *Cataracts* them hear.)
 From fading Things, fond Men, list your Desire,
 And in our Beauty, his us, made admire:
 If we seem fair? O think how fair is he,
 Of whose great Fairness, Shadows, Steps we be.
 No Shadow can compare unto the Face,
 No Step with that dear Foot which did it trace,
 Your Souls immortal are, then place them hence,
 And do not drown them in the Mist of Sense:
 O do not, do not by false Pleasures Might
 Deprive them of that true and sole Delight.
 That Happiness ye seek is not below,
 Earth's sweetest Joy is but disguised Woe.

Here did she pause, and with a mild Aspect,
 Did towards me those laming Twins direct.
 The wonted Rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
 To answer make, thrice faltering Tongue it stay'd.
 And while upon that Face I fed my Sight,
 Me thought she vanish up in *Istan's* Light;
 Who guiding with his Rays each Hill and Plain,
 Seem'd to have brought the golden World again.

19. M A D.

Poor Turtle, thou bemoans
 The Loss of thy dear Love,

And I for mine send forth these smoaking Groans,
 Unhappy widow'd Dove,
 While all about do sing,
 I at the Root, thou on the Branch above,
 Even weary with our Moans the gawdy Spring.
 Yet these our Plaints we do not spend in vain,
 Sith sighing *Zephyres* answer us again.

20. S O N.

A S in a dusky and tempestuous Night,
 A Star is wont to spread her Locks of Gold,
 And while her pleasant Rays abroad are roll'd,
 Some spitefull Cloud doth rob us of her Sight:
 Fair Soul, in this black Age so shin'd thou bright,
 And made all Eyes with Wonder thee behold,
 Till ugly Death depriving us of Light,
 In his grim misty Arms thee did enfold,
 Who more shall vaunt true Beauty here to see?
 What Hope doth more in any Heart remain,
 That such Perfections shall his Reason rein?
 If Beauty with thee born, too died with thee?
 World, plain no more of Love, nor count his Harms,
 With his pale Trophees Death has hung his Arms.

21. M A D.

M Y Thoughts hold mortal Strife,
 I do detest my Life,
 And with lamenting Cries
 Peace to my Soul to bring,
 Oft call that Prince, which here doth Monarchize,
 But he grim grinning King,
 Who Catives scorns, and doth the Blest surprize,
 Late having deckt with Beauty's Rose his Tomb,
 Disdains to crop a Weed, and will not come.

U R A N I A.

Or Spiritual Poems.

1.

T Riumphing Chariots, Statues, Crowns of Bays,
 Sky-threatening Arches, the Rewards of Worth,
 Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious Lays,
 Which Men divine unto the World set forth:
 States, which ambitious Minds in Blood do raise,
 From frozen *Tanais* unto Sun-burnt *Gange*,
 Gigantal Frames held Wonders rarely strange,
 Like Spiders Webs are made the Sport of Days.
 Nothing is constant but in constant Change.
 What's done still is undone, and when undone
 Into some other Fashion doth it range;
 Thus goes the floating World beneath the Moon:
 Wherefore my Mind above Time, Motion, Place,
 Rise up, and Steps unknown to Nature trace.

2.

T Oo long I followed have my fond Desire,
 And too long painted on the Ocean Streams,
 Too long Refreshment sought amidst the Fire,
 Pursu'd those Joys which to my Soul are Blames.
 Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
 And seen of Life's Delights the last Extrems,
 I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Brier,
 A Nought, a Thought, a Masquerade of Dreams.

Henceforth on thee, my only Good, I'll think,
 For only thou canst grant what I do crave;
 Thy Nail my Pen shall be, thy Blood mine Ink,
 Thy Winding-sheet my Paper; Study, Grave:
 And till my Soul forth of this Body flee,
 No Hope I'll have but only only Thee,

3.

T O spread the Azure Canopy of Heaven,
 And spangle it all with Sparks of burning Gold,
 To place this pond'rous Globe of Earth so even,
 That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
 With Motions strange to indue the Planets seven,
 And *Jove* to make so mild, and *Mars* so bold,
 To temper what is moist, dry, hot and cold,
 Of all their Jarrs that sweet Accords are given.
 Lord, to thy Wisdom's nought, nought to thy Might,
 But that thou should'st thy Glory laid aside,
 Come basely in Mortality to bide,
 And die for those deserv'd an endless Night;
 A Wonder is so far above our Wit,
 That Angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

4.

W Hat hapless Hap had I for to be born
 In these unhappy Times, and dying Days

Or

Of this now doating World, when Good decays,
 Love's quite extinct, and Virtue's held a Scorn!
 When such are only pris'd by wretched Ways,
 Who with a golden Fleece them can adorn;
 When Avarice and Lust are counted Praise,
 And bravest Minds live Orphan-like forlorn!
 Why was not I born in that golden Age,
 When Gold was not yet known? and those black Arts
 By which base Worldlings vilely play their Parts,
 With horrid Acts staining Earth's stately Stage?
 To have been then, O Heaven, 't had been my Bless,
 But blest me now, and take me soon from this.

5.

A Strea in this Time
 Now doth not live, but is fled up to Heaven,
 Or if she live, it is not without Crime,
 That she doth use her Power,
 And she is no more Virgin, but a Whore,
 Whore prostitute for Gold:

For she doth never hold her Ballance even,
 And when her Sword is roll'd,
 The Bad, Injurious, False, she not-o'rethrows,
 But on the Innocent lets fall her Blows.

6.

What serves it to be good? Goodness by thee
 The Holy-wise is thought a Fool to be,
 For thee the Man to Temperance inclin'd,
 Is held but of a base and abject Mind,
 The Continent is thought for thee but cold,
 Who yet was good, that ever died old?
 The Pitifull, who others fears to kill,
 Is kill'd himself, and Goodness doth him ill:
 The Meek and Humble Man who cannot brave,
 By thee is to some Giant's Brood made Slave.
 Poor Goodness, thine thou to such Wrongs set'st forth,
 That O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
 And when I look to Earth, and not to Heaven,
 Ere I were turned Dove, I would be Raven.

T E A R S

On the Death of MOELIADES.

O Heavens! then is it true that thou art gone,
 And left this wofull Isle her Loss to moan,
 * *Mæliades*, bright Day-star of the West,
 A Comet blazing Terror to the East:
 And neither that thy Sp'rit so heavenly wise,
 Nor Body, though of Earth, more pure than Skies,
 Nor Royal Stem, nor thy sweet tender Age,
 Of cruel Destinies could quench the Rage?
 Of fading Hopes! O short while lasting Joy
 Of Earth-born Man, that one Hour can destroy!
 Then even of Virtue's Spoils Death Trophies rears,
 As if he gloried most in many Tears.
 Forc'd by hard Fates, do Heavens neglect our Cries?
 Are Stars set only to act Tragedies?
 Then let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
 Raise whom they list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,
 Stain Princely Bow'rs with Blood, and even to *Gange*,
 In *Cypress* sad, glad *Hymen's* Torches change.
 Ah! Thou hast left to live, and in the Time,
 When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant Prime:
 So falls by Northern Blast a Virgin Rose,
 At half that doth her bashfull Bosom close:
 So a sweet Flower languishing decays,
 That late did blush when kiss'd by *Phæbus* Rays.
 So *Phæbus* mounting the *Meridian's* Height,
 Choakt by pale *Phæbe*, faints unto our Sight.
 Astonish'd Nature sullen stands to see,
 The Life of all this All so chang'd to be.
 In gloomy Gowns the Stars this Loss deplore,
 The Sea with murmuring Mountains beats the Shore

Black Darkness reels o'er all in thousand Show'rs,
 The weeping Air on Earth her Sorrow pours,
 That, in a Palsey, quakes to see so soon
 Her Lover set, and Night burst forth e're Noon.
 If Heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
 Why was't not where thou might'st thy Valour try?
 And to the wondring World at least set forth
 Some little Spark of thy expected Worth?
Mæliades, O that by *Ister's* Streams,
 'Mong sounding Trumpets, fiery twinkling Gleams
 Of warm Vermilion Swords, and Cannons roar,
 Balls thick as Rain pour'd on the *Caspian* Shore,
 'Mong broken spears, 'mong ringing helms & shields,
 Huge Heaps of slaughtered Bodies long the Fields,
 In *Turkish* Blood made red like *Mars's* Star,
 Thou ended hadst thy Life and Christian War:
 Or, as brave *Bourbon*, thou hadst made old *Rome*
 Queen of the World, thy Triumph and thy Tomb.
 So Heaven's fair Face to th'unborn World, which reads,
 A Book had been of thy illustrious Deeds.
 So to their Nephews aged Sires had told
 The high Exploits perform'd by thee of old;
 Towns raz'd and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd Bands,
 Fierce Tyrants flying, soil'd, kill'd by thy Hands.
 And in rich *Arras*, Virgins fair had wrought
 The Bays and Trophies to thy Country brought:
 While some new *Homer* imping Wings to Fame,
 Deaf *Nilus* Dwellers had made hear thy Name.
 That thou didst not attain these Honours Spheres,
 Through Want of Worth it was not, but of Years.

D 2

A

* The Name, which in these Verses is given unto Prince Henry, is that which he himself, in the Challenges of his Martial Sports and Masquerades, was wont to use; *Mæliades*, Prince of the Isles, which in Anagram maketh a Word most worthy of such a Knight as he was, a Knight (if Time had suffered his Actions answer the World's Expectation) only worthy of such a Word, Miles a Deo.

A Youth more brave pale *Troy*, with trembling Walls
Did never see, nor she whose Name appals
Both *Titan's* golden Bow'rs in bloody Fights,
Muftring on *Mars* his Field, such *Mars-like* Knights.
The Heavens had brought thee to the highest Hight
Of Wit and Courage, shewing all their Might;
When they thee fram'd. Ay me! that what is brave
On Earth, they as their own so soon should crave.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

(pass
When *Forth* thy Nurse, *Forth* where thou first didst
Thy tender Days (who smil'd oft on her Glass,
To see thee gaze) *Meandring* with her Streams,
Heard thou hadst left this Round, from *Phæbus* Beams,
She sought to flee, but forced to return
By Neighbouring Brooks, she set her self to mourn :
And as she rush'd her *Cyclades* among,
She seem'd to plain, that Heaven had done her Wrong.
With a hoarse Plaint, *Clyde* down her steepy Rocks,
And *Tweed* through her green Mountains clad with
Did wound the Ocean murmuring thy Death, (Flocks
The Ocean it roar'd about the Earth,
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* told, (cold
Who shrunk through Grief, and down his white Hairs
Huge Streams of Tears, which changed were to Floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour Plains and
The lesser Brooks as they did bubbling go, (Woods.
Did keep a Consort to the publick Woe.
The Shepherds left their Flocks with downcast Eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry Skies:
Some broke their Pipes, and some in sweet-sad Lays,
Made senseless Things amazed at thy Praise.
His Reed *Alexis* hung upon a Tree,
And with his Tears made *Doven* great to be.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

Chaste Maids, which haunt fair *Aganippe's* Well,
And you in *Tempe's* sacred Shade who dwell,
Let fall your Harps, cease Tunes of Joy to sing,
Dishevel'd make all *Parnassus* ring,
With *Anthems* sad, thy Musick, *Phæbus*, turn
To doleful Plaints, whilst Joy it self doth mourn.
Dead is thy Darling, who adorn'd thy Bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet Lays.
And to a Trumpet raise thy amorous Stile,
That floating *Delos* envy might this Isle,
You *Acidalian* Archers, break your Bows,
Your Torches quench, with Tears blot Beauty's Snows
And bid your weeping Mother yet again
A second *Adon's* Death, nay *Mars* his Plain.
His Eyes once were your Darts, nay even his Name,
Where ever heard, did every Heart inflame,
Tagus did court his Love with golden Streams,
Rhine with his Towns, fair *Seine* with all the claims.
But ah! (poor Lovers) Death did them betray,
And not suspected made there Hopes his Prey!
Tagus bewails his Loss in golden Streams
Rhine with his Towns, fair *Seine* with all the claims.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

Eye-pleasing Meads, whose painted Plain forth brings
White, golden, azure Flow'rs which once were Kings,
In mourning Black, their shining Colours dye,
Bow down their Heads, while sighing *Zephyres* fly.
Queen of the Fields, whose Blush makes blush the
Sweet Rose, a Prince's Death in Purple mourn, (Morn,
O *Hyacinths*! for ay your AI keep still,
Nay, with more Marks of Woe your Leaves now fill.
And you, O Flow'r! of *Helen's* Tears that's born,
Into these liquid Pearls again you turn.
Your green Locks, *Forrests*, cut to weeping *Myrrhs*,
To deadly *Cypresses*, and Ink-dropping *Firrs*,
Your *Palms* and *Mirtles* change; from Shadows dark
Wing'd *Sirens* wail, and you sad *Echoes* mark
The lamentable Accents of their Moan,
And plain that brave *Mæliades* is gone.
Stay, Sky, thy turning Course, and now become
A stately Arch, unto the Earth his Tomb!
And over it still watry *Iris* keep,
And sad *Electra's* Sisters which still weep:

Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly Shore.

Dear Ghost, forgive these our untimely Tears,
By which our loving Mind, tho weak, appears,
Our Loss not thine, when we complain, we weep,
For, Thee the glistening Walls of Heaven do keep,
Beyond the Planets Wheels, 'bove highest Source
Of Spheres, that turns the lower in his Course.
Where Sun doth never set, nor ugly Night
Ever appears in mourning Garments dight:
Where *Boreas* stormy Trumpet doth not sound,
Nor Clouds, in Lightnings bursting, Minds astound.
From Care's cold Climates far, and hot Desire,
Where Time's exil'd, and Ages ne're expire:
'Mong purest Sp'rits environed with Beams,
Thou think'st all things below, 'have been but Dreams,
And joy'st to look down to the azur'd Bars
Of Heaven, pow'd red with Troops of streaming Stars:
And in their turning Temples to behold,
In silver Robe the Moon, the Sun in Gold,
Like young Eye-speaking Lovers in a Dance,
With Majesty by Turns, retire, advance.
Thou wondrest Earth to see hang like a Ball,
Clos'd in the mighty Cloister of this All:
And that poor Men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small Spot of Ground.
Nay, that they even dare brave the Powers above,
From this base Stage of Change, that cannot move.
All worldly Pomp and Pride thou seest arise
Like Smoke that's scatt'ed in the empty Skies.
Other high Hills and *Forrests*, other Tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor Bow'rs,
Courts void of Flattery, of Malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as Reason blinds.
Thou sweeter Songs dost hear and Carollings,
Whilst Heavens do dance, and Quires of Angels sing,
Then muddy Minds could fain, even our Annoy
If it approach that Place, is chang'd to Joy.

Rest, blessed Soul, rest satiate with the Sight
Of him whose Beams, though dazling, do delight,
Life of all Lives, Cause of each other Cause,
The Sphere and Center where the Mind doth pause:
Narcissus of himself, himself the Well,
Lover and Beauty that doth all excell.
Rest happy Soul, and wonder in that Glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
And nothing be, but an eternal Day.
For ever rest, thy Praise Fame will enrol
In golden Annals, while about the Pole
The slow *Bootes* turns, or Sun doth rise
With scarlet Scarf to cheer the mourning Skies.
The Virgins to thy Tomb will Garlands bear
Of Flow'rs, and with each Flow'r let fall a Tear.
Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* on the pearly Shore.



O F F E T
Or PORPHYRY,
Or that white Stone
PAROS affords alone,
Or these in AZURE dye,
Which seem to scorn the SKY;
Here Memphis Wonders do not set,
Nor ARTEMISIA'S huge Frame,
That keeps so long her Lover's Name,
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with Gold
To please the vulgar EYE shall it behold.
The Muses, *Phæbus*, Love, have raised of their tears
A Chrystal Tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

Sad

Stay, Passenger, see where enclosed lies,
The Paragon of Princes, fairest Frame,
Time, Nature, Place, could show to mortal Eyes,
In Worth, Wit, Virtue, Miracle of Fame:
At least that Part the Earth of him could claim
This Marble holds (hard like the Destinies)
For as to his brave Spirit, and glorious Name,
The one the World, the other fills the Skies,
Th'immortal *Amaranthus*, princely Rose,
Sad *Violet*, and that sweet Flow'r that bears
In Sanguine Spots the Tenor of our Woes,
Spread on this Stone, and wash it with your Tears.
Then go and tell from *Gades* unto *Inde*,
You saw where Earth's Perfections were con-
(fin'd.

S O N.

A Passing Glance, a Lightning, long the Skies,
Which ush'ring Thunder, dies straight to our
A Spark that doth from jarring Mixtures rise, (Sight,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge Depths of Day and Night:
Is this small Trifle, Life, held in such Price,
Of blinded Wights, who ne'er judge ought aright?
Of *Parthian* Shaft so swift is not the Flight,
As Life, that wastes it self, and living dies.
Ah! what is humane Greatness, Valour, Wit?
What fading Beauty, Riches, Honour, Praise?
To what doth serve in Golden Thrones to sit,
Thrall Earth's vast Round, Triumphal Arches raise?
That's all a Dream, learn in this Prince's Fall,
In whom, save Death, nought mortal was at all,

MADRIGALS and EPIGRAMS.

1. *The Statue of Medusa.*

OF that *Medusa* strange,
Who those that did her see in Rocks did change,
No Image carry'd is this:
Medusa's self it is:
For while at Heat of Day
To quench her Thirst she by this Spring did stay,
Her hideous Head beholding in this Glass,
Her Senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

2. *The Portrait of Mars and Venus.*

Air *Paphos* wanton Queen
(Not drawn in White and Red)
Is truly here, as when in *Vulcan's* Bed
She was of all Heaven's laughing Senate seen,
Gaze on her Hair, and Eyne,
Her Brows, the Bows of Love,
Her Back with Lillies spread:
Ye also might perceive her turn and move,
But that She neither so will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry God of War,

3. *Narcissus.*

Floods cannot quench my Flames, ah! in this Well
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

4. *Dametas's Dream.*

Dametas dream'd he saw his Wife at Sport,
And found that Sight was through the horny Port.

5. *Cherries.*

MY Wanton weep no more
The losing of your Cherries,
Those and far sweeter Berries
Your Sister in good Store
Hath in her Lips and Face,
Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your Peace.

6. *Icarus.*

Wile with audacious Wings
I cleav'd those airy Wayes,
And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Fears,
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings:
Daz'd with *Phæbus* Rays,
And charmed with the Musick of the Spheres,
When Quills could move no more and Force did fail,
Though down I fell from Heaven's high Azure Bounds;

Yet doth Renown my Losses countervail,
For still the Shore my brave Attempt resounds.
A Sea an Element doth bear my Name,
What Mortal's Tomb's so great in Place or Fame.

7. *On his Lady, beholding her self in a Marble.*

WOrld, wonder not, that I
Keep in my Breast engraven
That Angel's Face hath me of Rest bereaven.
See dead and senseless Things cannot deny
To lodge so dear a Guest:
Ev'n this hard Marble Stone
Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

8. *To Sleep.*

HOW comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even Kisses me affords
Of her (dear her) so far who's absent now?
How did I hear those Words,
Which Rocks might move, and move the Pines to Bow?
Ay me! before Half Day
Why did'st thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that Guest again,

9. *A pleasant Deceit.*

OVER a Chrystal Source
Iolas laid his Face,
Of purling Streams to see the restless Course.
But scarce he had o'reshadowed the Place,
When in the Water he a Child espies,
So like himself in Stature, Face, and Eyes,
That glad he rose, and cried,
Dear Mates, approach, see, whom I have descried,
The Boy of whom strange Stories Shepherds tell,
Oft called *Hylas*, dwelleth in this Well.

10. *The Cannon*

WHen first the Cannon from her gaping Throat
Against the Heaven her roaring Sulphure shot,
Jove wak'ned with the Noise did ask with Wonder,
What Mortal Wight had stoln from him his Thunder:
His Chrystal Tow'r's he feared, but Fire and Air
So high did stay the Ball from mounting there.

11. *Thais Metamorphosis.*

Nto *Briareus* huge
Thais with'd she might change
E

Her

Her Man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,
Nor fondly think it strange;
For if (said she) I might the parts dispose,
I wish you not a Hundred Arms nor Hands,
But Hundred Things like those
With which *Priapus* in our Garden stands.

12. *The Quality of a Kiss.*

THe Kiss with so much Strife
Which I late got (Sweet Heart)
Was it a Sign of Death, or was it Life?
Of Life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my Soul in thee:
Nor was it Death, Death doth no Joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what did it thou bequeath,
A dying Life to me, or living Death?

13. *His Lady's Dog.*

When her dear Bosom clips
That little Cur, which fawns to touch her Lips,
Or when it is his Hap
To lie lap'd in her Lap,
O it grows Noon with me,
With hotter pointed Beams
I burn, than those are which the Sun forth streams,
When piercing Lightning his Rays call'd may be:
And as I muse how I to those Extremes
Am brought, I find no Cause, except that she
In Love's bright Zodiac having trac'd each Room,
To the hot Dog-star now at last is come.

14. *An Almanack.*

THis strange Eclipse one says
Strange Wonders doth foretell:
But you whose Wives excess,
And love to count their Praise,
Shut all your Gates, your Hedges plant with Thorns,
The Sun did threat the World this time with Horns.

15. *The Silk-worm of Love.*

Ad tale of my Death,
Now I resemble that fly Worm on Earth,
Which prone to its own Harm doth take no rest:
For Day and Night oppress,
I feed on fading Leaves
Of Hope, which me deceives,
And Thousand Webs do warp within my Breast,
And thus in end unto my self I weave
A fast-shut Prison, or a closer Grave.

16. *Deep Impression of Love to his Mistress.*

Whom a mad Dog doth bite,
He doth in Water still
That mad Dog's Image see:
Love mad (perhaps) when he my Heart did smite
(More to disfigure his Ill)
Transform'd himself to thee:
For thou art present ever since to me,
No Spring there is, no Flood, nor other Place,
Where I (alas) not see thy Heavenly Face,

17. *A Chain of Gold.*

Are not those Locks of Gold
Sufficient Chains the wildest Hearts to hold?
Is not that Ivory Hand
A Diamantine Band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed Mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes; why is that Golden One then worn?
Thus free in Chains (perhaps) Love's Chains to scorn.

18. *On the Death of a Linnet.*

If cruel Death had Ears,
Or could be pleas'd by Songs,
This wing'd Muncian had liv'd many Years,
And *Nisa* mine had never wept these Wrongs:
For when it first took Breath,
The Heavens their Notes did unto it bequeath:
And if that *Samians* Sentences be true,
Amphion in this Body liv'd anew.

But Death, who nothing spares, and nothing hears,
As he doth Kings, kill'd it, O Grief! O Tears!

19. *Lilla's Prayer.*

Love, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
(Sweet God) make me not burn
For quivering Age, that doth spent Days deplore,
Nor do thou wound my Heart
For some unconstant Boy,
Who joys to love, yet makes of Love a Toy.
But (ah!) if I must prove thy golden Dart,
Of Grace, O let me find
A sweet young Lover with an aged Mind.
Thus *Lilla* pray'd, and *Idas* did reply,
(Who heard) Dear have thy Wish, for such am I.

20. *Armeline's Epitaph.*

Near to this Eglantine
Enlosed lies the Milk white *Armeline*;
Once *Chloris* only Joy,
Now only her annoy,
Who envied was of the most happy Swains,
That keep their Flocks in Mountains, Dales, or Plains:
For oft she bore the Warron in her Arm,
And oft her Bed, and Bosom did he warm;
Now when unkind Fates did him destroy,
Blest Dog he had the Grace,
That *Chloris* for him wet with Tears her Face.

21. *Epitaph.*

The Bawd of Justice, he who Laws controll'd,
And made them fawn, and frown as he got Gold,
That *Proteus* of our State, whose Heart and Mouth
Were farther distant than is North from South,
That *Cormorant* who made himself so gross
On People's Ruine, and the Prince's Loss,
Is gone to Hell, and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honest Devil.

22. *A Translation.*

Fierce Robbers were of old
Exil'd the Champion Ground;
From Hamlets chac'd, in Cities kill'd, or bound,
And only Woods, Caves, Mountains, did them hold:
But now (when all is sold)
Woods, Mountains, Caves, to good Men be refuge,
And do the Guiltless lodge,
And clad in Purple Gowns
The greatest Thieves command within the Towns.

23. *Epitaph.*

Then Death thee hath begun'd
Alethea's first born Child;
Then thou who thrall'd all Laws
Now against Worms cannot maintain thy Cause:
Yet Worms (more just than thou) now do no Wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long;
For though from Life thou didst but lately pass,
Twelve Springs are gone since thou corrupted was.

Come Citizens erect to Death an Altar,
Who keeps you from Ax, Fuel, Timber, Halter.

24. *A Jest.*

In a most holy Church, a holy Man,
Unto a holy Saint with Village wan,
And Eyes like Fountains, mumbled forth a Prayer,
And with strange Words and Sighs, made black the Air,
And having long so pray'd, and long long pray'd,
A Thousand Crosses on himself he lay'd,
And with some sacred Beads hung on his Arm
His Eyes, his Mouth, his Temples, Breast did charm.
Thus not content (strange Worship hath no end)
To kiss the Earth at last he did pretend,
And bowing down besought with humble Grace
An aged Woman near to give some place.
She turn'd, and turning up her Hole beneath,
Said, Sir kiss here for it is all but Earth,

25. *Proteus of Marble.*

This is no Work of Stone,
Though it seems breathless, cold, & Sense hath none;
But that false God which keeps
The monstrous People of the raging Deep:
Now that he doth not change his Shape this while,
It is thus constant more you to beguile.

26. *Pamphilus.*

Some Ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
I like their wanton Sport, then care not for them.

27. *Apelles enamour'd of Campaspe,
Alexander's Mistress.*

Poor Painter while I sought
To counterfeit by Art
The fairest Frame which Nature ever wrought.
And having lim'd each Part
Except her matchless Eyes:
Scarce on those Suns I gaz'd,
As Lightning falls from Skies,
When straight my Hand grew weak, my Mind amaz'd,
And ere that Pencil half them had express'd,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my Breast.

28. *Campaspe.*

ON Stars shall I exclaim,
Which thus my Fortune Change,
Or shall I else revenge
Upon my self this Shame,
Inconstant Monarch, or shall I thee blame
Who lets *Apelles* prove
The sweet Delights of *Alexander's* Love?
No, Stars, my self, and thee, I all forgive,
And joys, that thus I live;
Of thee, blind King, my Beauty was despis'd,
Thou didst not know it, now being known 'tis priz'd.

29. *Cornucopia.*

IF for one only Horn,
Which Nature to him gave,
So famous is the Noble Unicorn?
What Praise should that Man have,
Whose Head a Lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

30. *Love suffers no Parasol.*

Those Eyes, dear Eyes, be Spheres
Where Two bright Suns are roll'd,
That fair Hand to behold
Of whitest Snow appears:
Then while ye coyly stand
To hide from me those Eyes,
Sweet I would you advise
To chuse some other Fann than that white Hand:
For it ye do, for truth most true this know,
Those Suns ere long must needs consume warm Snow.

31. *Unpleasant Musick.*

IN Fields *Rinaldo* fray'd
May's Tapestry to see,
And hearing on a Tree
A Cuckow sing, sigh'd to himself and said,
Lo how alas even Birds sit mocking me,

32. *Sleeping Beauty.*

O Sight too dearly bought!
She sleeps, and though those Eyes
Which lighten *Cupid's* Skies
Be clos'd, yet such a Grace
Environeth that Place,
That I through Wonder to grow faint am brought:
Suns if eclips'd you have such Power divine,
What Power have I to endure you when you shine?

33. *Alcon's Kiss.*

What others at their Ear,
Two Pearls, *Camilla* at her Nose did wear,

Which *Alcon* who nought saw
(For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty Kiss;
But having known his miss,
And felt what Ore he from that Mine did draw,
When she to come again did him desire,
He fled, and said, foul Water quenched Fire.

34. *The Statue of Venus sleeping.*

Passenger, vex not thy Mind
To make me mine Eyes unfold;
For if thou shouldst them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

35. *Laura to Petrarch.*

I Rather love a Youth and Childish Rime,
Than thee whose Verse and Head are wise through
(Time.

36. *The Rose.*

Flow'r, which of *Adon's* Blood
Sprang, when of that clear Flood
Which *Venus* wept, another white was born:
The sweet *Cynarean* Youth thou lively shows;
But this sharp-pointed Thorn
So proud about thy Crimson Folds that grows,
What doth it represent?
Boars Teeth (perhaps) his Milk-white Flank which
O show in one of unesteemed Worth (rent.
That both the kill'd, and Killer setteth forth!

37. *A Lover's Prayer.*

Near to a Christal Spring,
With Thirst and Heat oppress'd,
Narcissus fair doth rest, (bring
Trees, pleasant Trees which those green Plains forth
Now interlace your trembling Tops above.
And make a Canopy unto my Love;
So in Heaven's highest House when Sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her Tears.

38. *Iolas's Epitaph.*

Here dear *Iolas* lies,
Who whilst he liv'd in Beauty did surpass
That Boy, whose Heavenly Eyes
Brought *Cypris* from above,
Or him to Death who look'd in watry Glass,
Even Judge the God of Love,
And if the Nymph once held of him so dear
Dorine the fair, would here but shed one Tear,
Thou shouldst in Nature's scorn
A Purple Flow'r see of this Marble born.

39. *The Trojan Horse.*

A Horse I am, who Bit,
Rein, Rod, Spur do not fear,
When I my Riders bear,
Within my Womb, not on my Back they sit.
No Streams I drink, nor care for Grass or Corn;
Art me a Monster wrought
All Nature's Works to scorn;
A Mother I was without Mother born,
In end all arm'd my Father I forth brought:
What Thousand Ships, and Champions of renown
Could not do free, captiv'd I raz'd a Town.

40. *For Dorus*

Why, *Nay*, stand ye nice
Like to a well wrought Stone,
When *Dorus* would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He's but a Child (old Men be Children twice)
And even a Toothless one:
And When his Lips yours touch in that Delight,
Ye need not fear he will those Cherries bite.

41. *Love vagabonding.*

Sweet Nymphs, if, as ye fray,
Ye find the froth-born Goddess of the Sea,
All blubb'ed, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy Son,

That little God of Love,
Whose Golden Shafts your chafest Bosoms prove;
Who leaving all the Heavens hath run away:
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart
Tell her, he nightly lodgeth in my Heart.

42. *To a River.*

Sith she will not that I
Shew to the World my Joy,
Thou, who oft mine Annoy
Hast heard, dear Flood, tell *Thetis*, if thou can,
That not a happier Man
Doth breath beneath the Sky.
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, Hands, and Amber Hair,
Tell none did ever touch,
A smaller daintier Waste
Tell, never was embrac't:
But Peace, since she forbids thee tell too much.

43. *Lida.*

Such *Lida* is, that who her sees,
Through Envy, or through Love, straight dies.

44. *Phraene.*

Anian Sisters, help my *Phraene's* Praise to tell,
Phraene Heart of my Heart, with whom the Graces
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know (dwell,
What first to praise of her, her Breast, or Neck of Snow,
Her Cheeks with Roses spread, or her Two Sun-like Eyes,
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetness lies,
But those so praise themselves, being to all Eyes set forth,
That, Muses, ye need not to say ought of their Worth,
Then her white swelling Paps essay for to make known,
But her white swelling Paps through smallest Veils are shown,
Yet she hath something else more worthy than the rest
Not seen; go find of that which lies beneath her Breast,
And mounts like fair *Parnasse*, where *Pegase* Well doth run;
Here *Phraene* stay'd my Muse, ere she had well begun.

45. *Kisses desired.*

Though I with strange Desire
To kiss those rosy Lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet Kisses in such Store,
As he who long before
In Thousands them from *Lesbia* did receive:
Sweet Heart, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet Bless
Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor One no Number is,
Another Word of me ye shall not hear
After One Kiss, but still One Kiss my Dear.

46. *Desired Death.*

Dear Life, while I do touch
These Coral Ports of Bless,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much:
All panting in my Lips,
My Heart my Life doth leave,
No Sense my Senses have,
And inward Powers do find a strange Eclipse:
This Death so heavenly well
Doth so me please that I
Would never longer seek in Sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

47. *Phoebe.*

If for to be alone, and all the Night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is *Phoebe* with-
out Slander.

48. *Answer.*

Fool, still to be alone, all Night in Heaven to wander,
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste
(without Slander.

49. *The Cruelty of Rora.*

Wilst fighting forth his Wrongs,
In sweet, though doleful Songs,
Alexis fought to charm his *Rora's* Ears,
The Hills were heard to moan,
To sigh each Spring appeared,
Trees, hardest Trees through Rind distill'd their Tears,
And soft grew every Stone:
But Tears, nor Sighs, nor Songs could *Rora* move,
For she rejoiced at his Plaint and Love.

50. *A Kiss.*

Hark, happy Lovers, hark,
This first and last of Joys,
This Sweetner of Annoys,
This Nectar of the Gods,
You call a Kiss, is with it self at odds:
And half so sweet is not
In equal Measure got,
At Light of Sun, as it is in the dark,
Hark, happy Lovers, hark.

51. *Kala's Complaint.*

Kala old *Mopsus* Wife,
Kala with fairest Face,
For whom the Neighbour Swains oft were at Strife,
As she to milk her snowy Flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy Grace,
And said: What wretch like me doth lead her Life?
I see not how my Task shall have an End,
All Day I draw these streaming Dugs in Fold,
All Night mine empty Husband's soft and cold.

52. *Phyllis.*

In Petticoat of green,
Her Hair about her Eyne,
Phyllis beneath an Oak
Sat milking her fair Flock:
Mongst that sweet-strained Moisture (rare Delight)
Her Hand seem'd Milk, in Milk it was so white.

53. *A Wish.*

To forge to mighty Jove
The Thunder-bolts above,
Nor on this Round below
Rich *Midas* Skill to know,
And make all Gold I touch,
Do I desire, it is for me too much;
Of all the Arts practis'd beneath the Sky,
I would but *Phyllis* Lapidary be.

54. *Nisa.*

Nisa, *Palemon's* Wife, him weeping told
He kept not Grammar Rules now being old;
For why, (quoth she) Position false make ye,
Putting a short Thing where a long should be.

55. *A Lover's Heaven.*

Those Stars, nay Sun, which turn
So stately in their Spheres,
And dazling do not burn,
The Beauty of the Morn
Which on these Cheeks appears,
The Harmony which to that Voice is given,
Makes me think you are Heaven:
If Heaven you be, O that by Powerful Charms,
I *Atlas* were enfolded in your Arms?

56. *Epitaph.*

His dear, though not respected Earth, doth hold
One for his Worth, whose Tomb should be of Gold.

57. *Beauty's Idea.*

Who would Perfection's fair Idea see,
On pretty *Chloris* let him look with me;
White is her Hair, her Teeth white, white her Skin,
Black be her Eyes, her Eye-Brows *Cupid's* Inn:
Her Locks, her Body, Hands do long appear,
But Teeth short, short her Womb, and either Ear;
The

The space 'twixt Shoulders, Eyes are wide, Brow wide,
Strait Wafte, the Mouth strait, and her Virgin Pride,
Thick are her Lips, Thighs, with Banks swelling there,
Her Nose is small, small Fingers, and her Hair :
Her sugred Mouth, her Cheeks, her Nails be red,
Little her Foot, Breast little, and her Head.
Such *Venus* was, such was that Flame of *Troy*,
Such *Chloris* is, mine Hope, and only Joy.

58. *Lalus's Death.*

A Midst the Waves profound,
Far, far from all Relief,
The honest Fisher *Lalus*, ah ! is drown'd,
Shut in his little Skiff :
The Boards of which did serve him for a Bier,
So that when he to the black World came near,
Of him no Silver greedy *Charon* got,
For he in his own Boat
Did pass that Flood, by which the Gods do swear.

59. *To Thaumantia singing.*

IS it not too too much
Thou late didst to me prove,
A Basilisk of Love ?
And didst my Wits bewitch :
Unless (to cause more Harm)
Made Syren too thou with thy Voice me charm ?
Ah ! though thou so my Reason didst controul,
That to thy Looks I could not prove a Mole :
Yet do me not that Wrong,
As not to let me turn Asp to thy Song.

60. *Upon a Glass.*

IF thou wouldst see Threads purer than the Gold,
Where Love his Wealth doth show ?
But take this Glass, and thy fair Hair behold :
If Whiteness thou wouldst see more white than Snow,
And read on Wonder's Book ?
Take but this Glass, and on thy Forehead look,
Wouldst thou in Winter see a Crimson Rose,
Whose Thorns do hurt each Heart ?
Look but in Glass how thy sweet Lips do close.
Wouldst thou see Planets which all Good impart
Or Meteors divine ?
But take this Glass, and gaze upon thine Eyne.
No, Planets, Rose, Snow, Gold, cannot compare
With you, dear Eyes, Lips, Brows, and amber Hair.

61. *Of a Bee.*

AS an audacious Knight,
Come with some Foe to fight,
His Sword doth brandish, makes his Armour ring :
So this proud Bee (at home, perhaps, a King)
Did buzzing fly about,
And (Tyrant) after thy fair Lip did sting :
O Champion strange as stout !
Who hast by Nature found,
Sharp Arms, and Trumpet shrill, to sound and wound.

62. *Of that same.*

O Do not kill that Bee
That thus hath wounded thee ;
Sweet, it was no Despite,
But Hue did him deceive :
For when thy Lips did close,
He deemed them a Rose.
What wouldst thou further crave ?
He wanting Wit, and blinded with Delight,
Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with Joy did bite.

63. *Of a Kiss.*

AH ! of that cruel Bee
Thy Lips have suckt too much :
For When they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt, and sweetned me :
This by the Sting they have,
And that they of the Honey do receive :
Dear Kiss, else by what Art
Couldst thou at once both please and wound my Heart ?

64. *Idmon to Venus.*

IF, *Acidalia's* Queen,
Thou quench in me thy Torch,
And with the some *Thaumantia's* Heart shalt scorch,
Each Year a Mirtle Tree
Here I do vow to consecrate to thee :
And when the Meads grow green,
I will of sweetest Flowers
Weave Thousand Garlands, to adorn thy Bows.

65. *A Lover's Plaint.*

IN Midst of silent Night,
When Men, Birds, Beasts, do rest,
With Love and Fear Possess'd,
To Heaven, and *Flore*, I count my heavy Plight.
Again with roseate Wings
When Morn peeps forth, and *Philomela* sings,
Then void of all Relief,
Do I renew my Grief :
Day follows Night, Night Day, whilst still I prove,
That Heaven is deaf, *Flore* careless of my Love.

66. *His Firebrand.*

LEave Page that slender Torch,
And in this gloomy Night
Let only shine the Light
Of Love's hot Brandon, which my Heart doth scorch :
A Sigh, or Blast of Wind,
My Tears, or Drops of Rain,
May that at once make blind ;
Whilst this like *Aetna* burning shall remain.

67. *Daphnis's Vow.*

When Sun doth bring the Day
From the *Hyperborean* Sea,
Or Moon her Coach doth roll
Above the Northern Pole,
When Serpents can not hiss,
And Lovers shall not kiss :
Then may it be, but in no Time till then,
That *Daphnis* can forget his *Orienne*.

68. *The Statue of Venus sleeping.*

Break not my sweet Repose,
Thou, whom free Will, or Chance, brings to this
Let Lids these Comets close, (Place,
O do not seek to see their shining Grace :
For when mine Eyes thou seest, they thine will blind,
And thou shalt part, but leave thy Heart behind.

69. *Anthea's Gift.*

THis Virgin-lock of Hair
To *Idmon* *Anthea* gives,
Idmon for whom she lives,
Though oft she mix his Hopes with cold Despair :
This now, but absent if he constant prove,
With Gift more dear she vows to meet his Love,

70. *To Thaumantia.*

Come, let us live, and love,
And kiss *Thaumantia* mine :
I shall the Elm be, be to me the Vine,
Come let us teach new Billing to the Dove :
Nay, to augment our Bless,
Let Souls even other Kiss,
Let Love a Work-man be,
Undo, distemper, and his Cunning prove,
Of Kisses Three make One, of One make Three :
Though Moon, Sun, Stars, be Bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in Delight,

71. *A Lover's Day and Night.*

Bright Meteor of Day,
For me in *Iberis* Bows for ever stay :
Night, to this flowry Globe
Ne're show for me thy Star-embroidred Robe ;
My Night, my Day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on *Mira's* Brow :

For when she lows, and hides from me her Eyes,
Midst clearest Day I find black Night arise,
When smiling she again those Twins doth turn,
In midst of Night I find Noon's Torch to burn.

72. *The Statue of Adonis.*

When *Venus*, longst that Plain,
This *Parian Adon* saw,
She sigh'd, and said, What Power breaks *Destine's* Law,
World-mourned Boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with stretcht Arms she ran him to enfold:
But when she did behold
The Boar, whose snowy Tusks did threaten Death,
Fear clos'd up her Breath:
Who can but grant then that these Stones do live,
Sith this bred Love, and that a Wound did give?

73. *Clorus to a Grove.*

Old Oak, and you thick Grove,
I ever shall you love,
With these sweet-smelling Briers:
For Briers, Oak, Grove, ye crowned my Desires,
When underneath your Shade
I left my Woe, and *Flore* her Maidenhead.

74. *A Couplet Encomiastick.*

Love, *Cyprius*, *Phæbus*, will feed, deck, and crown,
Thy Heart, Brows, Verse, with Flames, with
(Flowers, Renown.

75. *Another.*

Thy Muse not-able, full, illustring Rimes,
Make thee the Poëtafter of our Times.

76. *Upon a Bay Tree, not long since growing in the Ruines of Virgil's Tomb.*

Those Stones which once had Trust
Of *Maro's* Sacred Dust,
Which now of their first Beauty spoil'd are seen,
That they due Praise not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A *Delian* Tree (fair Nature's only Plant)
Now courts, and shadows with her Tresses green:
Sing *Io Pæan*, ye of *Phæbus* Train,
Though Envy, Avarice, Time, your Tombs throw down,
With Maiden-lawrells Nature will them crown.

77. *Flora's Flower.*

Venus doth love the Rose,
Apollo those dear Flowers
Which were his Paramours,
The Queen of sable Skies,
The subtle *Lunaries*,
But *Flore* likes none of those,
For fair to her no Flower seems save the Lillie:
And why? Because one Letter turns it P.

78. *Melampus's Epitaph.*

All that a Dog could have
The good *Melampus* had:
Nay, he had more than what in Beasts we crave,
For he could play the Brave,
And often, like a *Thraso* stern, go mad:
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your Parish Clark,

79. *The Happiness of a Flea.*

How Happier is that Flea
Which in thy Breast doth play,
Than that py'd Butterfly
Which courts the Flame, and in the same doth die?
That hath a light D-light
(Poor Fool) contented only with a Sight,
When this doth sport, and dwell with dearest Food,
And if he die, he Knight-like dies in Blood.

80. *Of that same.*

Poor Flea, then thou didst die,
Yet by so fair a Hand,
That thus to die was *Destine* to command:
Thou didst die, yet didst try
A Lover's last Delight,
To vault on Virgin-plains, Her kiss, and bite:
Thou didst, yet hast thy Tomb
Between those Paps, O dear and stately Room!
Flea, happier far, more blest,
Than *Phoenix* burning in his spicy Nest,

81. *Lina's Virginity.*

Who *Lina* weddeth, shall most happy be,
For he a Maid shall find,
Though Maiden none be she,
A Girl, or Boy, beneath her waste confin'd:
And though bright *Ceres* Locks be never thorn,
He shall be sure this Year to lack no Corn.

82. *Love naked.*

And would ye, Lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go?
Fond, waggish, changeling Lad,
Late whilst *Thaumania's* Voice
He wondring heard, it made him so rejoice,
That he o'rejoy'd ran mad:
And in a frantick Fit threw Cloaths away,
And since from Lip and Lap hers can not fray.

83. *Niobe.*

Wretch'd *Niobe* I am,
Let Wretches read my Case,
Not such who with a Tear ne'er wet their Face;
Seven Daughters of me came,
And Sons as many, which one fatal Day
(Orb'd Mother!) took away.
Thus rest by Heavens unjust,
Grief turn'd me Stone, Stone too me doth entomb,
Which if thou dost mistrust,
Of this hard Rock but open the flinty Womb,
And there thou shalt find Marble, and no Dust.

84. *Change of Love.*

Once did I weep, and groan,
Drink Tears, draw loathed Breath,
And all for Love of one
Who did affect my Death:
But now (Thanks to Disdain)
I live reliev'd of Pain,
For Sighs, I singing go,
I burn not as before, no, no, no, no.

85. *Wild Beauty.*

If all but Ice thou be,
How dost thou thus me burn?
Or how at Fire which thou dost raise in me
(Sith Ice) thy self in Streams dost thou not turn?
But rather (plaintful Case!)
Of Ice art Marble made to my Disgrace:
O Miracle of Love! not heard till now,
Cold Ice doth burn, and hard by Fire doth grow.

86. *Constant Love.*

Time makes great States decay,
Time doth *May's* Pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep Furrows in the fairest Face,
Time Wisdom, Force, Renown, doth take away,
Time doth consume the Years.
Time changes Works in Heaven's eternal Spheres:
Yet this fierce Tyrant which doth all devour,
To lessen Love in me shall have no Power.

87. *To Chloris.*

See *Chloris*, how the Clouds
Tilt in the Azure Lifts,
And how with *Stygian* Mists
Each horned Hill his Giant Forehead shrouds.
Jove thundereth in the Air,

The Air grown great with Rain,
Now seems to bring *Deucalion's* Days again :
I see thee quake ; come, let us home repair ;
Come hide thee in mine Arms,
If not for Love, yet to shun greater Harms.

88. *Thyrsis in Dispraise of Beauty.*

That which so much the doating World doth prize,
Fond Ladies only Care, and sole Delight,
Soon-fading Beauty, which of Hues doth rise,
Is but an abject Let of Nature's Might;
Most woful Wretch, whom shining Hair and Eyes,
Lead to Love's Dungeon, traitor'd by a Sight,
Most woful: For he might with greater Ease
Hell's Portals enter, and pale Death appease.

As in delicious Meads beneath the Flowers,
And the most wholsom Herbs that May can show,
In Chrystal Curles the speckled Serpent lows,
As in the Apple (which most fair doth grow)
The rotten Worm is clos'd, which it devours,
As in gilt Cups with *Gnossian* Wine which flow,
Oft Poison pompously doth hide its Sows:
So Lewdness, Falshood, Mischief, them advance,
Clad with the pleasant Rays of Beauty's Glance.

Good thence is chac'd, where Beauty doth appear,
Mild Lowliness with Pity from it fly,
Where Beauty reigns as in their proper Sphere,
Ingratitude, Disdain, Pride, all descry,
The Flower, and Fruit which Vertue's Tree should bear,
With her bad Shadow Beauty maketh die :
Beauty a Monster is, a Monster hurl'd
From angry Heaven, to scourge this lower World.

As Fruits which are unripe, and sour of Taste,
To be confect'd more fit than sweet we prove,
For sweet in Spight of Care themselves will waste,
When they long kept, the Appetite do move :
So in the Sweetness of his *Nectar* Love
The foul Confests, and Seasons of his Feast :
Sour is far better which sweet may make,
Than sweet which sweeter Sweetness will not take.

Foul may my Lady be, and may her Nose
(A *Tanarife*) give Umbrage to her Chin ;
May her gay Mouth (which she no Time may close)
So wide be, that the Moon may turn therein,
May Eyes, and Teeth, be made conform to those,
Eyes set by Chance and white, Teeth black and thin :
May all what seen is, and is hid from Sight,
Like unto these rare Parts be framed right.

I shall not fear thus though she stray alone,
That others her pursue, entice, admire,
And though she sometime counterfeit a Groan,
I shall not think her Heart feels uncouth Fire,
I shall not Stile her ruthless to my Moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to Desire :
Her Thoughts with mine will hold an equal Line,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine.

89. *Eurymedon's Praise of Mira.*

Gem of the Mountains, Glory of our Plains,
Rare Miracle of Nature, and of Love,
Sweet *Atlas*, who all Beauty's Heavens sustains,
No, Beauty's Heaven, where all her Wonders move,
The Sun from East to West who all doth see,
On this low Glob sees nothing like to thee.

One *Phoenix* only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And Earth but did one Queen of Love admire,

Three Gaces only did the World adorn,
But thrice Three Muses sung to *Phœbus* Lyre,
Two *Phoenixes* be now, Love's Queens are Two,
Four Graces, Muses Ten, all made by you.

For those Perfections which the bounteous Heaven
To diverse Worlds in diverse Times assign'd,
With Thousands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy Body fair, more fair they made thy Mind :
And that thy like no Age should more behold,
When thou wast fram'd they after brake the Mold.

Sweet are the Blushes, on thy Face which shine,
Sweet are the Flames, which sparkle from thine Eyes,
Sweet are his Torments, who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his Death, for thee who sweetly dies,
For if he die, he dies not by Annoy,
But too much Sweetness and abundant Joy.

What are my slender Lays to show thy Worth !
How can base Words a Thing so high make known,
So wooden Globes bright Stars to us set forth ;
So in a Chrystal is Sun's Beauty shown :
More of thy Praises if my Muse should write,
More Love and Pity must the same indite ?

90. *Thaumantia at the Departure of Idmon.*

Faire *Diane*, from the Height
Of Heaven's first Orb who cheer'st this lower
Hide now from me thy Light, (Place,
And pitying my Case,
Spread with a Skarf of Clouds thy blushing Face.

Come with your doleful Songs,
Night's sable Birds, which plain when others sleep,
Come, solemnize my Wrongs,
And Comfort to me keep,
Sith Heaven, Earth, Hell, are set to cause me weep!

This Grief yet I could bear,
If now by Absence I were only pin'd,
But ah ! worse Evil I fear,
Men absent prove unkind,
And change (unconstant like the Moon) their Mind:

If Thought had so much Power
Of thy Departure, that it could me slay ;
How will that ugly Hour
My feeble Sense dismay,
Farewel sweet Heart, when I shall hear thee say ?

Dear Life, sith thou must go,
Take all my Joy and Comfort hence with thee,
And leave with me thy Woe ;
Which until I thee see,
Nor Time, nor Place, nor Change shall take from me.

91. *Erycine at the Departure of Alexis.*

And wilt thou then, *Alexis* mine, depart !
And leave these Flowry Meads, & Chrystal Streams ?
These Hills as green as great with Gold and Gems,
Which court thee with rich Treasure in each Part :
Shall nothing hold thee ? Not my Loyal Heart,
That bursts to lose the Comforts of thy Beams ?
Nor yet this Pipe which wildest Satyrs tames ?
Nor Lambkins Wailing ? nor old *Dorus* Smart ?
O ruthless Shepherd, Forrefts strange among
What canst thou else but fearful Dangers find ?
But ah ! not thou, but Honour doth me Wrong ;
O cruel Honour ! Tyrant of the Mind,
This said sad *Erycine*, and all the Flowers
Empearled, as she went, with Eyes salt Showers,

Flowers of Sion :

OR

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

1.

A Good that never satisfies the Mind,
 A Beauty fading like the *April Flow'r's*,
 A Sweet with Floods of Gall that runs combin'd,
 A Pleasure passing ere in Thought made ours,
 A Honour that more fickle is than Wind,
 A Glory at Opinion's Frown that low'rs,
 A Treasury which bankrupt Time devours,
 A Knowledge than grave Ignorance more blind :
 A vain Delight our Equals to command,
 A Stile of Greatness, in effect a Dream,
 A swelling Thought of holding Sea and Land.
 A servile Lot, deckt with a pompous Name :
 Are the strange Ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest Death make us our Errors know.

2.

Life a right Shadow is,
 For if it long appear,
 Then is it spent, and Death's long Night draws near;
 Shadows are moving, light,
 And is there ought so moving as is this ?
 When it is most in Sight,
 It steals away, and none knows how or where.
 So near our Cradles to our Coffins are.

3.

Look as the Flow'r which lingringly doth fade,
 The Morning's Darling late, the Summer's Queen,
 Spoil'd of that Juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the Head :
 Right so the Pleasures of my Life being dead,
 Or in their Contraries but only seen,
 With swifter Speed declines than erst it spread,
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
 Therefore as doth the Pilgrims, whom the Night
 Haste darkly to imprison on his way,
 Think on thy Home (my Soul) and think aright,
 Of what's yet left thee of Life's wasting Day;
 Thy Sun posts Westward, passed is thy Morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

4.

The weary Mariner so fast not flies
 An howling Tempest, Harbour to attain,
 Nor Shepherd haltes (when frays of Wolves arise)
 So fast to Fold to save his bleating Train,
 As I (wing'd with Contempt and just Disdain)
 Now fly the World, and what it most doth prize,
 And Sanctuary seek, free to remain
 From Wounds of abject Times, and Envy's Eyes;
 To me this World did once seem sweet and fair,
 While Senses light Minds Perspective kept blind;
 Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Air,
 And weeping Rain-bows her best Joys I find :
 Or if ought here is had that Praise should have,
 It is an obscure Life, and silent Grave.

5.

Of this fair Volume which we World do Name
 If we the Sheets and Leaves could turn with care,
 Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the Art and Wisdom rare,
 Find out his Power which wildest Pow'rs doth tame,
 His Providence extending every where,
 His Justice which proud Rebels doth not spare,
 In every Page, no, Period of the same :
 But silly we like foolish Children rest,
 Well pleas'd with colour'd Velum, Leaves of Gold,
 Fair dangling Ribbands, leaving what is best,
 On the great Writer's Sense ne're taking hold;
 Or if by Chance we stay our Minds on ought,
 It is some Picture on the Margin wrought.

6.

The Grief was common, common were the cries,
 Tears, Sobs, and Groans of that afflicted Train,
 Which of God's chosen did the Sum contain,
 And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies;
 All Good had left the World, each Vice did reign
 In the most monstrous Sorts Hell could devise,
 And all Degrees and each Estate did stain,
 Nor further had to go whom to surprize;
 The World beneath the Prince of Darkness lay,
 And in each Temple had himself install'd,
 Was sacrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,
 Responses gave, which (fools) they did obey:
 When (pitying Man) God of a Virgin's Womb
 Was born, and those false Deities struck dumb.

7.

Run (Shepherds) run, where *Bethlem* blest appears,
 We bring the Best of News, be not dismay'd,
 A Saviour there is born, more old than Years,
 Amidst the rolling Heaven this Earth who stay'd;
 In a poor Cottage Inn'd, a Virgin Maid,
 A weakling did him bear who all upbears,
 There he in Cloaths is wrapt, in Manger laid,
 To whom too narrow Swaddings are our Spheres.
 Run (Shepherds) run, and solemnize his Birth,
 This is that Night, no, Day grown great with Bless,
 In which the Power of Satan broken is,
 In Heaven be Glory, Peace unto the Earth;
 Thus singing through the Air the Angels swam,
 And all the Stars re-echoed the same.

8.

O Than the fairest Day, thrice fairer Night,
 Night to best Days, in which a Sun doth rise,
 Of which that golden Eye which clears the Skies,
 Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow-light;
 And blessed ye (in silly Pastors Sight)
 Mild Creatures in whose warm Crib now lies,
 That Heaven-sent Youngling, holy Maid-born Wight,
 'Midst, End, Beginning of our Prophecies:

Bless

Blest Cottage that hath Flow'rs in Winter spread,
Though withered blessed Grass, that hath the Grace
To deck and be a Carpet to that Place.

Thus singing to the Sounds of oaten Reed,
Before the Babe, the Shepherds bow'd their Knees,
And Springs ran Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

9.

THe last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough Skins, hies to the Desarts wild,
Among that Savage Brood the Woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than Man, and mild;
His Food was Locusts, and what there doth spring,
With Honey that from Virgin Hives distill'd,
Parcht Body, hollow Eyes, some uncouth Thing
Made him appear, long since from Earth exil'd.
There burst he forth; All ye whose Hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these Desarts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old Errors turn.

Who list'ned to his Voice, obey'd his cry;
Only the Echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty Caves, Repent, repent.

10.

THese Eyes (dear Lord) once Tapers of Desire,
Frail Scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own Heart, then others set on Fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These Locks of blushing Deeds, the gilt Attire,
Waves curling, wrackful Shelves to shadow deep,
Rings wedding Souls to Sin's lethargick Sleep,
To touch thy Sacred Feet do now aspire.
In Seas of Care behold a sinking Bark,
By Winds of sharp Remorse unto Thee driven,
O let me not be Ruine's aim'd-at Mark,
My Faults confess (Lord) say they are forgiven,
Thus sigh'd to *Jesus* the *Bethanian* fair,
His Tear-wet Feet still drying with her Hair.

11.

I Changed Countries new Delights to find,
But ah! for Pleasure I did find new Pain,
Enchanting Pleasure so did Reason blind,
That Father's Love and Words I scorn'd as vain:
For Tables rich, for Bed, for following Train
Of careful Servants to observe my Mind,
These Herds I keep my Fellows are assign'd,
My Bed's a Rock, and Herbs my Life sustain.
Now while I Famine feel, fear worse Harms,
Father and Lord I turn, thy Love (yet great)
My Faults will pardon, pity mine Estate,

This where an aged Oak had spread its Arms
Thought the lost Child, while as the Herds he led,
And pin'd with Hunger on wild Acorns fed.

12.

IF that the World doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad deploring Mood,
The Pelican pours from her Breast her Blood,
To bring to Life her Younglings back again?
How should we wonder at that sovereign Good,
Who from that Serpent's Sting (that had us slain)
To save our Lives, shed his Life's Purple Flood,
And turn'd to endless Joy our endless Pain?
Ungrateful Soul, that charm'd with false Delight
Hast long long wander'd in Sin's flow'ry Path,
And didst not think at all, or thoughtst not Right
On this thy Pelican's great Love and Death,
Here pause, and let (though Earth it scorn) Heaven see
Thee pour forth Tears to him pour'd Blood for thee.

13.

IF in the East when you do there behold
Forth from his Christal Bed the Sun to rise,
With rosie Robs and Crown of flaming Gold;
If gazing on that Empress of the Skies
That takes so many Forms, and those fair Brands

Which blaze in Heaven's high Vault, Night's watch-
If seeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands (ful Eyes;
Of bellowing Billows, have their Course confin'd,
How unsustain'd the Earth still steadfast stands;
Poor mortal Wights, you e're found in your Mind
A Thought, that some great King did sit above,
Who had such Laws and Rites to them assign'd:
A King who fix'd the Poles, made Spheres to move,
All Wisdom, Pureness, Excellency, Might,
All Goodness, Greatness, Justice, Beauty, Love;
With Fear and Wonder hither turn your Sight,
See, see (alas) him now, not in that State
Thought could fore-cast Him into Reason's Light,
Now Eyes with Tears, now Hearts with Grief make
Bemoan this cruel Death and ruthless Case, (great;
If ever Complaints just Woe could aggravate.
From Sin and Hell to save us humane Race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject Tree,
An Object of Reproach and sad Disgrace.
O unheard Pity! Love in strange Degree!
He His own Life doth give, His Blood doth shed;
For Wormlings base such Worthiness to see.
Poor Wights, behold his Visage pale as Lead,
His Head bow'd to His Breast, Locks sadly rent,
Like a crompt Rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak Nature weep, astonish'd World lament,
Lament, you Winds, you Heaven that all contains;
And thou (my Soul) let nought thy Grievs relent.
Those Hands, those sacred Hands which hold the Reins
Of this great All, and kept from mutual Wars
The Elements, bear rent for thee their Veins:
Those Feet, which once must tread on golden Stars,
For thee with Nails would pierc'd through and torn;
For thee Heaven's King from Heaven himself debar:
This great heart-quaking Dolor wail and mourn,
Ye that long since Him saw by Might of Faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's Death,
The Sun from sinful Eyes hath veil'd his Light,
And faintly journies up Heavens sapphyre Path:
And cutting from her Brows her Tresses bright,
The Moon doth keep her Lord's sad Obsequies,
Impearling with her Tears her Rob of Night.
All staggering and lazy lowre the Skies,
The Earth and elemental Stages quake,
The long-since dead from bursted Graves arise.
And can things wanting Sense yet Sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought?
And Man (though born with Cries) shall Pity lack?
Think what had been your State, had he not brought
To these sharp Pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your Souls, that with his Life them Life he bought.
What Woes do you attend? if still ye ly
Plung'd in your wonted Ordures? wretched Brood,
Shall for your Sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shews, embrace true Good,
He on you calls, forgo Sin's shameful Trade,
With Prayers now seek Heaven, and not with Blood:
Let not the Lambs more from their Dams be had,
Nor Altars blush for Sin, live every thing,
That long Time long'd for Sacrifice is made,
All that is from you crav'd by this great King
Is to believe, a pure Heart Incense is,
What Gift (alas) can we him meaner bring?
Haste sin-sick Souls, this Season do not miss,
Now while remorseless Time doth grant you Space,
And God invites you to your only Bliss:
He who you calls will not deny you Grace,
But low-deep bury Faults, so ye repent,
His Arms (lo) stretched are you to embrace.
When Days are done, and Life's small Spark is spent;
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like Brood of Angels deathless, all content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in Heaven.

14.

Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing Bands,
Fair Citizens of that immortal Town,
Come see that King which all this All commands,
Now (overcharg'd with Love) die for his own;

Look on those Nails which pierce his Feet and Hands,
What a sharp Diadem his Brows doth Crown?
Behold his pallid Face, his heavy Frown,
And what a Throng of Thieves him mocking stands.
Come forth ye Empyrean Troops, come forth,
Preserve this Sacred Blood that Earth adorns,
Gather those liquid Roses off his Thorns,
O! to bestow they be of too much Worth:

¹ For Streams, ² Juice, ³ Balm they are, which quench, kills,
³ charms

¹ Of God, ² Death, ³ Hell, the Wrath, the Life, the Harms.

15.

Soul, whom Hell did once inthrall,
He, He for thine Offence,
Did suffer Death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign Excellence,
O Life of all that lives,
Eternal Bounty which each good thing gives,
How could Death mount so high?
No Wit this Point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us; at all who could not die.

16.

Life, to give Life, deprived is of Life,
And Death display'd hath Ensign against Death;
So violent the Rigour was of Death,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of Life:
No Power had Pow'r to thrall Life's Pow'rs to Death,
But willingly Life down hath laid his Life, (Death.
Love gave the Wound which wrought this work of
His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of Life:
Now quakes the Author of eternal Death,
To find that they whom late he rest of Life,
Shall fill his Room above the Lifts of Death,
Now all rejoice in Death who hope for Life.
Dead Jesus lies, who Death hath kill'd by Death,
No Tomb his Tomb is, but new Source of Life.

17.

Rise from those fragrant Climes thee now embrace,
Unto this World of Ours, O hast thy Race,
Fair Sun, and though contrary Ways all Year
Thou hold thy Course, now with the highest Share,
Join thy blew Wheels to hasten Time that lows,
And lazy Minutes turn to perfect Hours;
The Night and Death too long a League have made,
To flow the World in Horrors ugly Shade:
Shake from thy Locks a Day with Safron Rays
So fair, that it outshine all other Days;
And yet do not presume (great Eye of Light)
To be that which this Day must make so bright,
See, an Eternal Sun hastes to arise,
Not from the Eastern blushing Seas or Skies,
Or any stranger Worlds Heavens Concaves have,
But from the Darkness of an hollow Grave,
And this is that all powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy Brows with Rays, first made thee move.
Lights Trumpeters, ye need not from your Bow'rs
Proclaim this Day, this the Angelick Pow'rs
Have done for you; but now an Opal Hew
Bepaints Heaven's Crystal, to the longing View:
Earth's late hid Colours shine, Light doth adorn
The World, and (weeping Joy) forth comes the Morn;
And with her, as from a Lethargick Trance
The Breath return'd that Bodies doth advance,
Which Two sad Nights in Rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an Iron Guard invironed:
Life out of Death, Light out of Darkness springs,
From a base Jail forth comes the King of Kings;
What late was Mortal thrall'd to every Woe,
That Lackey's Life, or upon Sense doth grow,
Immortal is of an eternal Stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the Morning Lamp.
So from a black Eclipse out-pears the Sun:
Such [when her Course of Days have on her run,

In a far Forrest in the pearly East,
And she her self hath burnt and spicy Nest]
The lovely Bird with youthful Pens and Comb,
Doth soar from out her Cradle and her Tomb:
So a small Seed that in the Earth lies hid
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy Side,
Adorn'd with yellow Locks of new is born,
And doth become a Mother great with Corn,
Of Grains brings Hundreds with it, which when old,
Enrich the Furrows which do float with Gold.

Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail,
That Hell doth ransack, against Death prevail,
O how thou long'd for com'ft! with joyful Cries,
The all triumphing Palatines of Skies
Salute thy rising, Earth would Joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore:
A silly Tomb should not his Flesh enclose,
Who did Heaven's trembling Terrasses dispose;
No Monument should such a Jewel hold,
No Rock, though Ruby, Diamond, and Gold.
Thou didst lament and pity humane Race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given Grace
More than we forfeited and lost first,
In Eden Rebels when we were accurst.
Then Earth our Portion was, Earth's Joys but given,
Earth and Earth's Bless thou hast exchange'd with Hea-
O what a Height of Good upon us streams (ven.
From the great Splendor of thy Bounty's Beams?
When we deserv'd Shame, Horror, Flames of Wrath,
Thou bledst our Wounds, and suffer didst our Death,
But Father's Justice pleas'd, Hell, Death o'rcome,
In Triumph now thou risest from thy Tomb,
With Glories which past Sorrows countervail,
Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail.

Hence humble Sense, and hence ye Guides of Sense,
We now reach Heaven, your weak Intelligence
And searching Pow'rs were in a Flash made dim,
To learn, from all Eternity that Him
The Father bred, then that He here did come
(His Bearers Parent) in a Virgin's Womb; (Thorn,
But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with
Nail'd to a Tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him risen from a Grave to find,
Confounds your Cunning, turns, like Moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other Birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Impartial equaller of all with Dust,
Stern Executioner of heavenly Doom,
Made fruitful, now Life's Mother art become,
A sweet Relief of Cares the Soul molest,
An Harbinger to Glory, Peace and Rest,
Put off thy mourning Weeds, yield all thy Gall
To daily sinning Life, proud of thy Fall,
Assemble all thy Captives, haste to rise,
And every Corse in Earth-quakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowry Grave and rocky Jail,
Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail.

The World that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our Joys, thy Victory,
To a young Prime essays to turn again,
And as e're soyl'd with Sin yet to remain,
Her chilling Agues she begins to miss,
All Bless returning with the Lord of Bliss.
With greater Light Heaven's Temples opened shine,
Morn's smiling rise, Even's blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boyf'rous Winds are calm,
Soft Zephyrs do the Fields with Sighs embalm,
In silent Calms the Sea hath hush'd her Roars,
And with enamour'd Curls doth kiss the Shoars:
All-bearing Earth, like a new married Queen,
Her Beauties hightens, in a Gown of Green
Perfumes the Air, her Meads are wrought with Flow'rs,
In Colours various, Figures, Smelling, Pow'rs,
Trees wanton in the Groves with leavy Locks,
Her Hills enamell'd stand, the Vales, the Rocks
Ring Peals of Joy, her Floods and prattling Brooks,
(Stars liquid Mirrors) with serpentine Crooks,
And whispering Murmurs, sound unto the Main,
The Golden Age returned is again.

The

The honey People leave their golden Bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding Flow'rs,
In gloomy Shades perch on the tender Sprays
The painted Singers fill the Air with Lays:
Seas, Floods, Earth, Air, all diversly do sound,
Yet all their diverse Notes hath but one Ground,
Re-echo'd here down from Heaven's azure Vail,
Hail holy Victor, greatest Victor hail.

O Day on which Death's Adamantine Chain
The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's Reign,
And in triumphing Pomp his Trophees rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
With Name of his own Day; the Law to Grace,
Types to their Substance yield, to thee give Place
The old New-Moons, with all festival Days,
And what above the rest deserveth Praise,
The reverend Sabbath, what could else they be
Than Golden Heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou Empress of the Year,
This Glory of thy Sisters Six to win,
From work on thee, as other Days from Sin,
That Mankind shall forbear, in every Place
The Prince of Planets warmth in his Race;
And far beyond his Paths in frozen Climes;
And may thou be so blest to out-date Times,
That when Heaven's Quire shall blaze in Accents loud
The many Mercies of their Sovereign Good,
How he on thee did Sin, Death, Hell destroy,
It may be still the Burthen of their Joy.

18.

Beneath a sable Vail, and Shadows deep,
Of unaccessible and dimming Light,
In Silence Ebon Clouds more black than Night,
The World's great Mind his Secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick Mists when any mortal Wight
Aspires, with halting Pace, and Eyes that weep
To pry, and in his Mysteries to creep,
With Thunders he and Lightnings blasts their Sight,
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright Abysses, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper Rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in Life's Night, thy light me show,
The more I search of thee, the less I know.

19

IF with such passing Beauty, choice Delights,
The Architect of this great Round did frame,
This Palace visible, short Lifts of Fame,
And silly Mansion but of dying Wights;
How many Wonders, what amazing Lights
Must that triumphing Seat of Glory claim,
That doth transcend all this All's vastest Hights,
Of whose bright Sun ours here is but a Beam?
O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign,
Blest People which do see true Beauty's Face,
With whose far Shadow scarce he Earth doth deign:
All Joy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
Match'd with your endless Bliss and happy Life.

20.

Love, which is here a Care,
That Wit and Will doth mar,
Uncertain Truce and a most certain War,
A shrill tempestuous Wind,
Which doth disturb the Mind,
And like wild Waves all our Designs commove:
Among those Pow'rs above,
Which see their Maker's Face,
It a Contentment is, a quiet Peace,
A Pleasure void of Grief, a constant rest,
Eternal Joy, which nothing can molest.

21.

That Space where curled Waves do now divide
From the great Continent our happy Ile,
Was sometime Land, and now where Ships do glide,

Once with laborious Art the Plough did toil:
Once those fair Bounds stretcht out so far and wide,
Where Towns, no Shires enwall'd, endear each Mile,
Were all ignoble Sea and marish vile,
Where Proteus Flocks danc'd Measures to the Tide
So Age transforming all still forward runs,
No Wonder tho' the Earth doth change her Face,
New Manners, Pleasures new, turn with new Suns,
Locks now like Gold grow to an hoary Grace;
Nay, Mind's rare Shape doth change, that lies despis'd
Which was so dear of late and highly priz'd.

22.

This World a Hunting is,
The Prey poor Man, the Nimrod fierce is Death,
His speedy Gray-hounds are,
Lust, Sicknes, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne're falls amiss,
With all those Ills which haunt us while we breath,
Now, if by chance we flie
Of these the eager Chace,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts on his Nets, and there we panting die.

23.

Why (Worldlings) do ye trust frail Honour's
Dreams?
And lean to guilted Glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to regiftrate your Names
On Icy Pillars, which soon melt away?
True Honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
Nor no far-shining Lamp dives in the Sea,
But an eternal Sun spreads lasting Beams;
There, it attendeth you, where spotless Bands
Of Sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign Bless,
Where Years not hold it in their cank'ring Hands,
But who once noble ever noble is.
Look home, lest he your weakned Wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish Gard'ner earst made fall.

24.

As are those Apples, pleasant to the Eye,
But full of Smoak within, which use to grow
Near that strange Lake where God pour'd from the
Sky
Huge Show'rs of Flames, worse Flames to overthrow:
Such are their Works that with a glaring Show
Of humble Holiness, in Vertues dye
Would colour Mischief, while within they glow
With Coals of Sin, though none the Smoak descry.
Bad is that Angel that earst fell from Heaven,
But not so bad as he, nor in worse Case
Who hides a trait'rous Mind with smiling Face,
And with a Dove's white Feathers cloaths a Raven:
Each Sin some Colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

25.

New doth the Sun appear,
The Mountain's Snow decay,
Crown'd with frail Flow'rs forth comes the Infant Year,
My Soul, Time posits away,
And thou yet in that Frost,
Which Flow'r and Fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, doth stay:
For Shame thy Powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never Night makes black,
And there at that immortal Sun's bright Rays,
Deck thee with Flow'rs which fear not Rage of Days.

26.

Thrice happy, he who by some shady Grove,
Far from the clam'rous World, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love:
O how more sweet is Birds harmonious Moan,
Or the hoarse Sobblings of the Widow'd Dove,
Than those smooth Whisperings near a Prince's Throne,
Which Good make doubtful, do the Evil approve?

O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome Breath,
And Sighs embalm'd, which new-born Flow'rs unfold,
Than that Applause vain Honour doth bequeath?
How sweet are Streams to poyson drunk in Gold?
The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Sights,
Woods harmless Shades have only true Delights.

27.

Sweet Bird, that sing'st away the early Hours,
Of Winters past, or coming void of Care,
Well pleased with Delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding Sprays, sweet-smelling Flow'rs:
To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leavy Bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's Goodness dost declare,
And what dear Gifts on thee he did not spare,
A Stain to humane Sense in Sin that low'rs.
What Soul can be so sick, which by thy Songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's Turmoils, Spites and Wrongs,
And lift a reverend Eye and Thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless Songster, thou my Mind dost raise
To Ayres of Spheres, yea, and to Angels Lays.

28.

AS when it hapneth that some Lovely Town
Unto a barbarous Besieger falls,
Who both by Sword and Flames himself infalls,
And (shameless) it in Tears and Blood doth drown;
Her Beauty spoil'd, her Citizens made Thralls,
His Spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some Statue, Pillar of Renown,
Yet lurks unmain'd within her weeping Walls:
So after all the Spoil, Disgrace and Wrack,
That Time, the World, and Death could bring combin'd,
Amidst that Mass of Ruines they did make,
Safe and all scar-less yet remains my Mind:
From this so high transcendent Rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy Kings.

29.

Let us each Day inure our selves to die,
If this (and not our Fears) be truly Death,
Above the Circles both of Hope and Faith,
With fair immortal Pinions to flie;
If this be Death, our best Part to untie
(By ruining the Jail) from Lust and Wrath,
And every drowly Languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd Citizen of Sky:
To have more Knowledge than all Books contain,
All Pleasures even surmounting wishing Pow'r,
The Fellowship of God's immortal Train,
And these that Time nor Force shall e're devour?
If this be Death, what Joy, what Golden Care
Of Life, can with Death's ugliness compare?

30.

Amidst the Azure clear
Of Jordan's Sacred Streams,
Jordan of Lebanon the Off-spring dear,
When Zephyres Flow'rs unclothe,
And Sun shines with new Beams,
With grave and stately Grace a Nymph arose.
Upon her Head she wore
Of Amaranths a Crown,
Her Left Hand Palms, her Right a Torch did bear,
Unvail'd Skins Whiteness lay,
Gold Hairs in Curls hang down,
Eyes sparkled Joy, more bright than Star of Day,
The Flood a Throne her rear'd
Of Waves, most like that Heaven
Where beaming Stars in Glory turn inspher'd:
The Air stood calm and clear,
No Sigh by Winds was given,
Birds left to sing, Herds feed, her Voice to hear.
World-wandering sorry Wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying Lists of Days and Nights,
Whose Life (ere known amiss)
In glittering Grievs is spent,
Come learn (said she) what is your choicest Bliss.

From Toil and pressing Cares
How ye may Respite find,
A Sanctuary from Soul-thralling Snares,
A Port to harbour sure,
In Spight of Waves and Wind,
Which shall, when Time's swift Glass is run, endure.

Not happy is that Life
Which ye as happy hold;
No, but a Sea of Fears, a Field of Strife,
Charg'd on a Throne to sit
With Diadems of Gold,
Preserv'd by Force, and still observ'd by Wit;

Huge Treasures to enjoy,
Of all her Gems spoil inde,
All Seres Silk in Garments to imploy,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phoenix Plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple Bed.
Frail Beauty to abuse,
And (wanton Sybarites)
On past or present Touch of Sense to muse;
Never to hear of Noise
But what the Ear delights,
Sweet Mulick's charms, or charming Flatterer's voice.

Nor can it Bliss you bring,
Hid Nature's Depths to know,
Why Matter changeth, whence each Form doth spring,
Nor that your Fame should range,
And After-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

All these have not the Pow'r
To free the Mind from Fears,
Nor hideous Horror can allay one Hour,
When Death in Stealth doth glance;
In Sickness lurks or Years,
And wakes the Soul from out her mortal Trance.

No, but blest Life is this,
With Chaste and pure Desire
To turn unto the Load-star of all Bliss,
On God the Mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred Fire,
Possessing him to be by him possest.

When to the balmy East
Sun doth his Light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly West,
And ravisheth the Day,
With spotless Hands and Heart,
Him cheerfully to praise and to Him pray.

To heed each Action so,
As ever in his Sight,
More fearing doing Ill than passive Woe;
Not to seem other Thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may Repentance bring:

Not to be blown with Pride,
Nor mov'd at Glory's Breath,
Which Shadow-like on Wings of Time doth glide;
So Malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty Wrath,
As to do Good to those that work your Harm:

To hatch no base Desires,
Or Gold or Land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which Vertue fair acquires,
To have the Wit and Will
Consorting in one Strain,
Than what is good to have no higher Skill.

Never on Neighbours Goods,
With Cocatrices Eye
To look, nor make another's Heaven your Hell;
Nor to be Beauty's Thrall;
All fruitless Love to flie,
Yet loving still a Love transcendent all:

A Love which while it burns
The Soul with fairest Beams,
To that increatd Sun the Soul it turns,
And makes such Beauty prove,
That (if Sense saw her Gleams,)
All Lookers on would pine and die for Love.
Who such a Life doth live,
You happy even may call

Ere ruthless Death a wished End him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his Fall,
For humanes Earth, enjoying Angels Heaven.
Swift is your mortal Race,
And glassy is the Field,
Vaste are Desires not limited by Grace,
Life a weak Taper is :
Then while it Light doth yield
Leave flying Joys, embrace this lasting Bliss.
This when the Nymph had said,
She div'd within the Flood,
Whose Face with smiling Curls long after staid,
Then Sighs did Zephyres press,
Birds sang from every Wood,
And Echoes rang, this was true Happiness.

31.

BRight Portals of the Sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling Stars,
Doors of Eternity,
With Diamantine Barrs,
Your Arras rich up-hold,
Loose all your Bolts and Springs,
Ope wide your Leaves of Gold ;
That in your Roofs may come the King of Kings,
Scar'd in a Rofy Cloud,
He doth ascend the Air,
Straight doth the Moon him shrowd
With her resplendent Hair ;
The next enchrifall'd Light
Submits to him its Beams,
And he doth trace the Height
Of that fair Lamp which Flames of Beauty Streams.
He towers those Golden Bounds
He did to Sun bequeath,
The higher wandring Rounds
Are found his Feet beneath;
The Milky-way comes near,
Heaven's Axile seems to bend,
Above each turning Sphere
That rob'd in Glory Heaven's King may ascend.
O Well-spring of this All,
Thy Father's Image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live ;
The Soul's eternal Food,
Earth's Joy, Delight of Heaven ;
All Truth, Love, Beauty, Good,
To Thee, to Thee be Praises ever given.
What was disarm'd late
In this thy noble Frame,
And lost the prime Estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen ;
Streams which diverted were
(And troubled frayed unclean)
From their first Source, by Thee home turned are.
By Thee that Blemish old,
Of Eden's leprous Prince,
Which on his Race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far ;
With Sword, in ireful Guise,
No Cherub more shall bar
Poor Man the Entries into Paradise.
By Thee those Spirits pure,
First Children of the Light,
Now fixed stand and sure,
In their eternal Right ;
Now humane Companies
Renew their ruin'd Wall,
Fall'n Man as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giv'st to Angels that they shall not fall.
By Thee that Prince of Sin,
That doth with Mischief swell,
Hath lost what he did win,
And shall endungeon'd dwell ;
His Spoils are made the Prey,
His Phanes are sackt and torn,

His Altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late now lyes a Scorn.
These Mansions pure and clear,
Which are not made by Hands,
Which once by him joy'd were,
And his (then not stain'd) Bands
(Now forfeit'd, dispossess'd,
And head-long from them thrown)
Shall Adam's Heirs make blest,
By Thee their great Redeemer made their own.
O Well-Spring of this All,
Thy Fathers Image vive,
Word, that from nought did call,
What is, doth reason, live ;
Whose Work is, but to will,
Gods coeternal Son,
Great Banisher of Ill,
By none but Thee could these great Deeds be done,
Now each Ethereal Gate,
To him hath opened been ;
And Glory's King in State,
His Palace enters in ;
Now come is this high Priest,
In the most holy Place,
Not without Blood addrest,
With Glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with Grace,
Stars which all Eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn
His Name to celebrate,
In flaming Tongues them turn ;
Their orby Chrifals move
More active than before,
And Enthreate from above,
Their Sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.
The Quires of happy Souls,
Wak'd with that Musick sweet,
Whose Descant Care controuls,
Their Lord in Triumph meet ;
The spotless Spirits of Light
His Trophies do extol,
And arch'd in Squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his Capitol.
O Glory of the Heaven,
O sole Delight of Earth,
To Thee all Power be given,
God's uncreated Birth ;
Of Man-kind Lover true,
Endurer of his Wrong,
Who dost the World renew,
Still be thou our Salvation and our Song.
From Top of Olivet such Notes did rise,
When Man's Redeemer did transcend the Skies.

32.

More oft than once, Death whisper'd in mine Ear,
Grave what thou hears in Diamond and Gold,
I am that Monarch whom all Monarchs fear,
Who have in Dust their far-stretch'd Pride uproll'd.
All all is mine beneath Moon's Silver Sphere,
And nought, save Virtue, can my Power with-hold ;
This (not believ'd) Experience true thee told,
By Danger late when I to thee came near.
As Bugbear then my Village I did show,
That of my Horrors thou right Use mightst make,
And a more sacred Path of Living take :
Now still walk armed for my ruthless Blow,
Trust flattering Life no more, redeem Time past,
And live each Day as if it were thy last.

33. An Hymn on the Fairest Fair.

I Feel my Bosom glow with wontless Fires,
Rais'd from the Vulgar Press my Mind aspires
(Wing'd with high Thoughts) unto his Praise to climb,
From deep Eternity who call'd forth Time,
That Essence, which not mov'd makes each Thing move,
Uncreate Beauty, all-creating Love ;
But by so great an object, radiant Light,
My Heart appall'd, enfeebled rests my Sight,

Thick Clouds benight my labouring Engine,
And at my high Attempts my Wits repine:
If Thou in me this Sacred Heat hast wrought,
My Knowledge sharpen, Sarcels lend my Thought:
Grant me (Time's Father, World-containing King)
A Pow'r of Thee in pow'ful Lays to sing,
That as thy Beauty in Earth lives, Heaven shines,
So it may dawn or shadow in my Lines.

As far beyond the starry Walls of Heaven,
As is the loftiest of the Planets seven
Sequestered from this Earth, in purest Light
Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable Night,
Thou all-sufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,
God various in Names, in Essence One,
High art enthroned on a Golden Throne,
Out-reaching Heaven's wide bespangled Vault,
Transcending all the Circles of our Thought,
With Diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,
There thou giv'st Laws, and dost this World command,
This World of Concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a Ball lies prostrate at thy Feet.

If so we may well say (and what we say
Here wrapt in Flesh, led by dim Reason's Ray,
To show by earthly Beauties which we see
That spiritual Excellence that shines in Thee,
Good Lord forgive) not far from Thy right Side,
With curled Locks Youth ever doth abide,
Rose-cheeked Youth who garlanded with Flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto Thee pours
Immortal Nectar in a Cup of Gold,
That by no Darts of Ages Thou grow old;
And as Ends and Beginnings Thee not claim,
Successionless that Thou be still the same.

Near to thy other Side resistless Might,
From Head to Foot in burnisht Armour bright,
That rings about Him with a waving Brand,
And watchful Eye, great Sentinel doth stand;
That neither Time nor Force in ought impair
Thy Workmanship, nor harm thine Empire fair,
Soon to give Death to all again that would,
Stern Discord raise which thou destroy'd of old,
Discord that Foe to Order, Nurse of War,
By which the noblest Things demolisht are,
But (captive) She no Treason doth devise,
When Might to nought doth bring her Enterprize;
Thy all-upholding Might her Malice reins,
And her to Hell throws bound in iron Chains.

With Locks in Waves of Gold that ebb and flow
On Ivory Neck, in Robes more white than Snow,
Truth stedfastly before Thee holds a Glass,
Indent'd with Gems, Where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be, here ere ought was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy Pow'r with Time forth brought,
And more, Things numberless which thou could'st
That actually shall never Being take, (make,
Here thou behold'st thy self, and (strange) dost prove
At once the Beauty, Lover and the Love.

With Faces Two (like Sisters) sweetly fair;
Whose Blossoms no rough Autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her Looks disperse
Through every Corner of this Universe,
Thy Providence, at once which general Things
And singular, doth rule as Empires Kings;
Without whose Care this World (lost) would remain,
As Ship without a Master in the Main,
As Chariot alone, as Bodies prove
Depriv'd of Souls, whereby they be, live, move.

But who are they which shine Thy Throne so near?
With sacred Countenance, and Look severe,
This in one Hand a pond'rous Sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with Ballances of Gold,
That with Brows girt with Bays, sweet-smiling Face,
Doth bear a Brandon, with a Infant Grace
Two Milk-white Wings him easily do move;
O she thy Justice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought'st this Engine great to Light,
By that it fram'd in Number, Measure, Weight,
That Destiny doth reward to Ill and Good;
But Sway of Justice is by Love withstood,

Which did it not relent and mildly stay,
This World ere now had found its funeral Day.

What Bands (enclustred) near to these abide,
Which into vaste Infinity them hide?

Infinity that neither doth admit,
Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it:

Here Bounty sparkleth, here doth Beauty shine,
Simplicity, more white than Gelsomine,

Mercy with open Wings, ay-varied Bliss,
Glory, and Joy, that Bliss's Darling is.

Ineffable, all-pow'ful God, all free,
Thou only liv'st, and each Thing lives by Thee,

No Joy, no, nor Perfection to Thee came
By the contriving of this World's great Frame,

Ere Sun, Moon, Stars began their restless Race,
Ere painted was with Light Heaven's pure Face,

Ere Air had Clouds, ere Clouds wept down their Show'rs
Ere Sea embraced Earth, ere Earth bare Flow'rs,

Thou happy liv'dst; World nought to the supply'd
All in thy self thy self thou satisfi'd:

Of Good no slender Shadow doth appear,
No Age-worn Track, in Thee which shin'd not clear,

Perfection's Sun, prime-cause of every Cause,
Midst, End, Beginning where all Good doth pause:

Hence of thy Substance, differing in nought
Thou in Eternity thy Son forth brought,

The only Birth of thy unchanging Mind,
Thine Image, Patern-like that ever shin'd,

Light out of Light, begotten not by Will
But Nature, all and that same Essence still

Which Thou Thy self, for Thou dost nought possess
Which He hath not, in nought nor is He less

Than Thou his great Begetter; of this Light
Eternal, double-kindled was thy Spright

Eternally, who is with Thee the same,
All-holy Gift, Ambassador, Knot, Flame:

Most sacred Triad, O most holy One,
Unprocreate Father, ever-procreate Son,

Ghost breath'd from both, you were, ere, still shall be,
(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,

Uncomprehensible by reachless Height,
And unperceived by excessive Light.

So in our Souls Three and yet One are still,
The Understanding, Memory, and Will;

So (though unlike) the Planet of the Days
So soon as he was made, begat his Rays,

Which are his Offspring, and from both was hurl'd,
The rosy Light which consoles the World,

And none fore-went another: So the Spring,
The Well-head and the Stream which they forth bring,

Are but one self-same Essence, nor in ought
Do differ, save in Order, and our Thought

No Chime of Time discerns in them to fall,
But Three distinctly 'bide one Essence all.

But these express not Thee, who can declare
Thy Being? Men and Angels dazzl'd are.

Who would this Eden force with Wit or Sense,
A Cherubin shall find to bar him thence.

Great Architect, Lord of this Universe,
That Light is blinded would thy Greatness pierce,

Ah! as a Pilgrim who the Alpes doth pass,
Or Atlas Temples crown'd with Winter-Glass,

The airy Caucasus, the Appennine,
Pyrene's Cliffs where Sun doth never shine,

When he some craggy Hills hath over-went,
Begins to think on Rest, his Journey spent,

Till mounting some tall Mountain he doth find,
More Heights before him than he left behind:

With halting Pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded Limits of thy Praise,

Some Part of Way I thought to have o're-run,
But now I see how scarce I have begun,

With Wonders new my Spirits range possess,
And wandering wayless in a Maze them rest.

In these vast Fields of Light Ethereal Plains,
Thou art attended by Immortal Trains

Of Intellectual Pow'rs, which thou brought'st forth
To praise thy Goodness, and admire thy Worth,

In Numbers passing other Creatures far,
Since

Since most in number noblest Creatures are,
Which do in Knowledge us no less out-run,
Than Moon in Light doth Stars, or Noon the Sun,
Unlike, in Orders rang'd and many a Band,
(If Beauty in Disparity doth stand)
Arch-angels, Angels, Cherubs, Seraphins,
And what with Name of Thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Pow'rs,
All-acting Vertues of those flaming Tow'rs;
These freed of Umbrage, these of Labour free,
Rest ravished with beholding Thee,
Inflam'd with Beams which sparkle from thy Face,
They can no more desire, far less embrace.

Low under them, with slow and staggering Pace
Thy Hand-maid Nature thy great Steps doth trace,
The Source of Second Causes, golden Chain
That links this Frame as thou doth it ordain;
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious Eye,
That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deity.
By Nature led those Bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their Course, nor change their State,
Unintermixt, which no Disorder prove,
Though ay and contrary they always move,
The Organs of thy Providence divine,
Books ever open, Signs that clearly shine,
Time's purpled Maskers, then do them advance,
As by sweet Musick in a measur'd Dance,
Stars, Host of Heaven, ye Firmament's bright Flow'rs,
Clear Lamps which overhang this Stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the Weeds of Night,
Nor Pageant-like to please the vulgar Sight;
Great Causes sure ye must bring great Effects,
But who can descant right your grave Aspects?
He only who You made decipher can
Your Notes: Heavens Eyes, ye blind the Eyes of Man.

Amidst these Saphyre far-extending Heights,
The never twinkling, ever wandering Lights
Their fixed Motions keep, One dry and cold,
Deep-lead-colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
With Rule and Line for Time's Steps meeting even.
In twice Three Lustres he but turns his Heaven.
With temperate Quality's and Count'nance fair,
Still mildly smiling sweetly debonaire:
Another cheers the World, and Way doth make
In twice Six Autumns through the Zodiack:
But hot and dry with flaming Locks and Brows
Enrag'd, this in his red Pavilion glows:
Together running with like Speed, if Space,
Two equally in Hands atchieve their Race,
With blushing Face this oft doth bring the Day,
And ushers oft to stately Stars the Way,
That various in Vertue, changing Light,
With his small Flame impetuals the Vail of Night:
Prince of this Court, the Sun in Triumph rides,
With the Year Snake-like in her felt that glides,
Time's Dispensator, fair life-giving Source,
Through Sky's Twelve Ports as he doth run his Course,
Heart of this All, of what is known to Sense,
The likest to his Maker's Excellence,
In whose diurnall Motion doth appear
A Shadow, no true Pourtrait of the Year,
The Moon moves lowest, silver Sun of Night,
Dispersing through the World her borrow'd Light,
Who in Three Forms her Head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant Change.

Sad Queen of Silence, I ne'er see thy Face,
To wax, or wane, or shine with a full Grace,
But fright (amaz'd) on Man I think, each Day
His State who changeth, or if he find Sray,
It is in dreary Anguish, Cares, and Pains,
And of his Labours Death is all the Gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a Thought
Lodge in my Breast? as to trust thou first brought
Here in Earth's shady Cloyster wretched Man,
To suck the Air of Woe, to spend Life's Span
Midst Sighs and Complaints, a Stranger unto Mirth,
To give himself his Death-rebuking Birth?
By Sense and Wit of Creatures made King,
By Sense and Wit to live their Underling?
And what is worst, have Eagles Eyes to see

His own Disgrace, and know an high Degree
Of Bliss, the Place, if he might thereto climb,
Ynd not live thrall'd to imperious Time?
Or (Dotard) shall I so from Reason swerve,
To dim those Lights which to our Use do serve,
(For thou dost not them need) more nobly fram'd
Than us that know their Course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass
As far as they do Asterisks of Glass,
When thou us made, by Treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first Estate we live exil'd,
Wandering this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,
Where he doth use the Power which he hath got,
Indifferent Umpire unto Clowns and Kings,
The supreme Monarch of all mortal Things.

When first this flowry Orb was to us given,
It but in Place disvalu'd was to Heaven;
These Creatures which now our Sovereigns are,
And as to Rebels do denounce us War,
Then were our Vassals, no tumultuous Storm,
No Thunders, Earthquakes, did her Form deform,
The Seas in tumbling Mountains did not roar,
But like moist Chrystal whisper'd on the Shoar,
No Snake did trace her Meads, nor ambush lowr
In azure Curles beneath the sweet-Spring Flow'r;
The Night shade, Henbane, Napel, Aconite,
Her Bowels then not bare, with Death to smite
Her guiltless Brood; thy Messengers of Grace,
As their high Rouns did haunt this lower Place;
O Joy of Joys! with our first Parents Thou
To commune then didst deign, as Friends do now:
Against Thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each Creature rebelled against us,
Earth, rest of what did chief in her excel,
To all become a jail, to most a Hell,
In Time's full Term untill thy Son was given,
Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heaven.

Whole and entire all in Thy Self Thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this All no Part,
For infinite, in making this fair Frame,
Great without Quantity in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy State admit,
Or Place of Substance to be void of it?
Were Worlds as many, as the Rays which stream
From Day's bright Lamp, or madding Wits do dream,
They would not reel in ought, nor wandering fray,
But draw to Thee, who could their Centers stay;
Were but one Hour this World disjoin'd from Thee,
It in one Hour to nought reduc'd should be,
For it Thy Shadow is, and can they last
If sever'd from the Substances them cast?
O only blest, and Author of all Bliss,
No, Bliss it self, that all where wished is,
Efficient, exemplary, final Good,
Of thine own Self but only understood;
Light is thy Curtain, thou art Light of Light,
An ever waking Eye still shining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of passive Pow'r, (lowr:
And Change, in Change since Death's pale Shade doth
All Times to Thee are one, that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the Sun,
To Thee are present, who dost always see
In present Act, what past, is, or to be;
Day-livers we Remembrance do lose
Of Ages worn, so Miseries us tosse
(Blind and Lethargick of thy heavenly Grace,
Which Sin in our first Parents did deface,
And even while Embrions curs'd by justest Doom)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come,
But Thou in Thy great Archives scrolled hast
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble Wheels of Time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same Thy Day and Yesterday,
An undivided Now, a constant Ay.

O King whose Greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless Goodness doth to all extend,
Light of all Beauty, Ocean without Ground,
That standing flowest, giving dost abound,
Rich Palace, and Indweller ever blest,

Never not working, ever yet in rest;
 What Wit cannot conceive, Words say of Thee,
 Here where we as but in a Mirror see,
 Shadows of Shadows, Atoms of thy Might,
 Stillowly-ey'd when staring on thy Light;
 Grant that released from this Earthly Jail, (vaile,
 And freed from Clouds which here our Knowledge
 In Heaven's high Temples where thy Praises ring,
 In sweeter Notes I may hear Angels sing.

34.

Great God, whom we with humble Thoughts a-
 Eternal, Infinite, Almighty King, (dore,
 Whose Dwellings Heaven transcend, whose Throne be-
 Archangels serve, and Seraphins do sing: (fore
 Of nought who wrought all that with wondring Eyes
 We do behold within this spacious Round,
 Who makes the Rocks to rock, to stand the Skies,
 At whose Command Clouds Peals of Thunder sound:
 Ah! spare us Worms, weigh not how we, alas!
 (Evil to our selves) against thy Laws rebell,
 Wash off those Spots which fill in Conscience Glasse
 (Though we be loath to look) we see too well.
 Deserv'd Revenge, oh do not, do not take,
 If thou revenge who shall abide thy Blow?
 Pass shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
 Which should not perish till thy Trumpet blow:
 What Soul is found whom Parents Crime not stains?
 Or what with its own Sins defil'd is not?
 Though Justice Rigor threaten, yet her Reins
 Let Mercy guide, and never be forget.
 Less are our Faults far far than is thy Love,
 O what can better seem thy Grace Divine,
 Than they who Plagues deserve, thy Bounty prove,
 And, where thou mayst show'r Vengeance, there to
 Then look and pity, pitying forgive (shine?
 Us guilty Slaves, or Servants now in Thrall,
 Slaves, if alas thou look how we do live,;
 Or doing Ill, or doing nought at all:
 Of an ungrateful Mind a foul Effect;
 But if thy Gifts which largely heretofore
 Thou hast upon us pour'd thou dost respect,
 We are thy Servants, nay than Servants more,
 Thy Children, yes, and Children dearly bought.
 But what strange Chance us of this Lot bereaves?
 Poor worthless Wights how lowly are we brought,
 Whom Grace once Children made, Sin hath made Slaves,
 Sin hath made Slaves, but let those Bands grace break?
 That in our Wrongs thy Mercies may appear,
 Thy Wisdom not so mean is, Pow'r so weak,
 But Thousand Ways they can make Worlds Thee fear.
 O Wisdom boundless! O miraculous Grace!
 Grace, Wisdom which makes wink dim Reason's Eye,
 And could Heaven's King bring forth his placeless
 On this ignoble Stage of Care to dy: (Place,
 To dy our Death, and with the sacred Stream
 Of Blood and Water gushing from his Side,
 To make us clean of that contagious Blame,
 First on us brought by our first Parents Pride.
 Thus thy great Love and Pity (heavenly King)
 Love, Pity which so well our Loss prevent,
 Of Evil it self (lo) could all Goodness bring,
 And sad Beginning chear with glad Event.
 O Love and Pity! ill known of these Times,
 O Love and Pity! careful of our Need,
 O Bounties! which our horrid Acts and Crimes
 (Grown numberless) contend near to exceed.
 Make this excessive Ardour of thy Love,
 So warm our Coldness, so our Lives renew,
 That we from Sin, Sin may from us remove.
 Wisdom our Will, Faith may our Wit subdue.
 Let thy pure Love burn up all worldly Lust,
 Hell's candy'd Poyson killing our best Part,
 Which makes us joy in Toys, adore frail Dust,
 Instead of Thee, in Temple of our Heart.
 Grant when at last our Souls these Bodies leave,
 Their loathsome Shops of Sin and Mansions blind,
 And Doom before thy Royal Seat receive,
 A Saviour more than Judge they Thee may find.

35. *The Shadow of the Judgment.*

Above those boundless Bounds where Stars do move,
 The Cieling of the chrystal Round above,
 And Rain-bow-sparkling Arch of Diamond clear,
 Which crowns the Azure of each Undersphere,
 In a rich Mansion radiant with Light,
 To which the Sun is scarce a Taper bright,
 Which, though a Body, yet so pure is fram'd,
 That almost Spiritual it may be nam'd;
 Where Bliss aboundeth, and auring May
 All Pleasures heightning flourisheth for ay,
 The King of Ages dwells. About his Throne
 (Like to these Beams Day's golden Lamp hath on)
 Angelick Splendors glance, more swift than ought
 Reveal'd to Sense, nay than the winged Thought,
 His Will to practise: Here do Seraphins
 Burn with Immortal Love, there Cherubins
 With other Noble People of the Light,
 As Eaglets in the Sun, delight their Sight:
 Heaven's ancient Denizens, pure active Powers,
 Which (freed of Death) that Cloister high embowen,
 Ethereal Princes, ever-conquering Bands,
 Blest Subjects acting what their King commands;
 Sweet Quiristers, by whose melodious Strains
 Skies dance, and Earth untir'd their Brawl sustains.
 Mixed among whose sacred Legions dear
 The spotless Souls of Humanes do appear,
 Divesting Bodies which did Cares divest,
 And there live happy in eternal Rest.
 Hither sur-charg'd with Grief, fraught with Annoy,
 (Sad Spectacle into that Place of Joy)
 Her Hair disordered dangling o're her Face,
 Which had of pallid Violets the Grace,
 The Crimson Mantle wont her to adorn
 Cast loose about, and in large Pieces torn,
 Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy Eyne
 Along her Cheeks distilling chrystal Brine,
 Which downward to her Ivory Breast was driven,
 And had bedewed the Milky-Way of Heaven;
 Came Piety: At her Left Hand near by
 A wailing Woman bare her Company,
 Whose tender Babes her snowy Neck did clip,
 And now hang on her Pap, now by her Lip:
 Flames glanc'd her Head above, which once did glow,
 But late look pale (a poor and ruthless Show!)
 She sobbing shook the Throne of God before,
 And thus began her Case to him deplore.
 Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate, to whom should I
 My Refuge have, below or in the Sky,
 But unto thee? See (All-beholding King)
 That Servant, no, that Darling thou didst bring
 On Earth, lost Man to save from Hell's Abime,
 And raise unto those Regions above Time;
 Who made thy Name so truly be implor'd,
 And by the reverent Soul so long ador'd,
 Her banish'd now see from these lower Bounds,
 Behold her Garments shreds her Body's Wounds:
 Look how her Sister Charity there stands,
 Proscrib'd on Earth, all maim'd by wicked Hands:
 Mischief there mounts to such an high Degree,
 That there, now none is left that cares for me.
 There dwells Idolatry, there Atheism reigns,
 There Man in dumb, yet roaring, Sins him stains;
 So foolish, that he Puppets will adore
 Of Mettal, Stone, and Birds, Beasts, Trees, before
 He once will to Thy holy Service bow,
 And yield Thee Homage: Ah alas! yet now
 To those black Sp'rits which thou dost keep in Chains:
 He vows Obedience, and with shameful Pains
 Infernal Horrors courts; Case fond and strange!
 To Bane than Bliss desiring more the Change.
 Thy Charity, of Graces once the Chief,
 Did long time find in Hospitals Relief,
 Which now ly levell'd with the lowest Ground,
 Where sad Memorials scarce are of them found.
 Then (Vagabonding) Temples her receiv'd,
 Where my poor Cells afforded what she crav'd;
 But now thy Temples raz'd are, humane Blood
 Those Places stains, late where thy Altars stood:
 Time

Times are so horrid, to implore thy Name
That it is held now on the Earth a Blame.
Now doth the Warrior, with his Dart and Sword,
Write Laws in Blood, and vent them for Thy Word;
Religion, Faith pretending to make known,
All have all Faith, Religion quite o'erthrown,
Men awless, lawless live (most woful Case)
Men, no more Men, a G O D-contemning Race.

Scarce had she said, when from the Nether World,
(Like to a Lightning through the Welkin hurl'd,
That scores with Flames the Way, and every Eye
With Terror dazles as it swimeth by)

Came Justice; to whom Angels did make place,
And Truth her flying Foot-steps straight did trace.
Her Sword was lost, the precious Weights she bare
Their Beam had torn, Scales rudely bruised were;
From off her Head was reft her Golden Crown,
In Raggs her Vail was rent and Star-spangl'd Gown,
Her Tear-wet Locks hang'd o'er her Face, which made
Between her and the Mighty King a Shade;
Just Wrath had rais'd her Colour (like the Morn
Portending Clouds moist Embryo's to be born)
Of which, she taking Leave, with Heart twoln great,
Thus strove to plain before the Throne of State.

Is not the Earth Thy Work-man-ship (great King)
Didst Thou not all this *All* from nought once bring
To this rich Beauty which doth on it shine:
Bestowing on each Creature of Thine
Some Shadow of Thy Bounty? Is not Man
Thy Vassal, w^ho'd to spend his Life's short Span
To do Thee Homage? And then didst not Thou
A Queen install me there, to whom should bow
Thy Earth's Indwellers, and to this Effect
Put in my Hand thy Sword? O high Neglect!
Now wretched Earthlings, to thy great Disgrace,
Perverted have my Pow'r, and do deface
All reverent Tracts of Justice; now the Earth
Is but a Frame of Shame, a funeral Hearth,
Where every Virtue hath consumed been,
And nought, (no not their Dust) rests to be seen,
Long hath it me abhor'd, long chased me,
Expell'd at last, here I have fled to Thee,
And forthwith rather would to Hell repair,
Than Earth, since Justice execute is there.
All live on Earth by Spoil, the Host his Guest
Betrays, the Man of her lies in his Breast
Is not assured; the Son the Father's Death
Attempts, and Kindred Kindred reave of Breath
By lurking Means, of such Age few makes sick,
Since Hell disgorg'd her baneful Arsenick,
Whom Murthers, foul Assassins defile,
Most who the harmless Innocents beguile,
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a Worthy's Name;
So on emboldned Malice they rely,
That (madding) Thy great Puissance they defy:
Erst Man resembl'd Thy Pourtrait, soil'd by Smoak
Now like Thy Creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
An aged Lady in a heavy Mood)
Doth break her Staff, denying humane Race
To come of her, Things born to her Disgrace!
The Dove the Dove, the Swan doth love the Swan,
Nought so relentless unto Man as Man.
O! if Thou mad'st this World, govern'st it all,
Deserved Vengeance on the Earth let fall;
The Period of her standing perfect is,
Her Hour-glass not a Minute short doth miss.
The End (O Lord) is come, then let no more
Mischiefs still triumph, Bad the Good devour;
But of Thy Word since constant, true Thou art,
Give Good their Guerdon, Wicked due Desert.

She said: Throughout the shining Palace went
A Murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musked Zephyr's Sighs along the Main,
Or when they curl some flow'ry Lee and Plain;
One was their Thought, one their Intention, Will,
Nor could they err, Truth there residing still:
All (mov'd with Zeal) as one with Cries did pray,
Hasten (O Lord) O hasten the Last Day.

Look how a generous Prince, when he doth hear,
Some loving City and to him most dear,
Which went with Gifts and Shows him entertain,
(And as a Father's did obey his Reign);
A Rout of Slaves and rascal Foes to wrack
Her Buildings overthrow, her Riches sack,
Feels vengeful Flames within his Bosom burn,
And a just Rage all Respects overturn:
So seeing Earth, of Angels once the Inn,
Mansion of Saints, deflowred all by Sin,
And quite confus'd, by Wretches here beneath;
The World's great Sovereign moved was to Wrath.
Thrice did He rowse Himself, thrice from His Face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly Place.
The Stars, though fixed, in their Rounds did quake;
The Earth, and Earth-embracing Sea, did Shake:
Carmel and *Hemus* felt it, *Arbos* Tops
Affrighted shrunk, and near the *Æthiops*
Atlas, the *Pyrenees*, the *Appennine*,
And lofty *Grampius*, which with Snow doth shine.
Then to the Synod of the Sp'rits he swore,
Man's Care should end, and Time should be no more;
By His own Self He swore of perfect Worth,
Straight to perform His Word sent Angels forth.

There lies an Island, where the radiant Sun,
When he doth to the Northern Tropicks run,
Of Six long Moneths makes one tedious Day,
And when through Southern Signs he holds his Way,
Six Moneths turneth in one loathsome Night
(Night neither here is fair, nor Day hot-bright,
But half white and half more) where sadly clear
Still coldly glance the Beams of either Bear,
The frosty *Groen-land*. On the lonely Shore
The Ocean in Mountains hoarse doth roar,
And over tumbling, tumbling over Rocks,
Casts various Rain-bows, which in Froth he choaks:
Gulfs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than *Nilus* Cataracts more vast and deep.
To the wild Land beneath to make a Shade,
A Mountain listeth up his crested Head:
His Locks are Ice-shockles, his Brows are Snow,
Yet, from his burning Bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming Pyramides are driven,
And pitchy Meteors, to the Cope of Heaven,
No Summer here the lovely Grass forth brings,
Nor Trees, no, not the deadly Cypress springs.
Cave-loving *Eccho* Daughter of the Air,
By humane Voice was never wak'ned here:
Instead of Night's Black-Bird, and plaintful Owl,
Infernal Furies here do yell and howl.
A Mouth yawns in this Height so black obscure
With Vapours, that no Eye it can endure:
Great *Ætna's* Caverns never yet did make
Such fable Damps, though they be hideous black,
Stern Horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this Gulf destine for a Gate to Hell,
Forth from this Place of Dread (Earth to appall)
Three Furies rushed at the Angel's Call.
One with long Tresses doth her Visage mask,
Her Temples clouding in a horrid Cask,
Her right Hand swings a Brandon in the Air,
Which Flames and Terror hurleth every where;
Pond'rous with Darts, her left doth bear a Shield,
Where *Gorgon's* Head looks grim in fable Field:
Her Eyes blaze Fire and Blood, each Hair fills Blood,
Blood trills from either Pap, and where she stood
Blood's liquid Coral sprang her Feet beneath,
Where she doth stretch her Arm is Blood and Death.
Her *Syngian* Head no sooner she uprears,
When Earth of Swords, Helms, Launces straight appears
To be delivered, and from out her Womb
In Flame-wing'd Thunders Artillery doth come,
Floods Silver Streams do take a blushing Dye,
The Plains with breathless Bodies buried lye;
Rage, Wrong, Rape, Sacrilege do her attend,
Fear, Discord, Wrack, and Woes which have no End:
Town is by Town, and Prince by Prince with-flood,
Earth turns an hideous Shamble, a Lake of Blood,

The next with Eyes, sunk hollow in her Brains,
Lean Face, snarl'd Hair, with black and empty Veins,
Her dry'd-up Bones scarce covered with her Skin,
Bewraying that strange Structure built within
Thigh-Bellyless, most gaffly to the Sight,
A wasted Skeleton resembleth right.
Where she doth roam in Air faint do the Birds,
Yawn do Earth's ruthless Brood and harmless Herds,
The Wood's wild Forragers do howl and roar,
The humid Swimmers dye along the Shoar;
In Towns, the Living do the Dead up-eat,
Then dye themselves, Alas! and wanting Meat;
Mothers not spare the Birth of their own Wombs,
But turn those Nests of Life to fatal Tombs.

Last did a Saffron-colour'd Hag come out,
With uncomb'd Hair, Brows banded all about
With dusky Clouds, in ragged Mantle clad,
Her Breath with stinking Fumes the Air be-spread,
In either Hand she held a Whip, whose Wires,
Still'd Poyson, blaz'd with *Phlegethontal* Fires.
(Relentless) she each State, Sex, Age defiles,
Earth streams with Goats, burns with invenom'd Boils;
Where she repairs, Towns do in Desarts turn,
The Living have no Pause the Dead to mourn,
The Friend (Ah!) dares not lock the dying Eyes
Of his Belov'd, the Wife the Husband flies;
Men Basilisks to Men prove, and by Breath,
Then Lead or Steel, bring worse and swifter Death:
No Cypress, Obsequies, no Tomb they have,
The sad Heaven mostly serves them for a Grave.

These over Earth tumultuously do run,
South, North, from rising to the setting Sun;
They sometime part, yet than the Winds more fleet,
Forth-with together in one Place they meet.
Great *Quinay* ye it know, *Susania's* Pride,
And you where statly *Tiber's* Streams do glide,
Memphis, *Parthenope*, ye too it know;
And where *Euripus* Seven-fold Tide doth flow:
Ye know it Empresses on *Thames*, *Rhose*, *Seine*,
And ye fair Queens by *Tagus*, *Danube*, *Rhine*,
Though they do scour the Earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content the Angels leave their Charge:
We of her Wrack these slender Signs may name,
By greater they the Judgment do proclaim.

This Center's Center with a mighty Blow
One bruise, whose crackt Concaves lowder low,
And rumble, than if all th' Artillery
On Earth discharg'd at once were in the Sky;
Her Surface shakes, her Mountains in the Main
Turn topsy-turvy, of Heights making Plain:
Towns them engulf, and late where Towers did stand,
Now nought remaineth but a Waste of Sand:
With turning Eddys Seas sink under Ground,
And in their floating Depths are Valleys found;
Late where with foamy Crests, Waves tilted Waves,
Now fishy Bottoms shine and mossy Caves.
The Mariner casts an amazed Eye
On his wing'd Firrs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he see no Shore; but whilst he thinks,
What hideous Crevels that huge Current drinks,
The Streams rush back again with storming Tide,
And now his Ships on chrystral Mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond Seas and Hope,
And settle on some Hill or Palace Top;
Or by triumphant Surges over-driven,
Show Earth their Entrails and their Keels the Heaven.

Skies cloudy Tables some do paint, with Fights
Of armed Squadrons, jostling Steeds and Knights,
With shining Crosses, Judge, and sapphire Throne,
Arraigned Criminals to howl and groan,
And Plaints fend forth are heard: New Worlds seen shine
With other Suns and Moons, false Stars decline,
And dive in Seas; red Comets warm the Air,
And blaze, as other Worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly Bodies do displace,
Make Sun his Sister's stranger Steps to trace;
Beyond the Course of Spheres he drives his Coach,
And near the cold *Arcturus* doth approach;
The *Scythian* amaz'd is at such Beams,
The *Mauritanian* to see Icy Streams;

The Shadow which ere-while turn'd to the West,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the East:
New Stars above the Eighth Heaven sparkle clear,
Mars chops with *Saturn*, *Jove* claims *Mars's* Sphere,
Shrunk nearer Earth, all blackned now and brown,
In Mask of weeping Clouds appears the Moon.
There are no Seasons, Autumn, Summer, Spring,
All are stern Winter, and no Birth forth bring:
Red turns the Sky's blue Curtain o're this Glob,
As to propine the Judge with purple Rob.

At first (entranc'd) with sad and curious Eyes,
Earth's Pilgrim's stare on those strange Prodigies:
The Star-gazer this Round finds truly move
In Parts and Whole, yet by no Skill can prove
The Firmament's stay'd Firmness. They which dream
An Everlastingness in World's vast Frame,
Think well some Region where they dwell may wrack,
But that the Whole nor Time nor Force can shake;
Yet (frantick) muse to see Heaven's stately Lights,
Like Drunkards, wayless reel amidst their Heights.
Such as do Nations govern, and command
Vasts of the Sea and Emperies of Land,
Repine to see their Countries overthrown,
And find no Foe their Fury to make known:
Alas (say they) what boots our Toils and Pains,
Of Care on Earth is this the furthest Gains?
No Riches now can bribe our angry Fate,
O no! to blast our Pride the Heavens do threat:
In Dust now must our Greatness buried lie,
Yet is it Comfort with the World to die.
As more and more the warning Signs increase,
Wild Dread deprives lost *Adam's* Race of Peace;
From out their Grand-Dame Earth they fain would fly,
But whither know not, Heavens are far and high;
Each would bewail and mourn his own Discreet,
But publick Cries do private Tears suppress,
Laments, Plaints, Shreeks of Wo disturb all Ears,
And Fear is equal to the Pain it fears.

Amidst this Mass of Cruelty and Sights,
This Galley full of God-despising Wights,
This Jail of Sin and Shame, this filthy Stage,
Where all act Folly, Mifery and Rage;
Amidst those Throngs of old prepar'd for Hell,
Those Numbers which no *Archimede* can tell,
A silly Crew did Lurk, a harmless Rout
Wand'ring the Earth, which God had chosen out
To live with Him (few Roses which did blow
Among those Weeds Earth's Garden overgrow;
A Dew of Gold still'd on Earth's sandy Mine,
Small Diamonds in World's rough Rocks which shine)
By purple Tyrants which pursu'd and chas'd,
Liv'd Recluses, in lonely Islands plac'd;
Or did the Mountains haunt, and Forrefts wild,
Which they than Towns more harmless found and mild:
Where many an Hymn they, to their Maker's Praise,
Teacht Groves and Rocks, which did resound their Lays.
Nor Sword, nor Famine, nor Plague-poisoning Air,
Nor Prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the sad Disorder of this All,
Could this small Handful of the World appal;
But as the Flow'r, which during Winter's Cold
Runs to the Root, and lurks in Sap uprol'd,
So soon as the great Planet of the Year
Begins the Twins dear Mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant Head, and to the Field
A Spring of Beauty and Delight doth yield:
So at those Signs and Apparitions strange,
Their Thoughts, Looks, Gestures, did begin to change,
Joy makes their Hands to clap, their Hearts to dance,
In Voice turns Musick, in their Eyes doth glance.

What can (say they) these Changes else portend,
Of this great Frame, save the approaching End?
Past are the Signs, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almighty's Heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great Power
A turning Temple be, but fixed Tower,
Burn shall this mortal Mass amidst the Air,
Of Divine Justice turn'd a Trophée fair;
Near is the last of Days, whose Light embalms
Past Grievs, and all our stormy Cares becalms.

O Happy Day! O chearful Holy Day!
 Which Night's sad Sables shall not take away!
 Farewel Complaints, and ye yet doubtful Thought
 Crown now your Hopes with Comforts long time sought,
 Wip'd from our Eyes now shall be every Tear,
 Sighs stopt, since our Salvation is so near.
 What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
 Earth's chosen Bands to join with those of Heaven;
 Now noble Souls a Guerdon just shall find,
 And Rest and Glory be in one combin'd;
 Now, more than in a Mirror, by these Eyne,
 Even Face to Face, our Maker shall be seen:
 O welcome Wonder of the Soul and Sight!
 O welcome Object of all true Delight!
 Thy Triumphs and Return we did expect,
 Of all past Toils to reap the dear Effect:
 Since Thou art Just, perform Thy Holy Word,
 O come still hop'd for, come long wish'd for, Lord.
 While thus they pray, the Heavens in Flames appear,
 As if they shew Fires elemental Sphere,
 The Earth seems in the Sun, the Welkin gone,
 Wonder all hushes; straight the Air doth groan
 With Trumpets, which thrice louder Sounds do yield
 Than deafning Thunders in the airy Field.
 Created Nature at the Clangor quakes,
 Immur'd with Flames, Earth in a Palsy shakes,
 And from her Womb the Dust in several Heaps
 Takes Life, and mustereth into humane Shapes:
 Hell bursts, and the foul Prisoners there bound—
 Come howling to the Day, with Serpents crown'd.
 Millions of Angels in the lofty Height,
 Clad in pure Gold and the Electar bright,

Ushering the Way still where the Judge should move,
 In radiant Rain-bows vault the Skies above;
 Which quickly open, like a Courtain driven,
 And beaming Glory shows the KING OF HEAVEN.
 What *Persian* Prince, *Assyrian* most renown'd,
 What *Scythian* with conquering Squadrons crown'd,
 Ent'ring a breached City, where conspire
 Fire to dry Blood, and Blood to quench out Fire;
 Where cutted Carcasses quick Members reel,
 And by their Ruine blunt the reeking Steel,
 Resembleth now the ever-living King?
 What Face of *Troy* which doth with Yelling ring,
 And *Grecian* Flames transported in the Air,
 What dreadful Spectacle of *Carthage* fair?
 What Picture of rich *Corinth's* tragick Wrack,
 Or of *Numantia* the hideous Sack,
 Or these together shown, the Image, Face
 Can represent of Earth, and plaintful Case;
 Which must lie smoaking in the Worlds vast Womb,
 And to it self both Fewell be and Tomb?
 Near to that sweet and odoriferous Clime,
 Where the all-cheering Emperour of Time
 Makes spring the *Cassia*, *Nard*, and fragrant Balms,
 And every Hill, and Collin Crowns with Palms;
 Where Incense sweats, where weeps the precious Myrrhe,
 And Cedars over-top the Pine and Fir,
 Near where the aged *Phoenix*, tyr'd of Breath,
 Doth build her Nest, and takes new Life in Death;
 A Valley into wide and open Fields
 Far it extendeth, * * * * *

The rest is wanting.

The River of Forth Feasting : A Panegyrick to the High and Mighty Prince, James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland.

To His Sacred Majesty.

I*n this Storm of Joy and pompous Throng,
 This Nymph (great King) doth come to Thee so near
 That thy harmonious Ears Her Accents hear,
 Give Pardon to Her hoarse and lowly Song:
 Fain would she Trophees to Thy Vertues rear;
 But for this Stately Task She is not strong,
 And Her Defects Her high Attempts do wrong,
 Yet as She could She makes thy Worth appear.
 So in a Map is shown this flowry Place;
 So wrought in Arras by a Virgin's Hand
 With Heaven and blazing Stars doth Atlas stand,
 So drawn by Char-coal is Narcissus Face:
 She like the Morn may be to some bright Sun,
 The Day to perfect that's by her begun.*

What blustering Noise now interrupts my
 Sleep?
 What ecchoing Shouts thus cleave my
 chrystal Deep,
 And seem to call me from my wat'ry Court?
 What Melody? What Sounds of Joy and Sport,

Are convey'd hither from each neighbouring Spring?
 With what loud Rumours do the Mountains ring?
 Which in unusual Pomp on Tip-toes stand,
 And (full of Wonder) overlook the Land?
 Whence comes these glitt'ring Throngs, these Meteors
 This golden People glancing in my Sight? (bright,
 Whence

Whence doth this Praise, Applause and Love, arise?
 What Load-star East-ward draweth thus all Eyes?
 Am I awake? Or have some Dreams conspir'd
 To mock my Sense with what I most desir'd?
 View I that living Face, see I those Looks,
 Which with Delight were wont t' amaze my Brooks?
 Do I behold that Worth, that Man divine,
 This Age's Glory, by these Banks of mine?
 Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain;
 My much beloved Prince is come again;
 So unto them whose Zenith is the Pole,
 When Six black Months are past, the Sun doth roll:
 So after Tempest to Sea-tossed Wights
 Faire *Helen's* Brothers show their chearing Lights:
 So comes *Arabia's* Wonders from her Woods,
 And far far off is seen by *Memphis* Floods,
 The feather'd *Sylvans*, cloud-like by her fly,
 And with triumphing Plaudits beat the Sky,
Nyle marvels, *Serap's* Priests (entranced) rave,
 And in *Mygdonian* Stone her Shape engrave;
 In lasting Cedars they do mark the Time
 In which *Apollo's* Bird came to their Clime.

Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flow'rs be seen:
 And sweet breath'd *Zephyres* curl the Meadows green,
 Let Heaven weep Rubies in a Crimson Show'r,
 Such as on *Indies* Shoars they use to pour:
 Or with that golden Storm the Fields adorn,
 Which *Jove* rain'd when his Blew-ey'd Maid was born.
 May never Hours the Web of Day out-weave,
 May never Night rise from her fable Cave.
 Swell proud my Billows, faint not to declare
 Your Joys as ample as their Causes are:
 For Murmurs hoarse, sound like *Arion's* Harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
 And you my Nymphs, rise from your moist Repair:
 Strow all your Springs and Grotts with Lillies fair:
 Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray
 Our Floods and Lakes come keep this Holy-day;
 What e're beneath *Albania's* Hills do run,
 Which see the rising or the setting Sun,
 Which drink stern *Grampius* Mists, or *Ochel's* Snows:
 Stone-rolling *Tay*, *Tine* Tortoise-like that flows,
 The pearly *Don*, the *Dees*, the fertile *Spey*,
 Wild *Neverne*, which doth see our longest Day;
Ness smoaking Sulphur, *Leave* with Mountains crown'd
 Strange *Lowmond* for his floating Isles renown'd:
 The Irish *Rian*, *Ken*, the Silver *Air*,
 The snaky *Dun*, the *Ore* with rusky Hair,
 The Chrystal-streaming *Nid*, loud bellowing *Clyde*,
Tweed which no more our Kingdoms shall divide:
 Rank-swelling *Annan*, *Lid* with curled Streams,
 The *Eskes*, the *Solway* where they loseth their Names,
 To ev'ry one proclaim our Joys, and Feasts,
 Our Triumphs; bid all come and be our Guests:
 And as they meet in *Neptune's* azure Hall,
 Bid them bid Sea-Gods keep this Festival;
 This Day shall by our Currants be renown'd,
 Our Hills about shall still this Day resound:
 Nay, that our Love more to this Day appear,
 Let us with it henceforth begin our Year.

To Virgins, Flow'rs; to Sun-burnt Earth, the Rain;
 To Mariners fair Winds amidst the Main,
 Cool Shades to Pilgrims, which hot Glances burn,
 Are not so pleasing as thy blest Return.
 That Day (dear Prince) which rob'd us of thy Sight,
 [Day, no, but Darkness and a dusky Night]
 Did fill our Breasts with Sighs, our Eyes with Tears,
 Turn'd Minutes to sad Months, sad Months to Years,
 Trees left to flourish, Meadows to bear Flow'rs,
 Brooks hid their Heads within their sedge Bow'rs,
 Fair *Ceres* curst our Fields with barren Frost,
 As if again she had her Daughter lost:
 The Muses left our Groves, and for sweet Songs
 Sat sadly silent, or did weep their Wrongs.
 Yow know it, Meads; your murmuring Woods it know,
 Hills, Dales, and Caves, Copartners of their Woe;
 And you it know, my Streams, which from their Eine
 Oft on your Glafs receiv'd their pearly Brine;
 O *Naid's* Dear (said they) *Napeas* fair,
 O Nymphs of Trees, Nymphs which on Hills repair.

Gone are those maiden Glories, gone that State,
 Which made all Eyes admire our Bless of late.
 As looks the Heaven when never Star appears,
 But slow and weary throwd them in their Spears,
 While *Tithon's* Wife embosom'd by Him lies,
 And World doth languish in a dreary Guise:
 As looks a Garden of its Beauty spoil'd,
 As Woods in Winter by rough *Boreas* foil'd,
 As Pourtraits raz'd of Colours use to be:
 So look'd these abject Bounds depriv'd of Thee.
 While as my Rills enjoy'd Thy Royal Gleams,
 They did not envy *Tibers* haughty Streams,
 Nor wealthy *Tagus* with his Golden Ore,
 Nor clear *Hydaspes* which on Pearls doth roar,
 Nor golden *Gange* that sees the Sun new born,
 Nor *Achelous* with his flowry Horn,
 Nor Floods which near *Elysian* Fields do fall:
 For why? Thy Sight did serve to them for all.
 No Place there is so desert, so alone,
 Even from the frozen to the *Torrid* Zone,
 From flaming *Hecla* to great *Quinsay's* Lake,
 Which thy Abode could not most happy make;
 All those Perfections which by bounteous Heaven
 To divers Worlds in divers Times were given,
 The starry Senate pow'r'd at once on Thee,
 That thou Exemplar might'st to others be,
 Thy Life was kept till the Three Sisters spun
 Their Threads of Gold, and then it was begun.
 With chequer'd Clouds when Skies do look most fair,
 And no disord'ed Blasts disturb the Air,
 When Lillies do them deck in azure Gowns;
 And new born Roses blush with golden Crowns,
 To prove how calm we under Thee should live,
 What *Halcyonian* Days Thy Reign should give,
 And to Two flowry Diadems Thy Right;
 The Heavens Thee made a Partner of the Light.
 Scarce wast Thou born, when join'd in friendly Bands
 Two Mortal Foes with other clasped Hands;
 With Vertue Fortune strove, which most should grace
 Thy Place for Thee, Thee for so high a Place,
 One vow'd Thy sacred Breast not to forsake,
 The other on Thee not to turn her Back;
 And that thou more her loves Effects might'st feel,
 For Thee she left her Globe, and broke her Wheel.

When Years Thee Vigour gave, O then how clear
 Did smothered Sparkles in bright Flames appear!
 Amongst the Woods to force the flying Hart,
 To pierce the Mountain-Wolf with feather'd Dart;
 See Falcons climb the Clouds, the Foxensnare,
 Out-run the Wind-out-running *Dedale* Hare
 To breath thy fiery Steed on every Plain,
 And in Meandering Gyres him bring again,
 The Press Thee making Place, and vulgar Things,
 In Admiration's Air, on Glory's Wings;
 O! Thou far from the common Pitch didst rise,
 With thy Designs to dazle Envy's Eyes:
 Thou sought'st to know this All's eternal Source,
 Of ever-turning Heavens the restless Course,
 Their fixed Lamps, their Lights which wandring run,
 Whence Moon her Silver hath, his Gold the Sun,
 If Fate there be or no, if Planets can
 By fierce Aspects force the free will of Man;
 The light aspiring Fire, the liquid Air,
 The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Hair,
 Heaven's tilting Launces, Artillery, and Bow,
 Load-sounding Trumpets, Darts of Hail, and Snow,
 The roaring Elements, with People dumb,
 The Earth with what conceiv'd is in her Womb,
 What on her moves were set unto thy Sight,
 Till Thou didst find their Causes, Essence, Might,
 But unto nought Thou so thy Mind didst strain,
 As to be read in Man, and learn to reign:
 To know the Weight and *Atlas* of a Crown,
 To spare the Humble, proud Ones tumble down.
 When from those piercing Cares which Thrones invest,
 As Thorns the Rose, thou wear'd would'st Thee rest,
 With Lute in Hand, full of Celestial Fire,
 To the *Pierian* Groves thou didst retire:
 There garlanded with all *Urania's* Flow'rs,
 In sweeter Lays than builded *Thebes* Tow'rs,

Or them which charm'd the Dolphins in the Main,
Or which did call *Euridice* again,
Thou sung'st away the Hours, till from their Sphere
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy Melody to hear.
The God with golden Hair, the Sister Maids,
Did leave their *Helicon*, and *Tempe's* Shades,
To see thine Isle, here lost their native Tongue,
And in thy World-divided Language sung.

Who of thine after Age can count the Deeds,
With all that Fame in Time's huge Annals reads;
How by Example more than any Law,
This People fierce thou didst to Goodness draw;
How while the Neighbour Worlds (toss'd by the Fates)
So many *Phaëtons* had in their States. (Thrones,
Which turn'd to heedless Flames their burnish'd
Thou (as enspher'd) kept'st temperate thy Zones;
In *Africk* Shores the Sands that ebb and flow,
The shady Leaves on *Arden's* Trees that grow,
He sure may count, with all the Waves that meet
To wash the *Mauritanian Atlas* Feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a King by Birth,
Thy Worth deserves the richest Crown on Earth
Search this half Sphere, and the Antartick Ground,
Where is such Wit and Bounty to be found?
As into silent Night, when near the Bear,
The Virgin Huntress shines at full most clear,
And strives to match her Brother's golden Light,
The Host of Stars doth vanish in her Sight,
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the *Lion's* Ire,
No burns no more with *Phaëton's* Fire:
Orion faints to see his Arms grow black,
And that his flaming Sword he now doth lack:
So *Europe's* Lights, all bright in their Degree,
Lose all their Lustre parallel'd with Thee,
By just Descent Thou from more Kings dost shine;
Then many can name Men in all their Line:
What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou scornest, orient Gems, and flatt'ring Gold;
Esteeming Treasure surer in Men's Breasts,
Than when immur'd with Marble, clos'd in Chests;
No stormy Passions do disturb Thy Mind,
No Mists of Greatness ever could Thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meek? Thou Life didst give
To them who did repine to see Thee live;
What Prince by goodness hath such Kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath so long his People's Peace maintain'd?
Their Swords are turn'd to Syths, to Culters Spears,
Some Giant Post their Antick Armour bears:
Now, where the wounded Knight his Life did bleed,
The wanton Swain sits piping on a Reed;
And where the Cannon did *Jove's* Thunder scorn,
The gawdy Hunts-man winds his shrill-tun'd Horn:
Her green Locks *Ceres* doth to yellow dy,
The Pilgrim safely in the Shade doth ly,
Both *Pan* and *Pales* careless keep their Flocks,
Seas have no Dangers save the Winds and Rocks:
Thou art this Isle's *Palladium*, neither can
[Whiles thou dost live] it be o're-thrown by Man.
Let others boast of Blood and Spoils of Foes,
Fierce Rapines, Murders, *liads* of Woes,
Of hated Pomp, and Trophees reared fair,
Gore-spangled Ensigns streaming in the Air,
Count how they make the *Scythian* them adore,
The *Gaditan*, and Souldier of *Aurora*,
Unhappy boasting! to enlarge their Bounds,
That charge themselves with Cares, their Friends with
Who have no Law to their ambitious Will, (Wounds,
But (Man-plagues) born are humane Blood to spill:
Thou a true Victor art, sent from above
What others strain by Force, to gain by Love,
World-wandering Fame this Praise to Thee imparts,
To be the only Monarch of all Hearts.
They many fear, who are of many fear'd,
And Kingdoms got by Wrongs, by Wrongs are fear'd,
Such Thrones as blood doth raise, Blood throweth down,
No Guard so sure as Love unto a Crown.

Eye of our Western World, *Mars*-daunting King,
With whose Renown the Earth's Seven Climates ring,
Thy Deeds not only claim these Diadems,
To which *Thame*, *Liffy*, *Tay*, subject their Streams:

But to Thy Vertues rare, and Gifts, is due
All that the Planet of the Year doth view;
Sure if the World above did want a Prince
The World above to it would take Thee hence,
That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to Hell;
And in their Rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That Honour more than Riches Men respect,
That Worthiness than Gold doth more effect,
That Piety unmasked shows her Face,
That Innocency keeps with Power her Place,
That long-exil'd *Africa* leaves the Heaven,
And turneth right her Sword, her Weights holds even
That the *Saturnian* World is come again,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happy Reign.
That daily Peace, Love, Truth, Delights entreat,
And Discord, Hate, Fraud, with Incumbers, cease;
That Men use Strength not to shed others Blood,
But use their Strength now to do others Good;
That Fury is enchain'd, disarmed Wrath,
That (save by Nature's Hand) there is no Death,
That late grim Foes, like Brothers other love,
That Vulturs prey not on the harmless Dove,
That Wolves with Lambs do Friendship entertain,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happy Reign.
That Towns encrease, That ruin'd Temples rise,
That their wind-moving Vanes do kiss the Skies,
That Ignorance and Sloth hence run away,
That burid Arts now rowse them to the Day,
That *Hyperion* far beyond his Bed,
Doth see our Lions ramp, our Roses spread;
That *Iber* courts us, *Tyber* not us charms; (warms;
That *Rhine* with hence-brought Beams his Bosom
That Ill doth fear, and Good doth us maintain,
Are wish'd Effects of Thy most happy Reign.

O Vertues Pattern, Glory of our Times,
Sent of past Daies to expiate the Crimes,
Great King, but better far than Thou art great,
Whom State not honours, but who honours State;
By Wonder born, by Wonder first install'd,
By Wonder after to new Kingdoms call'd;
Young kept by Wonder from home-bred Alarms,
Old sav'd by Wonder from pale Traitors Harms,
To be for this Thy Reign, which Wonders brings;
A King of Wonder, Wonder unto Kings.
If *Pitt*, *Dane*, *Norman*, Thy smooth Yoke had seen;
Pitt, *Dane*, and *Norman* had Thy Subjects been:
If *Brutus* knew the Bliss Thy Rule doth give,
Even *Brutus* joy would under Thee to live,
For Thou Thy People dost so dearly love,
That they a Father, more than Prince, Thee prove.

O Dayes to be desir'd! Age happy thrice!
If you your Heaven-sent-Good could duly prize,
But we (half palsy sick) think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our Sight,
Prize only Summer's sweet and musked Breath,
When armed Winters threaten us with Death
In pallid Sickness do esteem of Health;
And by sad Poverty discern of Wealth:
I see an Age when after some few Years,
And Revolutions of the slow-pac'd Spheres,
These Days shall be above other far esteem'd,
And like *Augustus* palmy Reign be deem'd.
The Names of *Arthur*, fabulous *Paladines*,
Grav'n in Time's furly Brows, in wrinkled Lines,
Of *Henries*, *Edwards*, famous for their Fights,
Their Neighbour Conquests, Orders new of Knights;
Shall by this Prince's Name be past as far
As Meteors are by the *Idalian* Star.
If Gray-hair'd *Proteus* Songs the Truth not mis,
And Gray-hair'd *Proteus* oft a Prophet is,
There is a Land hence distant many Miles,
Out reaching Fiction and *Atlantick* Isles,
Which (Homelings) from this little World we name;
That shall emblazon with strange Rites his Fame,
Shall rear him Statues all of purest Gold;
Such as Men gave unto the Gods of old,
Name by him Temples, Pallaces, and Towns,
With some great River, which their Fields renowns:
This is that King who should make right each Wrong,
Of whom the Bards and myttick *Sibyls* sung,

The Man long promis'd, by whose glorious Reign,
This Isle should yet her ancient Name regain,
And more of *Fortunate* deserve the Stile,
Than those where Heavens with double Summers smile.

Run on (Great Prince) Thy Course in Glory's Way,
The End the Life, the Evening Crowns the Day;
Heap Worth on Worth, and strongly soar above
Those Heights which made the World Thee first to love;
Surmount thy self, and make thine Actions pass
Be but as Gleams or Lightnings of thy Last,
Let them exceed those of thy younger Time,
As far as Autumn doth the flowry Prime.
Through this thy Empire range, like World's bright Eye,
That once each Year surveys all Earth, and Sky,
Now glances on the slow and resty Bears,
Then turns to dry the weeping *Auster's* Tears,
Hurries to both the Poles, and moveth even
In the figur'd Circle of the Heaven:
O long long haunt these Bounds, which by thy Sight
Have now regain'd their former Heat and Light.
Here grow green Woods, here silver Brooks do glide,
Here Meadows stretch them out with painted Pride,
Embroyd'ring all the Banks, here Hills aspire
To crown their Heads with the *Aethereal* Fire,
Hills, Bulwarks of our Freedom, Giant Walls,
Which never Friends did slight, nor Sword made thralls;
Each circling Flood to *Thein* Tribute pays,
Men here (in Health) out live old *Nestor's* Days:
Grim *Saturn* yet amongst our Rocks remains,
Bound in our Caves, with many Metall'd Chains,
Bulls haunt our Shades like *Leda's* Lover white,
Which yet might breed *Pasiphae's* delight,
Our Flocks fair Fleeces bear, with which for Sport
Endymion of old the Moon did court,
High-palmed Harts amidst our Forrefts run,
And, not impal'd, the deep-mouth'd Hounds do shun;
The rough-foot Hair safe in our Bulhes shrouds,
And long-wing'd Hawks do perch amidst our Clouds.
The wanton Wood-Nymphs of the verdant Spring,

Blew, Golden, Purple Flow'rs shall to thee bring,
Pomona's Fruits the *Panisks*, *Thein's* Gifts,
Thy *Tbule's* Amber, with the Ocean Pearls;
The *Tritons*, Herdsmen of the glassy Field,
Shall give thee what far-distant Shores can yeild,
The *Serean* Fleeces, *Erythrean* Gems,
Vaste *Plata's* Silver, Gold of *Peru* Streams,
Antarick Parrots, *Aethiopian* Plumes,
Sabaean Odours, Myrrhe, and sweet Perfumes:
And I my self, wrapt in a watchet Gown
Of Reeds and Lillies, on mine Head a Crown,
Shall Incense to thee burn, green Altars raise,
And yearly sing due Paeans to Thy Praise.

Ah why should *Isis* only see Thee shine?
Is not Thy *Forth*, as well as *Isis* Thine?
Though *Isis* vaunt she hath more Wealth in store,
Let it suffice Thy *Forth* doth love Thee more:
Though she for Beauty may compare with *Seine*,
For Swains and Sea-Nymphs with *Imperial Rhine*,
Yet for the Title may be claim'd in Thee,
Nor She, nor all the World can match with me.
Now when (by Honour drawn) Thou shalt away
To her already jealous of Thy Stay,
When in her amorous Arms she doth Thee fold,
And dries Thy Dewy Hairs with hers of Gold,
Much asking of Thy Fare, much of Thy Sport,
Much of Thine Absence, long, how e're so short,
And chides (perhaps) Thy coming to the North,
Loathe not to think on Thy much-loving *Forth*:
O love these Bounds, where of Thy Royal Stem
More than an Hundred wore a Diadem:
So ever Gold and Bays Thy Brows adorn,
So never Time may see Thy Race out-worn,
So of Thine Own still mayst Thou be desir'd,
Of Strangers fear'd, redoubt'd, and admir'd;
So Memory Thee Praise, so precious Hours
May character Thy Name in Starry Flow'rs;
So may Thy high Exploits at last make even,
With Earth Thy Empire, Glory with the Heaven.

S P E E C H E S

T O

The High and Excellent Prince, CHARLES,
King of Great Britain, France and Ire-
land, at his Enttring his City of Edinburgh:

Delivered from the Pageants, the 15th of June, 1633.

1. The Speech of Caledonia, representing the Kingdom.

THe Heavens have heard our Vows, our just
Desires
Obtained are, no higher now aspires
Our wishing Thought, since to his native Clime
The Flower of Princes, Honour of his Time,
Encheering all our Dales, Hills, Forrefts, Streams,
As *Phabus* doth the Summer with his Beams)

Is come, and radiant to us in his Train
The golden Age and Vertues brings again;
Prince so much longed for, how Thou becalm'st
Mind's easeless Anguish, every Care embalm'st
With the sweet Odours of thy Presence: Now
In swelling Tides Joyes every where do flow

By

By Thine Approach, and that the World may see
What unthought Wonders do attend on Thee,
This Kingdom's Angel I, who since that Day
That ruthless Fate thy Parent rest away,
And made a Star, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.

Hail Prince Phoenix, Monarch of all Hearts,
Sovereign of Love and Justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive; To Thee this Crown
Is due by Birth; but more, it is thine own
By just Desert; and ere another Brow
Than thine should reach the same, my Floods should
With not Vermilion Gore, and every Plain
Level the Hills with Carcasses of slain,
This Isle become a red Sea: Now how sweet
Is it to me when Love and Laws thus meet
To wreath thy Temples with this Diadem,
My Nurseries sacred Fear, and dearest Gem:
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad Alarms
Could this acquire and keep; the Heavens in Arms
From us repel all Perils, nor by Wars
Ought here was won, or gaping Wounds and Scars,
Our Lion's Clymafter now is past,
And crown'd with Bays, he rampeth free at last.

Here are no Serean Fleeces, Peru Gold,
Aurora's Gems, nor Wares by Tyrians sold;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian Walls,
Nor Nero's Sky-resembling Gold-ceil'd Halls,
Nor Memphis Spires, nor Quinzages arched Frames,
Captiving Seas, and giving Lands their Names:
Faith, (milk-white Faith) of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this Corner of the World doth dwell,
With her pure Sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here banish'd Honour bears them Company,
A Mars-adoring Brood is here, their Wealth,
Sound Minds, and Bodies of as sound a Health;
Walls here are Men, who fence their Cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in Mountains roar,
Doth guard this Isle, or all those Forts and Tow'rs
Amphion's Harp rais'd about Thebe's Bow'rs,
Heavens Arch is o'er their Roof, the pleasant Shade
Of Oak and Plain oft serves them for a Bed;
To suffer Want, soft Pleasure to depile,
Run over panting Mountains crown'd with Ice,
Rivers o'recome, the wastefull Lakes appal,
(Being to themselves, Oars, Steerers, Ship and all)
Is their Renown; a brave all-daring Race,
Couragious, prudent, doth this Climate Grace;
Yet the firm Base on which their Glory stands,
In Peace true Hearts, in Wars is valiant Hands,
Which here (great King) they offer up to Thee,
Thy Worth respecting as thy Pedigree:
Though it be much to come of Princely Stem,
More is it to deserve a Diadem.

Vouchsafe, blest People, ravish'd here with me,
To think my Thoughts, and see what I do see,
A Prince all gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine,
Of Vertues (like the Stars about the Pole
Guiding the Night) enlighteneth every Soul,
Your Scepter sways; a Prince born in this Age
To guard the Innocents from Tyrants Rage,
To make Peace prosper, Justice to reflow'r,
In desert Hamlet, as in Lordly Bow'r;
A Prince, that though of none he stands in Awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own Law,
Who joys in Good, and still, as right directs,
His Greatness measures by his good Effects,
His People's Pedestal, who rising high,
To grace this Throne, makes Scotland's Name to fly
On Halcyons Wings (her Glory which restores)
Beyond the Ocean to Columbus Shores;
God's Sacred Picture in this Man adore,
Honour his Valour, Zeal, his Piety more,
High value what you hold, Him deep engrave
In your Heart's Heart, from whom all Good ye have:
For as Moon's Splendor from her Brother springs,
The People's Welfare streameth from their Kings.
Since your Love's Object doth immortal prove,
O love this Prince with an eternal Love.

Pray that those Crowns his Ancestors did wear,
His Temples long (more orient) may bear,
That Good he reach by Sweetness of his Sway,
That even his Shadow may the Bad affray,
That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the Glory of his Greatness grow,
That your begun Felicities may last,
That no Orion do with Storms them blast,
That Victory his brave Exploits attend,
East, West, or South, where he his Force shall bend,
Till his great Deeds all former Deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimrod of the Hellespont;
That when his well-spent Care all Care becalms,
He may in Peace sleep in a Shade of Palms;
And rearing up fair Trophies, that Heavens may
Extend his Life to World's extremest Day.

2. The Song of the Muses at Parnassus.

At length we see those Eyes,
Which cheer both Earth and Skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy Beauties heighten, richest Robs put on,
And let young Joys to all thy Parts arise.

Here could thy Prince still stay,
Each Month should turn to May;
We need not Star nor Sun,
Save him, to lengthen Days and Joys begun:
Sorrow and Night to far Climes haste away.

Now Majesty and Love
Combin'd are from above,
Prince never Scepter sway'd,
Lov'd Subjects more, of Subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst Heavens great Orbs do move.

Joys did you always last,
Life's Spark you soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet Delight,
As Day is shadowed by fable Night,
Yet shall Remembrance keep you still when past.

3. The Speeches at the Horosco- pal Pageant by the Planets.

Endymion.

Row'd from the Latmian Cave, where many Years
That Empress of the lowest of the Spheres,
Who cheers the Night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortal Wights, to ease her love-sick Heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in Beauty as the morning Rose;
Endymion, that whilom kept my Flocks
Upon Ionia's flowry Hills and Rocks,
And sweet Lays warbling to my Cynthia's Beams,
Out-sang the Cygnets of Meander's Streams:
To whom (for Guerdon) She Heavens secret Bars
Made open, taught the Paths and Pow'rs of Stars;
By this dear Lady's strict Commandment
To celebrate this Day I here am sent,
But whether is this Heaven, which Stars do crown,
Or are Heaven's flaming Splendors here come down
To beautify this nether World with me?
Such State and Glory did e're Shepherd see?
My Wits my Sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd,
No Eye on fairer Objects ever gaz'd;
Sure this is Heaven, for every wandering Star,
Forsoaking those great Orbes where whirl'd they are,
All dismal sad Aspects abandoning,
Are here met to salute some gracious King;
Nor is it strange if they Heaven's Height neglect,
It of undoubted Worth is the Effect:
Then this it is, thy Presence (Royal Youth)
Hath brought them here within an Azymuth,
To tell by me (their Herald) coming Things,
And what each Fate to her stern Dittaff sings:
Heavens Volume to unclasp, vast Pages spread,
Mysterious golden Cyphers clear to read:

Hear then the Augur of thy future Days,
And what the starry Senate of T'hee says;
For, what is firm decreed in Heaven above,
In vain on Earth strive Mortals to improve.

Saturn.

TO fair Hopes to give Reins now it is Time,
And soar as high as just Desires may climb;
O *Halcyonian*, clear, and happy Day,
From sorry Wights let Sorrow fly away,
And vex *Antarctic* Climes, Great *Britain's* Woes
Vanish, for Joy now in her *Zenith* glows;
The old *Leucadian* Syth-bearing Sire
(Though cold) for thee feels Flames of sweet Desire;
And many Lustres at a perfect Height,
Shall keep thy Scepter's Majesty as bright
And strong in Power and Glory every Way,
As when Thy peerless Parent did it sway,
Ne're turning wrinkled in Time's endless Length,
But one in her first Beauty, youthful Strength,
Like thy rare Mind, which stedfast as the Pole
Still fixed stands, however Spheres do roll;
More, to inhance with Favours this thy Reign,
His Age of Gold he doth restore again,
Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Men's Spirits with white Simplicity indue,
Make all to live in Plenty's endless Store
With equal Shares, none wishing to have more;
No more shall cold the Plow-mens Hopes beguile,
Skies shall on Earth with lovely Glances smile;
Which shall untill'd each Flow'r and Herb bring forth,
And Lands to Gardens turn of equal Worth,
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortal Dates,
Thus Heavens Decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Jove.

Delight of Heaven, sole Honour of the Earth,
Jove (courting thine Ascendant) at thy Birth
Proclaimed Thee a King and made it true,
That to thy Worth great Monarchies are due;
He gave Thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to Love and what to State,
Rare Gifts whole Ardors burn the Hearts of all,
Like Tinder when Flint's Atoms on it fall.
The *Tramontane* which thy fair Course directs,
Thy Counsels shall approve by their Effects;
Justice kept low by Giants, Wrongs, and Jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistening Stars,
Whom nought save Law of Force could keep in Awe,
Thou shalt turn Clients to the Force of Law,
Thou Arms shalt brandish for thine own Defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak Innocence,
Which to thy last Effort thou shalt uphold,
As Oak the Ivy which it doth enfold;
All overcome, at last thy self o'recome,
Thou shalt make Passion yield to Reason's Doom:
For Smiles of Fortune shall not raise thy Mind,
Nor shall Disasters make it e're declin'd,
True Honour shall reside within thy Court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd Faith, Thou shalt all Treacheries
Detest, and fawning Parasites despise,
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thy self, but give, that Thou mayst still give more
Thou shalt no *Paranymp* raise to high Place,
For friz'd Locks, quaint Pace, or painted Face;
On gorgeous Rayments, Womanizing Toyes,
The Works of Worms, and what a Moth destroys.
The Maze of Fools, thou shalt no Treasure spend,
Thy Charge to Immortality shall tend,
Raise Palaces, and Temples vaulted high,
Rivers o're arch, of Hospitality
And Sciences the ruin'd Inns restore,
With Walls and Ports incircle *Neptune's* Shore,
To new-found Worlds thy fleets make hold their course,
And find of *Canada* th' unknown Source,
People those Lands which pass *Arabian* Fields,
In fragrant Woods and Musk which *Zephyre* yields;
Thou fear'd of none, shalt not thy People fear,
Thy People's Love Thy Greatness shall up-rear,

Still Rigour shall not shine, and Mercy lowr,
What Love can do Thou shalt not do by Power;
New and vast Taxes thou shalt not extort,
Load heavy those that Bounty should support,
Thou shalt not strike the Hinge nor Master-Beam
Of thine Estate, but Errours in the same
By harmless Justice graciously reform,
Delighting more in Calm than roaring Storm;
Thou shalt govern in Peace as did thy Sire,
Keep, save Thine own, and Kingdoms new acquire,
Beyond *Alcides* Pillars, and those Bounds
Where *Alexander* gain'd the Eastern Crowns,
Till thou the greatest be amongst the Greats;
Thus Heavens ordain, so have decreed the Fates.

Mars.

Son of the Lion, Thou of loathsome Bands
Shalt free the Earth, and what e're Thee withstands,
Thy noble Paws shall tear; the God of *Thrace*
Shall be thy Second; and before thy Face,
To Truth and Justice whilst thou Trophies rears,
Armies shall fall dismay'd with Pannick Fears.
As when *Aurora* in Sky's Azure Lists
Makes Shadows vanish, doth disperse the Mists,
And in a twinkling with her Opal Light,
Night's Horrors checketh, putting Stars to Flight,
More to enflame Thee to this noble Task,
To Thee he here resigns his Sword and Cask,
A Wall of flying Castles, armed Pines
Shall bridge thy Sea like Heaven with Steel that shines;
To aid Earth's Tenants by foul Yokes oppress
And fill with Fears the great King of the West:
To Thee already Victory displays
Her Garlands twin'd with Olive, Oak and Bays;
Thy Triumph finish shall all old Debates;
Thus Heaven's Decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Sun.

Wealth, Wisdom, Glory, Pleasure, stoutest Hearts,
Religion, Laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy just Reign, which shall far far surpass
Of Emperors, Kings, the best that ever was;
Look how he dims the Stars; thy Glory's Rays
So darken shall the Lustre of these Days:
For in fair Vertue's Zodiack thou shalt run,
And in the Heaven of Worthies be the Sun.
No more condemn'd shall hapless Learning lie;
The Maids of *Pindus* shall be raised high;
For Bay and Ivy which their Brows enrol'd
Thou shalt them deck with Gems and shining Gold:
Thou open shalt *Parnassus* Chrystal Gates;
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

Venus.

The *Acidalian* Queen amidst Thy Bays
Shall twine her Mirtles, grant Thee pleasant Days;
She did make clear Thy House, and with her Light
Of churlish Stars put back the dismal Spight;
The *Hymenean* Bed fair Brood shall grace,
Which on the Earth continue shall their Race,
While *Flora's* Treasure shall the Meads endear;
While sweet *Pomona* Rose-cheek'd Fruits shall bear,
While *Phaëbe's* Beams her Brothers emulate;
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Mercury.

Great *Atlas* Nephew, shall the Works of Peace,
(The Springs of Plenty) Tillage, Trades encrease,
And Arts in Time's Gulfs lost again restore,
To their Perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect Artists, *Cyclops* in their Forge
Shall mould those brazen *Typhons*, which disgorge
From their hard Bowels Metal, Flame and Smoak,
Muffling the Air up in a sable Cloak.
Geryons, Harpyes, Dragons, Sphinges strange
Wheel, where in spacious Gires the Fume doth range,
The Sea shrinks at the Blow, shake doth the Ground,
The World's vast Chambers doth the Sound rebound;
The *Stygian* Porter leaveth off to bark,
Black *Jove* appall'd doth shroud him in the Dark;

Many

Many a *Typhis* in Adventures tost
By new-found Skill shall many a Maiden coast,
With thy fil-winged *Argosies* and out,
Which like the Sun shall run the Earth about;
And far beyond his Paths score wavy Ways,
To *Cathai's* Lands by *Hyperborean* Seas;
He shall endue thee both in Peace and War,
With Wisdom, which than Strength is better far,
Wealth, Honour, Arms and Arts shall grace thy States;
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

The Moon.

O How the fair Queen with the golden Maids,
The Sun of Night, thy happy Fortune aids;
Though turban'd Princes for a Badge her wear,
To them she wain, to thee would full appear;
Her Hand-maid *Thetis* daily walks the Round
About thy *Delos* that no Force it wound.
Then when thou left'st it, and abroad didst stray,
(Dear Pilgrim) she did strow with Flowers thy Way,
And turning foreign Force and Counsel vain,
Thy Guard and Guide return'd thee home again;
To thee she Kingdoms, Years, Bliss did divine,
Quelling *Medusa's* grim Snakes with her Shine,
Beneath thy Reign Discord, (fell Mischief's Forge,
The Bane of Peoples States and Kingdoms Scourge)
Pale Envy (with the Cocatrice's Eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die:)

Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the *Garamants* shall pack them hence,
With every Monster that thy Glory hates,
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Endymion.

That heretofore to thy heroic Mind
Hopes did not answer as they were design'd:
O do not think it strange, Times were not come,
And these fair Stars had not pronounc'd their Doom;
The Destinies did on that Day attend,
When to this Northern Region thou shouldst lend
Thy cheerful Prefence, and charg'd with Renown,
Set on thy Brows the *Caledonian* Crown;
Thy Vertues now thy just Desire shall grace,
Stern Chance shall change, and to Desert give Place;
Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
To their grave Counsel, and to every Wit
That courts Heaven's Inside; this let *Sibylls* know
And those mad *Corybants* who dance and glow
On *Dindymus* high Tops with frantick Fire;
Let this be known to all *Apollo's* Quire,
And People let it not be hid from you,
What Mountains noise, and Floods proclaim as true;
Wherever Fame Abroad his Praise shall ring,
All shall observe, and serve this blessed King.

The End of King Charles's Entertainment at Edinburgh, 1633.

MISCELLANIES.

I.

ALL good hath left this Age, all tracks of shame
Mercy is banished, and Pity dead,
Justice from whence it came to Heaven is fled;
Religion maim'd, is thought an idle Name,
Faith to Distrust, and Malice hath given place,
Envy with poyson'd Teeth hath Friendship torn,
Renowned Knowledge is a despis'd Scorn,
Now Evil 'tis, all Evil not to embrace.
There is no Life save under servile Bands,
To make Desert a Vassal to their Crimes,
Ambition with Avarice joyn Hands;
O ever-shameful, O most shameless Times!
Save that Sun's Light we see, of Good here tell,
This Earth we court too much, were very Hell,

2.

Doth then the World go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the Justice which on Earth we find?
Is this that firm Decree which all doth bind?
Are these your Influences, Pow'rs above?
Those Souls which Vices moody Mists most blind,
Blind Fortune blindly most their Friend doth prove:
And they who thee (poor Idol) Vertue love
Fly like a Feather to'st by Storm and Wind.
Ah! (if a Providence doth sway this All.)
Why should best Minds groan under most Distress,
Or why should Pride Humility make thrall,
And Injuries the Innocent oppress?
Heavens hinder, stop this Fare, or grant a Time
When Good may have as well as Bad their Prime.

3. *A Reply.*

Who do in Good delight
That sovereign Justice ever doth Reward,
And though sometime it smite,
Yet it doth them regard;
For even amidst their Grief
They find a strong Relief,
And Death it self can work them no Despite.

Again, in Evil who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midst of Mirth are charg'd with Sin's Annoy,
Which is in Conscience scold'd,
And when their Life's frail Thread is cut by Time,
They Punishment find equal to each Crime.

4.

Look how in *May* the Rose
At Sulphur's azure Fumes,
In a short Space her Crimfon Blush doth lose,
And all amaz'd a pallid White assumes.
So Time our best consumes,
Makes Youth and Beauty pass,
And what was Pride turns Horrour in our Glass.

5. *To a Swallow building near the Statue of Medea.*

Fond *Progne*, chattering Wretch,
That is *Medea*, there,
Wilt thou thy Younglings Hatch?
Will she keep Thine, her Own, who could not spare?
Learn from her frantick Face
To seek some fitter Place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save *Stygian* Spells, Wounds, Poyson, Iron, Fire?

6. *Venus Armed.*

To practise new Alarms
In *Jove's* great Court above,
The wanton Queen of Love
Of sleeping *Mars* put on the horrid Arms,
Where gazing in a Glass
To see what Thing she was,
To mock and scoff the Blue-ey'd Maid did move;
Who said, sweet Queen, thus should you have been dight
When *Vulcan* took you napping with your Knight.

L

7. *The*

7. *The Boar's-Head.*

A Midst a pleasant Green
Which Sun did seldom see,
Where play'd *Anchises* with the *Cyprian* Queen,
The Head of a Wild Boar hung on a Tree;
And driven by *Zephyres* breath
Did fall, and wound the lovely Youth beneath,
On whom yet scarce appears
So much of Blood as *Venus* Eyes shed Tears.
But ever as She Wept her Anthem was
Change, cruel Change, alas,
My *Adon* whilst thou liv'd was by thee Slain,
Now Dead, this Lover must thou kill again!

8. *To an Owl.*

A *Scalaphus* tell me,
So may Night's Curtain long Time cover Thee,
So Ivy ever may
From irksom Light keep thy Chamber and Bed,
And in Moon's Liv'ry cled;
So may'st thou scorn the Quiristers of Day,
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred Window of my Dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To Wake, and steal swift Hours from drowsy Sleep?
And when she wakes, doth e're a stoll'n Sigh creep
Into thy list'ning Ear?
If that Deaf God doth yet her careless keep,
In louder Notes my Grief with thine express,
Till by thy Shrieks she think on my Distress.

9. *Daphnis.*

Now *Daphnis* Arms did grow
In slender Branches, and her braided Hair
Which like gold Waves did flow,
In leavy Twigs were stretched in the Air,
The grace of either Foot
Transform'd was to a Root,
A tender Bark enwraps her Body fair.
He who did cause her Ill
Sore-wailing flood, and from his blubber'd Eyne
Did Show rs of Tears upon the Rine distill,
Which water'd thus did bud and turn more Green.
O deep Despair! O Heart-apalling Grief,
When that doth Woe encrease should bring Relief.

10. *The Bear of Love.*

IN Woods and Desert Bounds
A Beast abroad doth roam,
So loving Sweetness and the Honey-Comb,
It doth despise the Arms of Bees and Wounds:
I by like Pleasure led
To prove what Heavens did place
Of sweet on your fair Face,
Whilst therewith I am fed,
Rest careless (Bear of Love) of Hellish Smart,
And how those Eyes afflict and wound my Heart,

11. *Five Sonnets for Galatea.*

I.

Strephon, in vain thou brings thy Rimes and Songs,
Deckt with grave *Pindar*'s old and wither'd Flow'rs.
In vain thou count'st the fair *Europa*'s Wrongs,
And her whom *Jove* deceiv'd in Golden Show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under Mirtles Shade,
Or if that Passion hath thy Soul oppress
It is but for some *Grecian* Mistriss Dead.
Of such old Sighs thou dost discharge thy Breast;
How can true Love with Fables hold a Place?
Thou who with Fables dost set forth thy Love,
Thy Love a pretty Fable needs must prove,
Thou suest for Grace, in Scorn more to disgrace;
I cannot think thou wert Charm'd by my Looks,
O no, thou learn'dst thy Love in Lovers Books.

II.

NO more with Candid Words infect mine Ears,
Tell me no more how that ye pine in Anguish
When found ye sleep: No more say that ye languish,
No more in sweet Despair say you spend Tears,

Who hath such hollow Eyes as not to see;
How those that are Hair-brain'd boast of *Apollo*,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in Love's Library yet no Lover's be.
If we poor Souls least Favour but them shew,
That straight in Wanton Lines Abroad is blaz'd,
Their Names do soar on our Fame's Overthrow,
Mark'd is our Lightness whilst their Wits are Prais'd;
In silent Thoughts who can no Secret Cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a Lover.

III.

YE who with curious Numbers, sweetest Art,
Frame *Dadal* Nets our Beauty to surprize,
Telling strange Castles builded in the Skies,
And Tales of *Cupid*'s Bow, and *Cupid*'s Dart;
Well, howsoever ye Act your fained Smart,
Molesting quiet Ears with Tragick Cries,
When you accuse our Chastity's best Part,
Nam'd Cruelty, yeseem not half too Wise,
Yea, ye your selves it deem most worthy Praise;
Beautie's best Guard; that Dragon which doth keep
Hesperian Fruit, the Spur in you does raise;
That *Delian* Wit that otherways may Sleep.
To Cruel Nymphs your Lines do Fame afford,
Of many pitiful, not one poor Word.

IV.

IF it be Love to wake out all the Night,
And watchful Eyes drive out in dewy Moans;
And when the Sun brings to the World his Light
To waste the Day in Tears and bitter Groans.
If it be Love to dim weak Reason's Beam
With Clouds of strange Desire, and make the Mind
In hellish Agonies a Heav'n to Dream,
Still seeking Comforts where but Grievs we find;
If it be Love to stain with wanton Thought
A spotless Chastity, and make it try
More furious Flames than his whose Cunning wrought
That Brazen Bull where he intomb'd did fry.
Then sure is Love the Caufer of such Woes,
Be ye our Lovers, or our Mortal Foes.

V.

And would you then shake off Love's Golden Chain,
With which it is best Freedom to be bound?
And Cruel, do you seek to heal the Wound
Of Love, which hath such sweet and pleasant Pain?
All that is subject unto Nature's Reign
In Skies above, or on this lower Round,
When it is long and far sought, End hath found,
Doth in Decadence fall, and slack remain,
Behold the Moon how gay her Face doth grow
Till she kiss all the Sun, then doth decay;
See how the Seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd Banks, then part away:
So is't with Love, unless you love me still;
O do not think I'll yield unto your Will.

12.

Care's charming Sleep, Son of the Sable Night
Brother to Death, in silent Darkness born,
Destroy my Languish ere the Day be Light,
With dark forgetting of my Care's Return,
And let the Day be long enough to mourn
The Ship-wreck of my ill-adventured Youth;
Let watry Eyes suffice to wait their Scorn
Without the Troubles of the Night's Untruth;
Cease Dreams, fond Image of my fond Desires,
To model forth the Passions of to morrow;
Let never rising Sun approve your Tears
To add more Grief to aggravate my Sorrow:
Still let me Sleep, embracing Clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the Day's Disdain.

13. *Comparison of his Thoughts to Pearls.*

With open Shells in Seas, on Heavenly Dew,
A shining Oyster lusciously doth feed,
And then the Birth of that Etherial Seed
Shews when conceiv'd, if Skies look Dark or Blue:

So do my Thoughts (Celestial Twins) of you,
At whose Aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true,
If ye then smil'd, or low'd in mourning Weed:
Pearls then are Orient fram'd, and fair in Form
If Heavens in their Conceptions do look clear:
But if they thunder or do threat a Storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear;
Right so my Thoughts, and so my Notes do change
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

14. *All changeth.*

THe angry Winds not ay
Do cuff the roaring Deep;
And though Heavens often Weep,
Yet do they smile for Joy when comes Dismay;
Frosts do not ever Kill the Pleasant Flow'rs,
And Love hath Sweets, when gone are all the Sows.
This said a Shepherd closing in his Arms
His Dear, who blusht to feel Loves new Alarms.

15. *Silenus to King Midas.*

THe greatest Gift that from their lofty Thrones
The All-governing Pow'rs to Man can give,
Is, that he never breath, or breathing once
A Suckling end his Days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the Woe nor Joy
Of Life, nor fears the Stygian Lake's Annoy.

16. *To his Amorous Thought.*

Sweet wanton Thought, who art of Beauty born,
And who on Beauty feed'st, and sweet Desire,
Like Taper-flie still circling, and still turn
About that Flame; that all so much admire
That heavenly Fair, which doth out-blush the Morn,
Those Ivory Hands, those Threads of Golden-Wire
Thou still surroudest, yet dar'st not Aspire;
Sure thou dost well that Place not to come near,
Nor see the Majesty of that fair Court;
For if thou saw'st what Wonders there Resort,
The poor Intelligence that moves that Sphere
Like Souls ascending to those Joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Since fairest Things thus soonest have their End,
And as on Bodies Shadows do attend,
Soon all our Bliss is followed with Remorse;
Yet she's not Dead, the Lives where she did Love,
Her Memory on Earth, her Soul above.

17. *A Translation.*

I.

AH! silly Soul, what wilt thou say,
When he whom Earth and Heaven obey
Comes Man to judge in the last Day?

II.

When he a Reason asks why Grace
And Goodness thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of Vanity didst trace?

III.

That Day of Terror, Vengeance, Ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in Haste retire.

IV.

With wat'ry Eyes, and Sigh-swollen Heart,
O beg, beg in his Love a Part.
Whilst Conscience with Remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded Day of Wrath and Shame
In Flames shall turn this World's huge Frame,
As sacred Prophets do Proclaim.

VI.

O! with what Grief shall Earthlings groan
When that great Judge set on his Throne
Examines strictly every one.

VII.

Shrill-sounding Trumpets, through the Air,
Shall from dark Sepulchres each where
Force wretched Mortals to appear.

VIII.

Nature and Death amaz'd remain
To find their Dead arise again,
And Process with their Judge maintain.

IX.

Display'd then open Books shall lye
Which all those Secret Crimes descry,
For which the Guilty World must Dye.

X.

The Judge enthron'd (whom Bribes not gain)
The closest Crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

XI.

O who then pity shall poor me!
Or who mine Advocate shall be?
When scarce the Justest pass shall free.

XII.

All wholly Holy Dreadful King,
Who freely Life to Thine dost bring,
Of Mercy save me, Mercy's Spring.

XIII.

Then (sweet Jesu) [call to mind
How of Thy Pains I was the End,
And Favour let me that Day find.

XIV.

In Search of me Thou full of Pain
Did'st sweat Blood, Death on Cross sustain,
Let not these Sufferings be in vain.

XV.

Thou supream Judge, most Just and Wise,
Purge me from Guilt which on me lies
Before that Day of thine Affize;

XVI.

Charg'd with Remorse (lo) here I groan,
On my Face a Blush take on;
Ah! Spare me prostrate on my Throne.

XVII.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lend'st the Thief on Cross Thine Ear,
Shew me fair Hopes I should not fear.

XVIII.

My Prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of Thy Grace them make,
And save me from Hell's Burning Lake.

XIX.

On that Great Day, at Thy Right-hand
Grant I amongst thy Sheep may stand,
Sequestred from the goatish Band.

XX.

When that the Reprobates are all
To everlasting Flames made thrall,
O to Thy Chosen (Lord) me call;

XXI.

That I one of Thy Company,
With those whom Thou dost justify,
May live blest in Eternity.

18. *A Translation of Sr. John Scot's Verses, beginning, Quod vitæ sectabor iter.*

What course of life should wretched Mortals take?
In Books hard Questions large contention make;
L 2 Care

Care dwells in Houses, Labour in the Field,
Tumultuous Seas affrightning Dangers yield,
In foreign Lands thou never canst be blest;
If Rich, thou art in Fear; if Poor, Distrest.
In Wedlock frequent Discontentments swell;
Unmarried Persons as in Deserts dwell.

How many Troubles are with Children born?
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young Men are wanton, and of Wisdom void;
Gray-hairs are col'd, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two Offers try,
Not to be Born: or, being Born to Dye?

EPITAPHS.

I. *A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir William Alexander.*

IN sweetest Prime, and blooming of his Age,
Dear *Alcon* ravish'd from this Mortal Stage,
The Shepherds mourn'd, as they him Lov'd before;
Among the Rout him *Idmon* did deplore.

Idmon, who, whether Sun in East did rise,
Or dive in West, pour'd Torrents from his Eyes
Of liquid Chrystal under Hawthorn shade,
At last to Trees and Rocks this Plaint he made.
Alcon Delight of Heaven, Desire of Earth,
Offspring of *Phœbus*, and the Muses Birth,
The Graces Darling, *Adon* of our Plains,
Flame of the fairest Nymphs the Earth sustains,
What Power of thee hath us bereft? What Fate
By thy untimely Fall would ruin
Our Hopes? O Death! what treasure in one Hour
Hast thou dispersed? How dost thou devour
What we on Earth hold dearest? All things good,
Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the Bud?
The Corn the greedy Reapers cut not down
Before the Fields with golden Ears it crown;
Nor doth the verdant Fruits the Gardner pull:
But thou art cropt before thy Years were full.
With thee (sweet Youth) the Glories of our Fields
Vanish away, and what Contentments yields.
The Lakes their Silver Look, the Woods their Shades,
The Springs their Chrystal want, their verdure Meads,
The Years their early Seasons, cheerful Days,
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of Rays:
Their amorous Whispers *Zephyres* not us bring.
Nor do Aire's Quiristers salute the Spring.
The freezing winds our Gardens do deflour.
Ah Destinies, and you whom Skies embow'r,
To his fair Spoils his Spirit again yet give,
And like another *Phoenix* make him live. (Stems,
The Herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their
And make with Crimson blush our Anadems:
The Sun when in the West he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest Tapers at his Funerals shine;
His Face, when washt in the *Atlantic* Seas,
Revives; and cheers the Welkin with new Rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a Frame
Return to us again, and be the same?
But Wretch what wish I? To the Winds I send
These Plaints and Prayers, Destinies cannot lend
Thee more of Time, nor Heavens consent will thus,
Thou leave their starry World to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their Spheres
Without those Lamentations and Tears.

Thou wast all Vertue, Courtesy and Worth,
And as Sun's Light is in the Moon set forth;
World's supream Excellence in thee did shine:
Nor, though Eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our Memories live, while Dolphins Streams
Shall haunt, whilst Eagles stare on *Titan* beams;
Whilst Swains upon their Chrystal Tombs shall sing,
Whilst Violets with Purple paint the Spring.
A gentler Shepherd Flocks did never feed
On *Albion's* Hills, nor sung to oaten Reed:
Whilst what the fount in Thee my Muse would blaze,
Grief doth distract Her, and cut short thy Praise.

How oft have we, environ'd by the Throng
Of tedious Swains, the cooler Shades among,

Condemn'd Earths glow-worm Greatness, and the
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it Disgrace (chace
To court Unconstancy? How oft have we
Some *Chloris* name Graven in each Virgin-Tree,
And finding Favours fading, the next Day
What we had crav'd we did deface away?
Wofeful Remembrance! Nor Time nor Place
Of thy Abodement shadows any Trace.

But there to me thou shin'st: Late glad Desires,
And ye once Roses how are ye turn'd, Bryars?
Contentments passed, and of Pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful Horrors, Hells of Grief?

When from thy native Soil Love had Thee driven,
(Thy safe Return prefiguring) a Heaven
Of flattering Hopes did in my Fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should Atoms prove.

These Groves preserve will I, these loved Woods,
These Orchards, rich with Fruits, with Fish these
My *Alcon* will Return, and once again (Floods
His chosen Exiles he will entertain;

The populous City holds him, amongst Harms
Of some fierce *Cyclops*, *Circe's* stronger Charms,
These Banks (said I) he visit will, and Streams,
These silent Shades ne're kist by courting Beams.

Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his Aspect, I first shall hear his Voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoyce

To learn his past Perils, know the Sports
Of foreign Shepherds, *Fawns*, and Fairy-Courts.
No Pleasure to the Field, as happy State
Than *Alcon* Enjoy, secure from what they hate.

Free of proud Cares they innocently spend
The Day, nor do black Thoughts their Ease offend;
Wise Nature's Darlings they live in the World,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.

These Hillocks *Phœbus* loves, *Ceres* these Plains,
These Shades the *Sylvans*, and here *Pales* straits
Milk in the Pales; the Maids which haunt the Springs
Dance on these Pastures, here *Amyntas* Sings;

Hesperian Gardens, *Tempe's* Shades are here,
Or what the Eastern *Inde* and West hold Dear.
Come then, dear Youth, the Wood-Nymphs twine thee
With Rose and Lilly, to impale thy Brows. (Boughs

Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate:
Amidst these Trances Fame thy Loss doth sound,
And through my Ears gives to my Heart a Wound;

With stretch'd out Arms I fought thee to Embrace,
But clasp'd (Amaz'd) a Coffin in thy Place.
A Coffin! of our Joys which had the Trust,
Which told that thou wert come but chang'd to Dust:

Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this Wrack,
Nor that thy Time and Glory Heavens would Break:
Now since I cannot see my *Alcon's* Face,
And find nor Vows, nor Prayers to have place

With guilty Stars, this Mountain shall become
To me a sacred Altar, and a Tomb
To famous *Alcon*: here as Days, Months, Years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will Tears:

Here spend my remnant Time, exil'd from Mirth,
Till Death at last turn Monarch of my Earth.
Shepherds on *Forth*, and you by *Doven* Rocks,
Which use to sing, and sport, and keep your Flocks.

Pay Tribute here of Tears, ye never had
To aggravate your Moans a Cause more sad;
And to their Sorrows hither bring your Mands,
Charged with sweetest Flow'rs, and with pure Hands;
(Fair Nymphs) the Blushing *Hyacinth* and *Rose*
Spred on the Place his Reliefs do enclose,
Weave Garlands to his Memory; and put
Over his Hearse a Verse in Cypress Cut:
Vertue did dye, Goodness but Harm did give,
After the noble *Alcon* ceas'd to Live,
Friendship an Earthquake suffer'd; losing Him,
Love's brightest Constellation turned dim;

Hymn.

Saviour of Mankind, Man Emanuel,
Who sinless died for Sin, who vanquish'd Hell,
The First-fruits of the Grave, whose Life did give
Light to our Darkness, in whose Death we Live,
O strengthen Thou my Faith, correct my Will,
That mine may Thine obey: Protect me still,
So that the latter Death may not devour
My Soul seal'd with Thy Seal; so in the Hour
When Thou whose Body sanctify'd Thy Tomb
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious Judge shalt come
To judge the World with Justice; by that Sign
I may be known and entertain'd for Thine.

II. An Epitaph of one named Margaret.

IN Shells and Gold Pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a Stone;
A Margaret that did excel in Worth
All those rich Gems the Indies both send forth.
Who had she liv'd when Good was lov'd of Men,
Had made the Graces Four, the Muses Ten,
And forc'd those happy Times her Days that claim'd
From her to be the Age of Pearl still nam'd;
She was the richest Jewel of her Kind,
Grac'd with more Lustre than she left behind,
All Goodness, Vertue, Bounty, and could cheer
The saddest Minds, now Nature knowing here
How Things but shown, then hidden are lov'd best,
This Margaret shrin'd in this Marble Chest.

III. On a Drunkard.

Nor Aramants nor Roses do bequeath
Unto this Hearse, but Tamarisks and Wine,
For that same Thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him so carrouse while he drew Breath.

IV. Aretinus Epitaph.

Here Aretine lies, bitter Gall,
Who whilst he liv'd spoke evil of all,
Only of God the Arrant Sot
Nought said, but that he knew him not.

V. Verses on the late William Earl of Pembroke.

I.

The doubtful Fears of Change so fright my Mind,
Though raised in the highest Joy in Love,
As in this slippery State more Grief I find,
Than they who never such a Bliss did prove;
But fed with lingring Hopes of future Gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a Loser's Pain.

II.

Desire a safer Harbour is than Fear,
And not to rise less Danger than to fall;
The want of Jewels we far better bear,
Than so possess at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied Hopes Time may repair,
When ruin'd Faith must finish in Despair.

III.

Alas! Ye look but up the Hill on me,
Which shews to you a fair and smooth Ascent,
The Precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high Fortunes are too prone bent;

If there I slip, what former Joy or Bliss
Can heal the Bruise of such a Fall as this?

VI. A Reply.

I.

Who Love enjoys, and placed hath his Mind
Where fairer Vertues fairest Beauties grace,
Then in himself such Store of Worth doth find,
That he deserves to hold so good a Place;
For chilling Fears how can he be set forth,
Whose fears condemn his own, doubts others Worth?

II.

Desire, as Flames of Zeal, Fear, Horrors meets,
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty satiate with Sweets
To murmur when the Banket is remov'd?
The fairest Hopes Time in the Bud destroys,
When sweet are Memories of ruin'd Joys.

III.

It is no Hill but Heaven where you remain;
And whom Desert advanced hath so high
To reach the Guerdon of his burning Pain;
Must not repine to fall, and falling dye,
His Hopes are crown'd, what Years of tedious breath
Can them compare with such a happy Death?

VII. Upon John Earl of Lauderdale's Death.

I.

Of those rare Worthies, who adorn'd our North
And shin'd like Constellations, Thou alone
Remained'st last (great Maitland) charg'd with Worth;
Second in Vertue's Theatre to none—
But finding all Eccentric in our Times,
Religion into Superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd;
Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed Crimes.
The Young-Man destinate by Sword to fall,
And Trophies of their Countries Spoils to rear;
Strange Laws the Ag'd, and Prudent to apal,
And forc'd sad Yokes of Tyranny to bear.
And for nor great, nor virtuous Minds a Room,
Disdaining Life, thou shroud'st in thee thy Tomb.

II.

When Misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty Orators in thundring Terms
Shall move you (People) to arise in Arms,
And Churches hallow'd Policy deface;
When you shall but one general Sepulchre
(As *Averroes* did one general Soul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull Predecessors Rites controul;
Ah spare this Monument, great Guests it keeps,
Three grave Justiciars, whom true Worth did raise;
The Muses Darlings, whose Loss *Phæbus* weeps:
Best Merits Delight, the Glory of their Days,
More we would say but fear, and stand in Awe
To turn Idolaters, and break your Law.

III.

DO not repine (blest Soul) that humble Wits
Do make thy Worth the Matter of their Verse;
No high-strain'd Muse our Times and Sorrows fits:
And we do Sigh, not Sing, to crown thy Hearse.
The wisest Prince, e're manag'd Britain's State
Did not dildain in Numbers clear and brave,
The Vertues of thy Sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich Memorial on his Grave.
Thou didst deserve no less; and here in Jet,
Gold, Touch, Brass, Propyry, or *Parian* Stone,
That by a Prince's Hand no Lines are set
For thee: the Cause is now this Land hath none.
Such Gyant Moods our Parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be Kings.

VIII. *To the Obsequies of the blessed Prince,
James, King of Great Britain.*

L Et Holy *David, Solomon* the Wife,
That King, whose breast *Ageria* did inflame:
Augustus, Helen's Son, great in all Eyes,
Do Homage low to Thy *Mausolean* Frame,
And bow before Thy Laurels Anadem.
Set all those Sacred Swains, which to the Skies
By never-dying Lays have rais'd their Name,
From North to South, where Sun doth set and rise.
Religion Orphan'd, waileth o're Thy Urn,
Justice weeps out her Eyes, now truly Blind,
To *Niobe's* the remnant Vertues turn;
Fame, but to blaze Thy Glories, stays behind
I'th' World, which late was golden by thy Breath,
Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by Thy Death.

IX. *On the Death of a young Lady.*

T His Beauty which pale Death in Dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a Coffin sad,
Did pass like Lightning, like to Thunder burn;
So little Life, so much of Worth it had!
Heavens but to shew their Might here made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the World's Disdain
(O Tears, O Grief,) did call it back again,
Left Earth should vaunt She kept what was Divine.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith fairest Things thus soonest have their End;
And, as on Bodies Shadows do attend,
Sith all our Bliss is follow'd with Annoy!
She is not Dead, she lives where she did love,
Her Memory on Earth, her Soul above.

Fond Wight, who dream'd of Greatness, ^{(State,} Glory,
And Worlds of Pleasure, Honours dost devise,
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great,
Nor glorious, by this Monument turn wife.

One it enshrines, sprung of ancient Stem,
And if that Blood Nobility can make,
From which some Kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud Descent, a rare and matchless Gem.

A Beauty here it holds, alas, too fast,
Than which no Blooming Rose was more refin'd,
Nor Morning's Blush more radiant ever shin'd,
Ah! too too like to Morn and Rose at last,

It holds her who in Wit's Ascendant far
Did Years and Sex transcend, To whom the Heaven
More Vertue than to all this Age had given,
For Vertue Meteor turn'd, when she a Star.

Fair Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,
And what those Kings of Numbers did conceive
By Muses Nine, and Graces more than Three,
Lye clos'd within the Compass of this Grave.

Thus Death all Earthly Glories doth confound,
Lo! how much Worth a little Dust doth bound.

Far from these Banks exiled be all Joys,
Contentments, Pleasures, Musick (Care's Relief)
Tears, Sighs, Complaints, Horrors, Frightments, sad Annoyes
Invest these Mountains, fill all Hearts with Grief.

Here Nightingales and Turtles vent your Moans;
Amphyrian Shepherd here come feed thy Flock,
And read thy *Hyacinth* amidst our Groans,
Plaine, Echo, thy *Narcissus* from our Rocks.

Loft have our Meads their Beauty, Hills their Gems
Our Brooks their Chrystal, Groves their pleasant shade
The fairest Flow'r of all our Anadems
Death cropped hath, the *Lesbia* chaff is dead.

Thus sigh'd the *Tyne*, then shrunk beneath his Urn,
And Meads, Brooks, Rivers, Hills about did Mourne.

T He Flower of Virgins in her Prime of Years
By ruthless Destinies ista'ne away,
And rap'd from Earth, poor Earth, before this Day,
Which ne're was rightly nam'd a Vale of Tears.

Beauty to Heaven is fled, sweet Modesty
No more appears; the whose harmonious Sounds
Did ravish Sense, and charm Mind's deepest Wounds,
Embalm'd with many a Tear now low doth lye.

Fair Hopes now vanish'd are; she should have grac'd
A Prince's Marriage-Bed; but (lo!) in Heaven
Blest Paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an Angel, now is with them plac'd.

Vertue is but a Name exactly trim'd,
Interpreting what she was in Effect,
A Shadow from her Frame which did reflect,
A Pourtrait by her Excellencies limn'd.

Thou whom Free-will, or Chance hath hither brought,
And read'st; here lies a Branch of *Maitland's* Stem,
And *Seton's* Off-spring: know that either Name
Designs all Worth, yet reacht by humane Thought.

Tombs (else-where) use Life to their Guests to give,
These Ashes can frail Monument make live.

X. *Another on the same Subject.*

Like to the Garden's Eye, the Flower of Flow'rs
With purple Pomp that dazle doth the Sight;
Or as among the lesser Gems of Night,
The Usher of the Planet of the Hours:
Sweet Maid, thou shinedst on this World of Ours,
Of all Perfections having trac'd the Height,
Thine outward Frame was fair, fair inward Powers,
A Sapphire Lanthorn, and an Incense Light.
Hence the enamour'd Heaven, as too too good
On Earth's all-thorny Soyl long to abide,
Translated to their Fields so rare a Bud,
Where from thy Sun no Cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her Loss, and wish'd she had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer Space.

Hard Laws of Mortal Life! ^{(Consent,}
To which made Thralls we come without,
Like Tapers lighted to be early spent,
Our Grievs are always rise,
When Joys but halting march, and swiftly fly
Like Shadows in the Eye:
The Shadow doth not yield unto the Sun,
But Joys and Life do waste even when begun.

XI. *On the Death of a Nobleman in Scot-
land, buried at Aithen.*

Aithen, thy Pearly Coronet let fall,
Clad in sad Robes upon thy Temples set,
The Weeping Cypress, or the Sable Jet.

Mourn this thy Nurrling's Loss, a Loss which all
Apollo's Quire bemoans, which many Years
Cannot repair, nor Influence of Spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find Shepherd like to him,
Who made thy Banks more famous by his Worth,
Then all those Gems thy Rocks and Streams send forth.

His Splendor others Glow-worm Light did dim,
Sprung of an ancient and a vertuous Race,
He Vertue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to Mildness thy Half-barbarous Swains,
The Good-man's Refuge, of the Bad the Fright,
Unparallel'd in Friendship, World's Delight, For

For Hospitality along thy Plains
Far-fam'd, a Patron, and a Pattern fair,
Of Piety, the Muses chief Repair.

Most debonaire in Courtesy supream,
Lov'd of the Mean, and honour'd by the Great,
Ne're dash'd by Fortune, nor cast down by Fate,
To present, and to after Times a Theme.
Aithen, thy Tears pour on this Silent Grave,
And drop them in thy Alabaster Cave,
And *Niobe's* Imagery become;
And when thou hast distilled here a Tomb,
Enchace in it thy Pearls, and let it bear,
Aithen's best Gem and Honour shrin'd lies here.

XII.

Fame Register of Time
Write in thy Scrawl, that I
Of Wisdom Lover, and Sweet Poesy,
Was cropped in my Prime;
And ripe in Worth, though green in Years, did dye.

XIII.

Justice, Truth, Peace, and Hospitality,
Friendship, and Love, being resolv'd to dye
In these lewd Times, have chosen here to have
With just true Pious . . . their Grave;
Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,
That they on Earth would choose none other Place.

XIV.

When Death to deck his Trophies stop't thy Breath
Rare Ornament and Glory of these Parts,
All with moist Eyes might lay, and ruthless Hearts,
That things immortal vassal'd were to Death.

What good in Parts on many shar'd we see
From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow,
To make a Matter-piece of worth below,
Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in gross to Thee.

In Honour, Bounty, rich, in Valour, Wit,
In Courtesy, born of an ancient Race,
With Bays in War, with Olives crown'd in Peace,
Match'd great, with Off-spring for great Actions fit.

No Rust of Times, nor Change, thy Virtue wan
With times to change, when Truth, Faith, Love decay'd
In this new Age (like Fate) thou fixed stay'd
Of the first World an all substantial Man.

As erst this Kingdom given was to thy Syre,
The Prince his Daughter trusted to thy Care,
And well the Credit of a Gem so rare
Thy Loyalty and Merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy Worth that now appears
By others set as Diamonds among Pearls,
A Queen's dear Foster, Father to three Earls,
Enough on Earth to triumph are o're Years.

Life a Sea-Voyage is, Death is the Haven,
And fraught with Honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which Thousands seeking have on Rocks been driven,
That Good adorns thy Grave which with thee liv'd:

For a frail Life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast freed of Annoy.

XV.

Within the Closure of this narrow Grave
Lye all those Graces a Good-wife could have:
But on this Marble they shall not be Read,
For then the Living envy would the Dead.

XVI.

The Daughter of a King of Princely Parts,
In Beauty eminent, in Virtues chief,
Load-star of Love, and Load-stone of all Hearts,
Her Friends and Husband's only Joy, now Grief:
Is here pent up within a Marble Frame,
Whose Parallel no Times, no Climates claim.

XVII.

Verles frail Records are to keep a Name,
Or raise from Dust Men to a Life of Fame,
The Sport and Spoil of Ignorance; but far
More frail the Frames of Touch and Marble are,
With Envy, Avarice, Time e're long confound,
Or Mis-devotion equals with the Ground.
Vertue alone doth last, frees Man from Death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in Angels Diamantine Rolls,
And blazed in the Courts above the Poles.
Thou wast fair Vertue's Temple, they did dwell,
And liv'd ador'd in thee, nought did excel
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The Graces Darling, and the Maids of *Jove*,
Court'd by Fame for Bounties which the Heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in Parcels given
To many, such we happy sure might call,
How happy then wast thou who enjoy'dst them all?
A whiter Soul ne're Body did invest,
And now (sequestred) cannot be but blest,
Inrob'd in Glory, 'midst those Hi'rarchies
Of that immortal People of the Skies,
Bright Saints and Angels, there from Cares made free
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign Good from Thee.
Thou smil'st at Earth's Confusions and Iars,
And how for *Centaures* Children we wage Wars:
Like Honey-Flees whose Rage whole Swarms consumes
Till Dust thrown on them makes them vail their
Thy Friends to thee a Monument would raise, Plumes.
And limn thy Vertues; but dull Grief thy Praise
Breaks in the Entrance, and our Task proves vain,
What Duty writes, that Woe blots out again:
Yet Love a Pyramid of Sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with Fare-wells and Tears;

XVIII.

I.

Though Marble Porphyry, and mourning Touch,
May praise these Spoils, yet can they not too
For Beauty last, and this Stone doth close, (much
Once Earth's Delight, Heaven's Care, a purest Rose:
And (Reader) should'st thou but let fall a Tear
Upon it, other Flow'rs shall here Appear,
Sad Violets and Hyacinths which grow
With Marks of Grief, a publick Loss to show.

II.

Relenting Eye, which deignest to this Stone
To lend a Look, behold, here laid in one,
The Living, and the Dead interr'd, for dead
The Turtle in its Mate is; and she fled
From Earth, her choos'd this place of Grief
To bound Thoughts, a small and sad Relief.
He is this Monument, for hers no Art
Could frame, a Pyramid rais'd of his Heart.

III.

Instead of Epitaphs and airy Praise
This Monument a Lady chaf'd did raise
To her Lord's living Fame, and after Death
Her Body doth unto this Place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill Trumpet sound,
Though time her Life, no time her Love could bound.

XIX. To Sir William Alexander.

Though I have Twice been at the doors of Death,
And Twice found shut those Gates which ever
This but a Lightning is, Truce ta'en to Breath, (mourn'd
For late born Sorrows augur fleet Return.

Amidst thy sacred Cares, and Courtly Toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o're my mortal Spoils,
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;

If thou e're held me dear, by all our Love,
By all that Bliss those Joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of *Jove*,
To grave this short Remembrance on my Grave.

Here *Damon* lies, whose Songs did sometime grace
The murr'ring *Esk*, may Roses Shade the place.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

Inter Vitarvam & Nebernā.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highissima monta *Fifæ*,
Seu vos *Pittenwema* tenent, seu *Crelia* crosta,
Sive *Anstræa* domus, ubi nat *Haddocus* in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi *Fleusca* & *Skerra*
pererrant

Per costam, & scopulis *Lobster* monifootus in udis
Creepat, & in mediis ludit *Whitenius* undis:
Et vos *Skipperii*, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlanteque simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtā terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deūm, quoque *Nympharum* *Cockle* *shellæarum*
Maia ubi *Sheepfeda*, atq; ubi *Solgoosifera* *Bassa*
Swellant in pelago, cum *Solbootatus* *Edemum*
Postabat radiis madidis & shouribus atris.

Quo viso ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram, cecidere grues, plish plashque dederunt
Solgoosa in pelago prope littora *Bruntilliana*;
Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælutre caput, wingasque flapavit.
Quodque magis, alte volitans *Heronius* ipse
Ingeminans *clig clag* mediis stitavit in undis.

Namque a principio *Storiam* tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam *Vitarva* per agros
Neberna marchare fecit, & dixit ad illos,
"Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos
" *Neberna* per crosta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
Quod si forte ipsa *Neberna* venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, & vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant *Geordy Akinbedius*, & little *Fohnus*,
Et *Famy Richæus*, & stout *Michel Hendersonus*,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios danfare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, & lassas kiffare bonæas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvartus, & ejus
Filius eldestus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat;
Et *Rob Gib* wantonns homo, atque *Oliver Hutchin*,
(*Aiken*)

Et ploucky-fac'd *Waty Strang*, atque inkneed *Alcknda*
Et *Willy Dick* heavy-astus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc *Corngrævius* heros
Nouthadam vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant *Tom. Taylor*, & *Hen. Watsonus*,
Et *Tomy Gilchristus*, & fool *Focky Robinsonus*
Andrew Alsbenderus, & *Famy Tomsonus*, & unus
Norland bornus homo, valde valde *Anticovenanter*,
Nomine *Gordonus*, valde blackmoudus, & alter
(*Deil stick it*, ignoro nomen) slavry beardius homo
Qui pottas dightavit, & assas jecerat extra.

Denique præ reliquis *Geordeum* affatur, & inquit,
Geordi mi formane, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades & crook faddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,
Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis;
Ambulentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Cursorum, & reliquos troitantes sumito averos.
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crosta per & riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Neberna, & aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sydis tu pone manus, & dicito *fart jade*.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, & illi

Extemplo cartas bene fillavere gigantes:

Whistlavere viri, workhorfosque ordine swieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, & sic turba horrida mustrat,
Haud aliter quam si cum multis *Spinola* troupis
Proudus ad *Ostendam* marchasset fortiter urbem.

Interea ante alios *Dux Piper Latus* heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypan
Incipit *Hariai* cunctis sonare batellum.

Tunc *Neberna* furens yettam ipsa egressa, videnque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo *Barowmannos* atque *Ladaos*,
Iackmannumque, *Hiremannos*, *Pleughdriesters* atque
(*Pleughmannos*)

Tum lantesq; simul reekolo ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas terfit cum dishclouty dishes,
Hæc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
Et saltannifumos, & widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam falteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more *Divelli*,
Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctum sweepare flooras, & sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare, & longas ducere treedas;
Nanjam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque *Elpen*, longo bardamque *Anapellam*,
Fartantemque simul *Gyllam*, gliedamque *Karaam*
Egredie indutam blacko caput sooty clouto;
Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oscularier arsas;
Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy fingria *Betty*.

Tum deum hungreos ventres *Neberna* gruclis
Fartit, & guttas rawsuiibus implet amaris,
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum,
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sydera ristas
Barmifumi attollunt, & sic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipsa prior *Neberna* suis stout facta ribaldis.
Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem Muckreilius vocat ad pell mellia flaidos.

"Ite, ait, uglæi Fellows, si quis modo posthac
" Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
" Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
" Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
" Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
" Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.
Obstupit *Vitarva* diu dirtflida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, Muckreilos ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coëgit.

O qualem primo fleuram gustaffes in ipso
Battelli onfetto! Pugnāt Muckreilius heros
Fortiter, & Muckam per posteriora cadentem
In creilibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit, si forte vidiffes
Pypanes arsas, & flavo sanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!

O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva!
Tum vero è medio Muckdryvter profilit unus
Gallantæus homo, & greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlinealque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque

Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, & ivit (fundum.
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque pro-
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo *Gillaa* ferox invasit, & ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, & tigrida facta
Boublentem grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæ nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit *Gilly whippum*,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, & omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneesing valde operativum,
Pro premio, Swingere, tuo, tum denique fleido
Ingentem *Gilly wampbra* dedit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic *Gylla* triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo; backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; & *O fy!*
Terquater exclamat, & d quam fæde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hangrius homo,
Lauavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens;
Non audens ginpape iterum, nennaworfa tulisset.

Hæc *Neberna* videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti *Monsmegga* cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
Sumpserunt, retrospexit *Fackmannus*, & ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque itumque buleti.
Quod si King Spanius, *Philippus* nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare *Sluissam*, *Sluissam* dingasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus *Ludovicus* forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia *Montalbana*,
Ipsam continuo townam dingasset in yerdam.
Exit *Corngreivius*, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Confliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, & vos worriabo:
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans lookansque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, & dixit, O Deus! O God!
Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

P O E M S

Never before Printed.

E P I G R A M S.

1.

THE Scottish *Kirk* the English *Church* do Name;
The English *Church* the Scots a *Kirk* do call
Kirk, and not *Church*, *Church* and not *Kirk*, O
Your *Kappa* turn in *Cbi*, or perish all. (Shame.
Assemblies meet, post Bishops to the Court,
If these Two Nations fight, 'tis Strangers Sport.

2.

Against the King, Sir, now why would ye fight
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a Knight?
And ye (my Lords,) why arm ye 'gainst King *Charles*?
Because of Lords he would not make us Earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these Warlike Bands?
Because we will not quit the Church's Lands.
Most Holy Church-men, what is your Intent?
The King our Stipends largely did augment.
Commons to Tumult thus, why are You driven?
Priests us persuade it is the Way to Heaven.
Are these just Cause of War, (good People,) grant;
Hoe! Plunder! Thou ne're Swore our Covenant.

Give me a Thousand Cov'nants, I'll subscribe
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive,

Of Rage and Malice; and let every one
Black Treason bear, not bare Rebellion.
I'll not be mockt, his'd, plunder'd, banish'd hence
For more Years standing for a . . . Prince.
His Castles all are taken, and his Crown,
His Sword, and Scepter, Ensigns of Renown,
With that Lieutenant, Fame did so extol,
And Captives carried to the Capital,
I'll not die Martyr for a mortal Thing,
'Tis enough to be Confessor for a King:
Will this you give Contentment, Honest-men?
I've written Rebels; Pox upon the Pen.

3.

THE King a *Negative Voice* most justly hath,
Since the *Kirk* hath found out a *Negative Faith*.

4.

IN Parliament one Voted for the King,
The Crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
His Voice again being heard, was no such Thing,
For that which was mistaken was a Fart.

N

5. Blod

5.

BOld Scots, at Barnockburn ye kill'd your King,
Then did in Parliament approve the Fact;
And would ye Charles to such a non-plus bring
To authorize Rebellion by an Act.
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted may be?
But if he do't, Cause swaddle him for a Baby.

6.

A Reply.

SWadl'd is the Baby, and almost Two Years
(His swadling Time) did neither cry nor stir,
But star'd, smil'd, did lye still, void of all Fears,
And sleep'd, tho' barked at by every Cur.
Yea had not wak'd, if *Lesly* that hoarse Nurse
Had not him hardly rockt, old Wives him curse.

7.

THE King, nor Band, nor Host had him to follow
Of all his Subjects; they were given to thee,
Lesly. Who is the greatest? By *Apollo*,
The Emperor thou, some *Palsegrave* scarce seems he.
Could'st thou pull Lords as we do Bishops down,
Small distance were between thee and a Crown:

8.

When lately *Pym* descended into Hell,
E're he the Cups of *Lethe* did carouse,
What Place that was, he called loud to tell,
To whom, a Devil; This is the *Lower-House*.

9.

The Statue of Alcides.

FLora upon a time
Naked *Alcides* Statue did behold,
And with Delight admir'd each amorous Limb,
Only one Fault she said could be oft told.
For by right Simmetry
The Crafts-Man had him wrong'd,
To such tall Joyns a taller-Club belong'd:
The Club hang by his Thigh,
To which the Statuary did reply,
Fair Nymph, in ancient Days your ... by far
Were not so hugely vast as now they are.

10.

Great Lyes they tell, preach our Church cannot err,
Lesly Lies, who say the King's not Head of her;
Great Lyes, who cry we may shed others Blood,
Lesly Lyes, who swear dumb Bishops are not good;
Great Lyes they vent, say we for God do fight;
Lesly Lyes who guess the King does nothing right;
Great Lyes and *lesly* Lyes all our Aims descry.
To Pulpits some, to Camp the rest apply.

11.

*A Speech at the King's Entry into the Town
of Linlithgow, pronounced by Mr. James
Wiseman School-Master there, inclosed
in a Plaster made in the Figure of a Lyon.*

THrice Royal Sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a Lyon, to hear a Lyon's Speech.
A Miracle; for, since the Days of *Aesop*,
No Lyon till those times his Voice dar'd raise up
To such a Majesty: Then King of Men
The King of Beasts speaks to thee from his Den;
Who, tho' he now inclosed be in Plaster,
When he was free was *Lithgow's* wife School-master.

12.

A Country Maid *Amazon* like did ride,
To sit more sure with Leg on either Side;

Her Mother who her spy'd said, that e're long
She should just Penance suffer for that Wrong;
For when time should on her more Years bestow,
That Horses Hair between her Thighs would grow.
Scarce Winter twice was come (as was her told)
When she found all to Frizzle there with Gold,
Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her Sick,
And forc'd her keep her Bed almost a Week.
At last her Mother calls, who scarce for Laughter
Could hear the pleasant Story of her Daughter,
But that this Frenzy should no more her vex
She swore thus bearded were their weaker Sex;
Which when deny'd, think not (said she) I scorn,
Behold the place (poor Fool) where thou was born.
The Girl that seeing cry'd, now void of Pain,
Ah Mother, you have ridden on the Main.

13.

God's Judgments seldom use to cease, unless
The Sins which them procur'd Men do confess:
Our Cries are *Baal's* Priests, Our Fasting vain,
Our Pray'rs not heard, nor answer'd us again,
Till Perjury, Wrong, Rebellion be confest,
Think not on Peace, nor to be freed of Pest.

14.

THE King gives yearly to his Senate Gold,
Who can deny but Justice then is sold!

15.

Here *Rixus* lyes, a Novice in the Laws,
Who plains he came to Hell without a Cause.

P H Y L L I S,

On the Death of her Sparrow.

AH! if ye ask, my Friends, why this salt Shower
My blubber'd Eyes upon this Paper pour?
Gone is my Sparrow, he whom I did train,
And turn'd so toward, by a Cat is slain:
No more with trembling Wings shall he attend
His watchful Mistress. Would my Life could end;
No more shall I him hear chirp pretty Lays,
Have I not Cause to loath my tedious days?
A *Dedalus* he was to catch a Fly,
Nor Wrath, nor Rancor Men in him could spy,
To touch or wrong his Tail, if any dar'd
He pinch'd their Fingers, and against them war'd.
Then might that Crest be seen shake up and down
Which fixed was unto his little Crown.
Like *Hector's*, *Troy's* strong Bulwark, when in Ire
He rag'd to set the *Grecian* Fleet on Fire.
But (ah, alas!) a Cat this Prey espies,
Then with a Leap did thus our Joys surprise.
Undoubtedly this Bird was kill'd by Treason,
Or otherways had of that Fiend had Reason.
Thus was *Achilles* by weak *Paris* slain,
And stout *Camilla* fell by *Aruns* vain.
So that false Horse, which *Pallas* rais'd 'gainst *Troy*,
King *Priame* and that City did destroy.
Thou now whose Heart is big with this frail Glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy Honour's Story.
If any Knowledge resteth after Death
In Ghosts of Birds, when they have left to breath,
My Darling's Ghost shall know in lower Place,
The Vengeance falling on the Cattish Race.
For never Cat nor Catling I shall find,
But mew shall they in *Pluto's* Palace blind.
Ye who with gawdy Wings and Bodies light
Do dint the Air, turn hitherwards your Flight.
To my Sad Tears comply these Notes of yours,
Unto his Idol bring an Harv't of Flowers;
Let him accept from us, as most divine
Sabaan Incense, Milk, Food, sweetest Wine;

And

And on a Stone let us these Words engrave,
Pilgrim, the body of a Sparrow brave,
In a fierce gluttonous Car's Womb clos'd remains,
Whose Ghost now graces the Elysian Plains.

DIVINE POEMS.

1. Peter, after the Denial of his Master.

LIKE to the solitary Pelican
The shady Groves I haunt, and Deserts wild,
Amongst Wood's Burgesses, from Sight of Man,
From Earth's Delight, from mine own self exil'd,
But that Remorse which with my Fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by Change turn'd mild,
But rents my Soul, and like a famish'd Child
Renews its Cries, though Nurse does what she can.
Look how the shrieking Bird that courts the Night
In ruin'd Wall doth Lurk, and gloomy Place,
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars I shun the Light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace:
How to Heaven's Lights should I lift these of mine,
Sith I denied Him, who made them shine.

2. On the Virgin Mary

THE woful Mary 'midst a blubber'd Band
Of weeping Virgins, near unto the Tree
Where God Death suffer'd, Man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful Nightingale did stand,
Which sees her Younglings rest before her Eyes,
And hath nought else to guard them save her Cries:
Love thither had her brought, and Misbelief
Of these sad News, which charg'd her Mind to Fears,
But now her Eyes more wretched than her Tears,
Bear witness (ah, too true,) of feared Grief:
Her Doubts made certain, did her Hopes destroy,
Abandoning her Soul to black Annoy.
Long fixing down-cast Eyes on Earth at last
She longing them did raise, (O torturing Sight!)
To view what they did shun, their sole Delight
Embru'd in his own Blood, and naked Plac't,
To sinful Eyes, naked save that black Vail
Which Heaven him shrouded with, that did bewail.
It was not Pity, Pain, Grief did possess
The Mother, but an Agony more strange,
Cheek's Roses in pale Lillies straight did change;
Her Spirits (as if the bled his Blood) turn'd less,
When she him saw, Wo did all Words deny,
And Grief her only suffer'd sigh, O my!
O my dear Lord and Son! Then she began,
Immortal Birth, tho' of a Mortal born,
Eternal Bounty which doth Heaven adorn,
Without a Mother, God; a Father, Man:
Ah, what hast thou deserv'd, what hast thou done!
Thus to be treat? Woe's me, my Son, my Son!
Who bruise'd thy Face, the Glory of this All,
Who Eyes engor'd, Load-Stars to Paradise,
Who, as thou were a trimmed Sacrifice,
Did with that cruel Crown thy Brows impale?
Who rais'd Thee, whom so oft the Angels serv'd,
Between those Thieves who that foul Death deserv'd?
Was it for this Thou bred wast in my Womb?
Mine Arms a Cradle serv'd Thee to Repose?
My Milk Thee fed, as Morning-dew the Rose?
Did I Thee keep till this sad Time should come,
That wretched Men should nail Thee to a Tree,
And I a Witness of Thy Pangs must be?
It is not long, the Way's bestrow'd with Flowers,
With Shouts to echoing Heavens and Mountains roll'd,
Since, as in Triumph, I Thee did behold
In Royal Pomp approach proud *Sion's* Towers:

Lo, what a Change! Who did Thee then embrace,
Now at Thee shake their Heads, inconstant Race.
Eternal Father, from whose piercing Eye
Hid nought is found, that in this All is form'd,
Diegn to Vouchsafe a Look unto this Round,
This Round, the Stage of a sad Tragedy:
Look but if Thy dear Pledge thou hear canst know
On an unhappy Tree, a shameful show.
Ah! Look if this be He, Almighty King,
Before Heavens spangled were with Stars of Gold,
E're World a Center had it to uphold,
Whom from Eternity Thou forth didst bring.
With Virtue, Form and Light, who did adorn
Skie's radiant Globes, see where he hangs a Scorn:
Did all my Prayers tend to this? Is this
The Promise that celestial Herald made
At *Nazareth*, when full of Joy he said,
I happy was, and from Thee did me blest;
How am I blest? No, most unhappy I,
Of all the Mothers underneath the Sky.
How true and of choice Oracles the Choice
Was that blest Hebrew? whose dear Eyes in Peace
Mild Death did close, e're they saw this Disgrace,
When he fore-spoke with more than Angel's Voice;
The Son should (Malice sign,) be set a-part
Then, that a Sword should pierce the Mothers Heart:
But whither dost thou go, Life of my Soul?
O stay a little till I dye with Thee;
And do I live Thee languishing to see?
And cannot Grief frail Laws of Life controul?
If Grief prove weak, come cruel Squadrons kill
The Mother, spare the Son, He knows no Ill:
He knows no Ill, those Pangs base Men are due
To me and all the World, save Him alone;
But now He doth not hear my bitter Moan;
Too late I Cry, too late I Plaints renew;
Pale are his Lips, down doth his Head decline,
Dim turn those Eyes once wont so bright to shine.
The Heavens which in their Mansions constant move,
That they may not seem guilty of this Crime,
Benighted have the golden Eye of Time;
Ungrateful Earth, canst thou such Shame approve.
And seem unmov'd this done upon thy Face.
Earth trembled then, and She did hold her Peace;

3. Hymn.

HI M, whom the Earth, the Sea and Sky
Worship, adore and magnify;
And doth this threefold Engine steer,
Mary's pure Closet now doth bear.
Whom Sun and Moon, and Creatures all,
Serving at Times, obey his Call;
Pouring from Heaven his Sacred Grace,
I'th' Virgin's Bowels hath ta'en Place.
Mother most blest by such a Dower,
Whose Maker, Lord of highest Power;
Who this wide World in Hand contains,
In thy Womb's Ark himself restrains,
Blest by a Message from Heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught;
Of Nations the desired King,
Within thy Sacred Womb doth spring.
Lord may Thy Glory still endure,
Who born wast of a Virgin pure;
The Father's and the Spirit's of Love
Which endless Worlds may not remov.

4. An Evening Hymn.

MAKER of all, we Thee intreat,
Before the joyful Light descend,
That Thou with wended Mercy great
Us, as our Keeper wouldst defend,
Let idle Dreams be far away,
And vain Illusions of the Night,
Repress our Foe, least that he may
Our Bodies to foul Lust incite.

Let this, O Father, granted be,
Through our dear Saviour's boundless Merit,
Who doth for ever Live with Thee,
Together with the holy Spirit.

5. *Complaint of the blessed Virgin.*

THE Mother stood with Grief confounded,
Near the Cross; her Tears abounded
While her dear Son hanged was,
Through whose Soul, her Sighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpest Points of Swords did pass:
O how sad and how distressed,
Was the Mother ever-blest,
Who God's only Son forth-brought.
She in Grief and Woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what Anguish!
To her noble Son was wrought.

6. *Hymn upon the Nativity.*

CHrist, whose Redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone
Before the World began to be,
Didst spring from Him by Means unknown.
Thou his clear Brightness, Thou his Light,
Thou everlasting Hope of all,
Observe the Prayers which in Thy Sight
Thy Servants through the World let fall.
O dearest Saviour bear in Mind
That of our Body Thou a Child
Didst whilom take the natural Kind,
Born of the Virgin undefil'd.

This much the present Day makes known,
Passing the Circuit of the Year,
That thou from thy high Father's Throne
The World's sole Safety didst appear.

The highest Heaven, the Earth and Seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because he sent Thee us to ease
With mirthful Songs his Praise resound.

We also who redeemed are
With Thy pure Blood from sinful State,
For this thy Birth-Day will prepare
New Hymns this Feast to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to Thee
Whom the unspotted Virgin bore,
And Glory to Thee, Father, be,
And th' holy Ghost for ever more.

7. *Hymn upon the Innocents.*

HAil you sweet Babes that are the Flowers,
Whom (when you Life begin to taste,)
The Enemy of Christ devours,
As Whirlwinds down the Roles cast.

First Sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offer'd Lambs a tender Sort;
With Palms and Crowns you Innocent
Before the sacred Altar sport.

8. *Dedication of a Church;*

Jerusalem, that place Divine,
The Vision of sweet Peace is nam'd,
In Heaven her glorious Turrets shine,
Her Walls of living Stones are fram'd,
While Angels guard her on each Side,
Fit Company for such a Bride.
She deckt in new Attire from Heaven,
Her Wedding-Chamber now descends,
Prepar'd in Marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her Joy depends.
Her Walls wherewith she is inclos'd,
And Streets are of pure Gold compos'd.
The Gates adorn'd with Pearls most bright
The Way to hidden Glory show,
And thither by the blessed Might
Of Faith in Jesus's Merits go.

All these who are on Earth distressed
Because they have Christ's Name profess.
These Stones the Work-men dress and beat,
Before they throughly Polisht are,
Then each is in his proper Seat
Establish'd by the Builder's Care.
In this fair Frame to stand for ever,
So joyn'd that them no Force can sever,
To God who sits in highest Seat,
Glory and Power given be,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal Dignity;
Whose boundless Power we still adore,
And sing their Praise for ever-more.

9. *Hymn.*

JESU, our Prayers with Mildness hear,
Who art the Crown which Virgins decks,
Whom a pure Maid did breed and bear,
The sole Example of her Sex.

Thou feeding there where Lillies spring,
While round about the Virgins dance,
Thy Spouse dost to Glory bring,
And them with high Rewards advance.

The Virgins follow in thy Ways
Whithersoever thou dost go,
They trace thy Steps with Songs of Praise,
And in sweet Hymns thy Glory show.

Cause thy protecting Grace we pray
In all our Senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our Souls with foul Corruption wound.

Praise, Honour, Strength, and Glory great
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While Time lasts, and when Time is done.

10. *Hymn.*

Benign Creator of the Stars,
Eternal Light of faithful Eyes,
Christ, whose Redemption none debars,
Do not our humble Prayers despise.

Who for the state of Mankind griev'd,
That it by Death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseased World reliev'd,
And given the Guilty Remedy.

When th' Evening of the World drew near,
Thou as a Bridegroom design'd to come
Out of thy Wedding-Chamber dear,
Thy Virgin Mother's purest Womb.

To the strong Force of whose high Reign
All Knees are bow'd with Gesture low,
Creatures which Heaven or Earth contain,
With Reverence their Subjection show.

O holy Lord, we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all Faults,
Preserve us as the Times require,
From our deceitful Foes Assaults.

Praise, Honour, Strength, and Glory great,
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilst Time lasts, and when Time is done,

11. *Hymn for Sunday.*

Oblest Creator of the Light,
Who bringing forth the Light of Days
With the first Work of Splendor bright,
The World didst to Beginning raise,
Who Morn with Evening joyn'd in one
Commandedst should be call'd the Day:
The foul Confusion now is gone,
O hear us when with Tears we Pray;
Lest that the Mind with Fears full fraught,
Should lose best Life's Eternal Gains,
While it hath no Immortal Thought,
But is inwapt in sinful Chains.

O may it beat the inmost Sky,
And the Reward of Life possess;
May we from hurtful Actions fly,
And purge away all Wickedness.

Dear Father, grant what we intreat,
And only Son who like Power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst Times and Ages last.

12. Hymn for Monday.

Great maker of the Heavens wide,
Who leaft Things mixt should all confound;
The Floods and Waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the Heavens their bound.
Ordering where heavenly Things shall stay,
Where Streams shall run on earthly Soyl,
That Waters may the Flames allay,
Leaft they the Globe of Earth should spoil.
Sweet Lord into our Minds infuse
The Gift of everlasting Grace,
That no old Faults which we did use
May with new Frauds our Souls deface.
May our true Faith obtain the Light,
And such clear Beams our Hearts possess,
That it vain Things may banish quite,
And that no Falshood it opprefs.
Dear Father grant what we intreat, &c.

13. Hymn for Tuesday.

Great Maker of Man's earthly Realm,
Who didst the Ground from Waters take,
Which did the troubled Land o'rewhelm,
And it unmoveable didst make,
That there young Plants might fitly spring,
While it with golden Flowers attir'd
Might forth ripe Fruit in Plenty bring,
And yield sweet Fruit by all desir'd.
With fragrant Greenness of thy Grace
Our blasted Souls of Wounds release,
That tears foul Sins away may chase,
And in the Mind bad Motions cease:
May it obey thy heavenly Voice,
And never drawing near to Ill,
T'abound in Goodness may rejoyce,
And may no mortal Sin fulfil.
Dear Father, &c.

14. Hymn for Wednesday.

O Holy God of heavenly Frame,
Who mak'st the Pole's high Center bright,
And paintst the same with shining Flames,
Adorning it with beauteous Light:
Who framing on the fourth of Days
The fiery Chariot of the Sun
Appoint'st the Moon her changing Rays,
And Orbs in which the Planets run.
That Thou might'st by a certain bound
Twixt Night and Day Division make;
And that some sure Sign might be found
To shew when Months Beginning take.
Men's Hearts with lightsome Splendor blefs,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the Bond of Guiltiness,
Throw down the Heaps of sinful Blots.
Dear Father, &c.

15. Hymn for Thursday.

O God, whose Forces far extend,
Who Creatures which from Waters spring
Back to the Flood dost partly send,
And up to th' Air dost partly bring.
Some in the Waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the Heavens above,
That Natures from one Stock deriv'd
May thus to several Dwellings move:

Upon thy Servants Grace bestow,
Whose Souls thy bloody Waters clear,
That they no sinful Falls may know,
Nor heavy Grief of Death may bear:
That Sin no Soul oppress may thrall,
That none be lifted high with Pride,
That Minds cast downward do not fall,
Nor raised up may backward slide.
Dear Father, &c.

16. Hymn for Friday.

G O D, from whose Work Mankind did spring,
Who all in Rule dost only keep,
Bidding the dry Land forth to bring
All kind of Beasts which on it creep:
Who hast made subject to Man's Hand
Great Bodies of each mighty Thing,
That taking Life from thy Command,
They might in Order serve their King.
From us thy Servants (Lord) expel
These Errors which Uncleaness breeds,
Which either in our Manners dwell,
Or mix themselves among our Deeds.
Give the Rewards of joyful Life,
The plenteous Gifts of Grace encrease;
Dissolve the cruel Bonds of Strife;
Knit fast the happy League of Peace,
Dear Father, &c.

17. Hymn for Saturday.

O Trinity, O blessed Light,
O Unity, most principal;
The fiery Sun now leaves our Sight,
Cause in our Hearts thy Beams to fall:
Let us with Songs of Praise divine
At Morn and Evening Thee implore,
And let our Glory bow'd to Thine
Thee glorify for ever more.
To God the Father Glory great,
And Glory to his only Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Both now and still while Ages run.

Upon the Sundays in Lent.

18. H Y M N.

O Merciful Creator, hear
Our Prayers to Thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a Tear
In this most holy Fast of Lent.
Thou mildest Searcher of each Heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our Strength,
To us forgiving Grace impart,
Since we return to Thee at length.
Much have we sinned to our Shame;
But spare us who our Sins confess;
And for the Glory of thy Name
To our sick Souls afford Redress.
Grant that the Flesh may be so pin'd
By Means of outward Abstinence,
As that the sober watchful Mind
May fast from Spots of all Offence.
Grant this, O blessed Trinity;
Pure Unity to this incline,
That the Effects of Fasts may be
A grateful Recompence for Thine.

19. On the Ascension Day.

O Jesu, who our Souls dost save,
On whom our Love and Hopes depend,
God from whom all Things Being have,
Man when the World drew to an end.
What

What Clemency Thee vanquish'd so,
Upon Thee our foul Crimes to take,
And cruel Death to undergo,
That Thou from Death us free might make.
Let thine own Goodness to The bend,
That thou our Sins may'st put to Flight;
Spare us, and as our Wishes tend,
O satisfy us with Thy Sight;
Mayst Thou our joyful Pleasures be,
Who shall be our expected Gain,
And let our Glory be in Thee
While any Ages shall remain.

20. Hymn for Whitsunday.

Creator, Holy Ghost descend,
Visit our Minds with thy bright Flame,
And thy celestial Grace extend
To fill the Hearts which Thou didst frame:
Who *Paraclete* are said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows,
Fountain of Life, Fire, Charity,
Ointment whence Ghostly Blessings flows.
Thy seven-fold Grace Thou down dost send,
Of God's right Hand Thou finger art,
Thou by the Father promised
Unto our Mouths dost Speech impart.
In our dull Senses kindle Light;
Infuse thy Love into our Hearts,
Reforming with perpetual Light
Th' Infirmities of fleshly Parts.
Far from our Dwelling drive our Foe,
And quickly Peace unto us bring,
Be thou our Guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful Thing.
Be pleased to instruct our Mind,
To know the Father and the Son,
The Spirit who them both dost bind,
Let us believe while Ages run.

To God the Father Glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and to the *Paraclete*,
Beyond all Time imagined,

21. On the Transfiguration of our Lord, the Sixth of August; A Hymn.

ALL you that seek Christ, let your Sight
Up to the Height directed be,
For there you may the Sign most bright
Of everlasting Glory see.

A radiant Light we there behold,
Endless, unbounded, lofty, high:
Than Heaven or that rude Heap more old,
Wherein the World confus'd did lye.

The Gentiles this great Prince embrace;
The Jews obey this King's Command,
Promis'd to *Abraham* and his race
A Blessing while the World shall stand.

By Mouths of Prophets free from Lyes,
Who seal the Witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should Him believe and hear:

Glory, O Lord, be given to Thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this Day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost for ay.

22. On the Feast of St. Michael the Arch-Angel.

TO Thee, O Christ, Thy Father's Light,
Life, Vertue, which our Heart inspires,
In Presence of thine Angels bright,
We sing with Voice and with Desires:
Our selves we mutually invite,
To Melody with answering Quires.

With Reverence we these Soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly Throne abide,
And chiefly him whom God doth raise,
His strong Celestial Host to guide;
Michael who by his Power dismays,
And beateth down the Devils pride.

An Elegy upon the Victorious King of Swe- den, Gustavus Adolphus.

LIKE a cold fatal Sweat which ushers Death,
My Thoughts hang on me, and by labouring breath
Stopt up with Sighs, my Fancy big with Woes
Feels two Twin Mountains struggle in her Throws,
Of boundless Sorrow, th' one, th' other of Sin,
For less let no Man call it, to begin
Where Honour ends in great *Gustavus*'s Flame,
That it burnt out and wasted to a Name,
Does barely live with us, and when the Stuff
Which fed it fails, the Taper turns to Snuff;
With this poor Snuff, this airy Shadow, we
Of Fame and Honour must contented be,
Since from the vain Grasp of our Wishes fled
Their glorious Substances, now he is dead,
Speak it again, and lower, lower yet,
Else whilst we hear the sound we shall forget
What it delivers, let hoarse Rumour cry
Till she so many Echoes multiply,
That may like numerous Witnesses confute
Our unbelieving Souls that would dispute
And doubt this Truth for ever, this one Way
Is left our Incredulity to sway;
T' awaken our deaf Sense, and make our Ears
As open, and dilated as our Tears.
That we may feel the Blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but must believe,
And in that horrid Faith behold the World
From her proud Height of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower Center now, than *Sweden's* Grave.

O could not all the purchas'd Victories
Like to thy Fame thy Flesh immortalize?
Were not thy Vertue, nor thy Valour charms
To guard thy Body from those outward Harms
Which could not reach thy Soul? Could not thy Spirit
Lend somewhat which thy Frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner Part that Death nor Heat
Nor Envy's Bullets e're could penetrate?
Could not thy early Trophies in stern Fight
Turn from the *Pole*, the *Dane*, the *Muscovite*?
Which were thy Triumphs, Seeds as Pledges sown,
That when thy Honour's Harvest was ripe grown
With full plum'd Wing thou Faulkon-like could fly,
And cuff the Eagle in the *German* Sky,
Forcing his Iron-beak, and Feathers feel
They were not Proof 'gainst thy victorious Steel.
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail,
To fright that coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy Battles in the Face?
Alas they could not, Destiny gives Place
To none. Nor is it seen that Princes Lives
Can saved be by their Prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold Lead,
Dost from thy self a mournful Lecture read
Of Man's short dated Glory. Learn you Kings,
You are like him but penetrable Things,
Though you from Demi-Gods derive your Birth,
You are at best but honourable Earth.
And how e're sifted from that courser Bran
Which doth compound and knead the common Man;
Nothing Immortal, or from Earth refin'd
About you, but your Office and your Mind.
Hear then, break your false Glasses which present
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make Truth your Mirror now, since you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his Fall.

Yet since it was decreed thy Life's bright Sun
Must be Eclips'd e're thy full Course was run,

Be proud thou didst in thy black Obsequies
With greater Glory set than others rise.
For in thy Death, as Life, thou holdest one
Most just and regular Proportion.
Look how the Circles drawn by Compass meet
Indivisibly, joyned Head to Feet;
And by continued Points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite.
So did thy Fate and Honour both contend
To match thy brave Beginning with thine End;
Therefore thou hadst instead of passing Bell
The Drums, and Canons, thunder for thy Knells;
And in the Field thou didst triumphing dye,
Closing thy Eye-lids with a Victory,
That so by Thousands that there lost their Breath,
King-like, thou might'st be waited on in Death.

Liv'd *Plutarch* now, and would of *Cesar* tell
He could make none but thee his Parallel,
Whose Tide of Glory swelling to the Brim
Needs borrow no Addition from him:
When did great *Julius* in any Clime
Achieve so much, and in so short a Time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that Land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When over the *Germans* first his Eagle tower'd,
What saw the Legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy Bodies made their Swords to try
Subjects, not for his Fight, but Slavery,
In that so vast expanded Piece of Ground
(Now *Sweden's* Theatre and Scorn,) he found
Nothing worth *Cesar's* Valour, or his Fear,
No conqu'ring Army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose Strength nor Wiles, nor Practice in the War
Might the fierce Torrent of his Triumphs bar;
But that thy winged Sword twice made him yield,
Both from his Trenches beat, and from the Field.
Besides, the *Roman* thought he had done much
Did he the Banks of *Rhenus* only touch,
But tho' his March was bounded by the *Rhine*,
Not *Oder* nor the *Danube* thee confine.
And but thy Frailty did thy Fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy Conquest stretcht to such Extent
Thou might'st *Vienna* reach, and after *Spain*;
From *Mulda* to the *Baltick* Ocean,

But Death hath span'd thee, nor must we divine
What here thou hadst to finish thy Design;
Or who shall thee succeed as Champion
For Liberty, and for Religion.
Thy Task is done, as in a Watch the Spring,
Wound to the Height relaxes with the String.
So thy Steel-Nerves of Conquest from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lye slackt in thy last Sleep.
Rest then triumphant Soul, for ever rest,
And like the *Phoenix* in her spicy Nest
Embalm'd with thine own Merit upward fly,
Born in a Cloud of Perfume to the Sky,
Whilst, as in deathless Urns, each noble Mind
Treasures thine Ashes which are left behind.
And if perhaps no *Cassiopeian* Spark
(Which in the North did thy first Rising mark)
Shine o're thy Hearse, the Breath of our just Praise
Shall to the Firmament thy Vertues raise,
Then fix and kindle them into a Star,
Whose Influence may Crown thy glorious War.

The FIVE SENSES.

1. SEEING.

FROM such a Face whose Excellence
May captivate my Sovereign's Sense,
And make him (*Phœbus* like) his Throne,
Resign to some young *Phaeton*,
Whose skilful and untay'd Hand
May prove the Ruin of the Land,
Unless great *Jove*, down from the Sky,
Beholding Earth's Calamity,
Strike with his Hand that cannot err,
The proud usurping Charioter,
And cure (tho' *Phœbus* grieve) our Wo:
From such a Face as can work so,

Wheresoever thou hast a Being,
Bless my Sov'reign and his Seeing.

2. HEARING.

FROM *Jests* prophane, and flattering Tongues,
From bawdy Tales and beastly Songs,
From after Super Suits, that fear
A Parliament or Council's Ear;
From *Spanish* Treaties that may wound
The Country's Peace, the Gospel's Sound;
From *Job's* false Friends, that would intice
My Sovereign from Heav'n's Paradise;
From Prophets, such as *Achab's* were,
Whose Flatterings sooth my Sovereign's Ear;
His Frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my Sovereign and his Hearing.

3. TASTING.

FROM all Fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old *Eve* was chidden;
From Bread of Labours, Sweat and Toyl,
From the poor Widow's Meal and Oyl;
From Blood of Innocents oft wrangled
From their Estates, and from that's strangled;
From the candid poyson'd Baits
Of *Jesuites* and their Deceits;
Italian *Sallads*, *Romish* Drugs,
The Milk of *Babel's* proud Whore's Dugs;
From Wine that can destroy the Brain,
And from the dangerous Figs of *Spain*,
At all Bankets, and all Feasting,
Bless my Sov'reign and his Tasting.

4. FEELING.

FROM Prick of Conscience, such a Sting
As lays the Soul, Heaven bless the King;
From such a Bribe as may withdraw
His Thoughts from Equity or Law;
From such a smooth and beardless Chin,
As may provoke or tempt to Sin;
From such a Hand whose moist Palm may
My Sov'reign lead out of the Way;
From Things polluted and unclean,
From all Things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his Soul a reeling,
Bless my Sov'reign and his Feeling.

5. SMELLING.

WHERE Myrrh and Frankincense is thrown,
The Altar's built to Gods unknown,
O let my Sov'reign never dwell,
Such damn'd Perfumes are fit for Hell.
Let no such Scent his Nostrils stain,
From Smells that poyson can the Brain,
Heavens still preserve him. Next I crave
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God, to save
My Sov'reign from a *Ganymede*,
Whose Whorish Breath hath Power to lead
His Excellence which Way it list,
O let such Lips be never kist
From a Breath so far excelling,
Bless my Sov'reign and his Smelling.

The Abstract.

SEEING.

AND now, just God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the Slime away;
That keeps my Sovereigns Eyes from seeing
The Things that will be our Undoing.

HEARING.

THEN let him hear (good God,) the Sounds
As well of Men as of his Hounds.

TASTE.

GIVE him a Taste, and truly too,
Of what his Subjects undergo.

FEELING & SMELLING.

GIVE him a Feeling of their Woes,
And then no doubt his Royal Nose
Will quickly Smell the Rascals forth,
Whose black Deeds have Eclips'd his Worth;
They found and scourg'd for their Offences,
Heavens bless my Sovereign and his Senses.

The CHARACTER of an *Anti-Covenanter*, or *Malignant*.

WOULD you know these Royal Knaves
Of Free-Men would turn us Slaves;
Who our Union do defame
With Rebellion's wicked Name;

Read these Verses, and ye will spring them,
Then on Gibbets freight caule hing them.

They complain of Sin, and Folly,
In these Times, so passing holy
They their Substance will not give
Libertines that we may Live.

Hold those Subjects too too wanton,
Under an old King dare canton.

Neglect they do our circular Tables,
Scorn our Acts and Laws as Fables,
Of our Battels talk but meekly,
With Four Sermons pleas'd are weekly,
Swear King Charles is neither Papist,
Arminian, Lutheran or Atheist.

But that in his Chamber-Prayers,
Which are pour'd 'midst Sighs and Tears
To avert God's fearful Wrath
Threatning us with Blood and Death;
Persuade they would the Multitude,
This King too holy is and good.

They avouch we'll weep and groan
When Hundred Kings we serve for one,
That each Shire but Blood affords,
To serve the Ambition of young Lords,
Whose Debts e're now had been redoubled
If the State had not been troubled.

Slow they are our Oath to swear,
Slower for it Arms to bear,
They do Concord love and Peace,
Would our Enemies embrace:
Turn Men Proselytes by the Word,
Not by Musket, Pike and Sword.

They Swear that for Religion's Sake
We may not massacre, burn, sack:
That the Beginning of these Pleas
Sprang from the ill-spent A B C's.

For Servants that it is not well
Against their Masters to Rebel,

That that Devotion is but slight
Doth force men first to swear, then fight.

That our Confession is indeed
Not the Apostolick *CREED*,

Which of Negations we contrive,
Which *Turk* and *Jew* may both subscribe.

That Monies should Men's Daughters marry,
They on frantick War miscarry.

Whilst dear the Squidiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away.

And as Times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the Purse.

That Debts are paid with bold stern Looks,
That Merchants pray on their Compt-books;

That Justice dumb and sullen frowns
To see in Croillets hang'd her Gowns;

That Preachers ordinary Theme
Is 'gainst Monarchy to declaim.

That since Leagues we began to swear,
Vices did ne're so black appear;

Oppression, Blood-shed, ne're more rife,
Foul Jars between the Man and Wife;

Religion so contemn'd was never
Whilst all are raging in a Fever.

They tell by Devils and some sad Chance
That that detestable League of France,

Which cost so many Thousand Lives,
And Two Kings by Religious Knives,

Is amongst us, though few decry,
Though they speak Truth, yet say they Lye.

He who says that Night is Night,
That criples Folk walk not upright,
That the Owls into the Spring
Do not Nightingales out-sing;
That the Seas we may not plow,
Ropes make of the rainy Bow;
That the Foxes keep not Sheep,
That Men waking do not sleep;
That all's not Gold doth Gold appear,
Believe him not altho' he Swear.

To such *Syrens* stop your Ear,
Their Societies forbear.

Ye may be tossed like a Wave,
Verity may you deceive;

Just Fools they may make of you,
Then hate them worse than *Turk* or *Jew*.

Were it not a dangerous Thing,
Should we again obey the King;

Lords lose should Sovereignty,
Souldiers haste back to Germany,

Justice should in our Towns remain,
Poor Men possess their own again.

Brought out of Hell that Word of Plunder
More terrible than Devil or Thunder,

Should with the Covenant fly away,
And Chari y amongst us stay;

Peace and Plenty should us nourish,
True Religion mongst us flourish.

When you find these lying Fellows,
Take and flower with them the Gallows.

On others you may too lay hold,
In Purse or Chest, if they have Gold.

Who wife or rich are in this Nation,
Malignants are by Profession.

A PASTORAL Song.

Phyllis and Damon.

Ph. Shepherd dost thou Love me well?
Da. Better then weak Words can tell.

Ph. Like to what, good Shepherd say?
Da. Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.

Ph. O how strange these Words I find;
Yet to satisfy my Mind

Shepherd without mocking me
Have I any Love for thee,

Like to what, good Shepherd say.
Da. Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.

Ph. Better Answer had it been
To say thou lov'd me as thine Eyne.

Da. Wo is me, these I love not,
For by them Love entrance got,

At that Time they did behold
Thy sweet Face and Locks of Gold.

Ph. Like to what dear Shepherd say,
Da. Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.

Ph. Once, (dear Shepherd,) speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again;

Say, to end this gentle Strife,
Dost thou Love me as thy Life?

Da. No, for it is turn'd a Slave
To sad Annoys, and what I have

Of Life by Love's stronger Force
Is left, and I'm but a dead Cors.

Ph. Like to what? good Shepherd say,
Da. Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.

Ph. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And say I love as I do me.

Da. Alas, I do not love my self,
For I'm split on Beauty's Shelf.

Ph. Like to what? good Shepherd say,
Da. Like to Thee Fair cruel Maye.

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WOOD, (*Sir Andrew*,) of *Largo*, maintains the Quarrel of King *James III.* p. 63: *b.* obtains a Sea-Victory over *Stephen Bull*, p. 64: *c.*

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SIR *John Drummond*, the Author's Father, was for Ten or Twelve Years *Usher* to King *James VI.* and thereafter made *Knight* of the *Black Rod*; but did not long survive. He was second Son to Sir *Robert Drummond* of *Carnock*. The first of which Family was Brother to *Annabella Drummond*, Queen of *Scotland*; As appears from a Charter granted to him by King *Robert III.* which runs thus, *Robertus Rex &c. dilecto nostro fratri Willielmo de Drummond, Domino de Carnock.* And the Confirmation thereof by King *James I.* to him, contains these Words; *James, by the Grace of God, &c. To our well beloved Uncle William Drummond of Carnock.*

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